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BEING

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BY

Langland,	*Skelton*,	*Higgens*,	Sir *John Harrington*,
Gower,	*Howard* Earl	*Warner*,	
Chaucer,	of *Surrey*,	*Gascoign*,	*Chalkhill*,
Lidgate,	Sir *T. Wyat*,	*Turbeville*,	*Fairfax*,
Occleve,	Dr. *Bourd*,	*Nash*,	Sir *John Davis*,
Harding,	*Sackville* Earl	Sir *Philip Sidney*,	Sir *W. Raleigh*,
Barclay,	of *Dorset*,	*Grevill* L. *Brook*,	Sir *Edw. Dyer*,
Fabian,	*Churchyard*,	*Spencer*,	*Daniel*, &c.

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To the truly Honourable

SOCIETY

FOR THE

Encouragement of Learning.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

AS the illuſtrious Families of the *Howards*, *Sidneys*, *Sackvilles*, *Grevilles*, &c. have all an Intereſt in, and conſequently ſhould have a Reſpect for the Merit, and Fame of their moſt eminent Predeceſſors; 'tis morally impoſſible that a Work of this Nature ſhou'd want a Patron; yet I chuſe rather to wave all private Applications, and addreſs it to you: You have prov'd your ſelves ally'd to the Genius of thoſe great

Perſons; their Deſcendants may be only Heirs to their Titles; and as you only have condeſcended to attempt the making a Proviſion for the *living* Learned, I may the more reaſonably hope for your Aſſiſtance to preſerve the Memories of the *Dead*.

Perhaps, there are but few ſingle Names important enough to appear at the Head of ſo Elegant a Liſt; and if, for want of Judgment, I ſhould make a wrong Choice, the Abſurdity would be too flagrant to be forgiven. But by inſcribing it to you, I run no ſuch Danger: The ſevereſt Critick in Manners muſt allow 'tis addreſs'd with the greateſt Propriety imaginable.---

To patroniſe a Series of *Engliſh Poetry*, is, I preſume, a Part of your Scheme; for the Eſtabliſhment of an Author's Fame, may be ſaid to be the

moſt

moſt effectual Proviſion for his Fortune, and, as I have more at large, obſerv'd in the Preface, what is attempted here in Favour of former Ages, may, by your Patronage, be made a Benefit to the Preſent, and reach to all Poſterity.

But, beſide the Obligations of Decorum, I feel my ſelf bound in Gratitude, as an Author, tho' of the humbleſt Claſs, thus publickly to expreſs my Senſibility of the Concern you have ſhewn for the Intereſt of Learning: Tho' I my ſelf may have no Title to any Share of the Advantage. 'Tis a great, ſeaſonable, and humane Deſign, and all who have Generoſity, Benevolence, or Politeneſs, muſt applaud it.---- It has a far more illuſtrious Origin than the Grand *Academy-Royal* at *Paris*, and, I hope, the Effects will be anſwerable; to

the Increaſe of your own Honour, the Improvement of Science, and Service of the Nation in General.

I am, with the greateſt Zeal, and Devotion,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

E. COOPER.

THE

THE

PREFACE.

WE are all apt to make our own Opinions, the Standard of Excellency, and I must plead guilty to my Share of this general Weakness: What has given me Pleasure in my Closet, I have undertaken to recommend to the Publick; not presuming to inform the Judgment, but only awaken the Attention; and rather endeavouring to preserve what is valuable of others, than advance any thing of my own. --- The mere Hint of a good-natur'd, and not unuseful Design, is all the Merit I can pretend to. ---- 'Tis true I attempt to clear the Ground, and lay in the Materials, but leave the Building to be rais'd, and finish'd by more masterly Hands.

What is said of the Nightengle's singing with her Breast against a Thorn, may be justly apply'd to the Poets. --- Their Harmony gives Pleasure to Others, but is compos'd with Pain to Themselves: And what is not to gratify a real Want, or fashionable Luxury, Few care to purchase: Thus Poetry has been, almost universally, a Drug, and its Authors have sacrific'd the Sub-

ſtance *of preſent Life to the* Shadow *of future Fame. Fame, Fame alone they have fondly fancy'd an Equivalent for all they wanted beſide, and the World has often been ſo malicious, or careleſs, as even to defeat them of that imaginary Good. --- I am told, Time and Ignorance have devour'd many important Names which even the univerſal Languages flatter'd with a ſure Immortality: 'Tis no Wonder, therefore, that Ours, rude, and barbarous, as it formerly was, ſhould be ſo little able to defend its Authors from ſuch incroaching Enemies. ---- Thoſe, who read the enſuing Volume with Attention, will be convinc'd that Senſe, and Genius have been of long ſtanding in this Iſland; and 'tis not ſo much the Fault of our Writers, as the Language it ſelf, that they are not read with Pleaſure at this Day. --- This, naturally, provokes an Enquiry, whether 'tis in the ſame Vagrant Condition ſtill; or whether the Fame of our moſt admir'd Moderns, is not almoſt as precarious, as that of their now-obſolete Predeceſſors has prov'd to be; agreable to that Line in the celebrated* Eſſay on Criticiſm.

And what now *Chaucer* is, ſhall *Dryden* be.

If this is the Caſe, as, according to my little Knowledge, I think there is ſome Reaſon to fear, is it not high Time to think of ſome Expedient to cure this Evil; and ſecure the Poet in his Idol-Reputation however? I don't take upon me to ſay that Learning is of as much Importance here, as in France; *or that we ſhou'd be at the Trouble, and Expence of a Publick Academy for the Improvement of our Language; But, if*

any

any slight Essay can be made towards it, which, at a small Expence, may make a shift to supply that Defect, till a better Scheme shall be found, 'tis humbly hop'd that a moderate Encouragement will not be wanting.

Such, to the best of my poor Ability, is now presented to the Publick, a Sort of Poetical Chronicle: *which begins with the first Dawning of polite Literature in* England, *and is propos'd to be continu'd to the highest Perfection, it has hitherto attain'd; That, in Spite of Difficulties, and Discouragements, it may be hardly possible for us to recede into our first Barbarism; or again lose sight of the true Point of Excellence, which Poetry, beyond all other Sciences, makes its peculiar Glory to aim at.*

Of what real Value polite Literature is to a Nation, is too sublime a Task for me to meddle with; I therefore chuse to refer my Readers to their own Experience, and the admirable Writings of Sir Philip Sidney, *Lord* Bacon, *Lord* Shaftsbury, *and innumeable other elegant Authors; the joint Sentiment of all the refin'd Spirits that ever had a Being, and the following excellent Rapture, in particular, of the ingenious Mr.* Daniel, *in his Poem call'd* Musophilus.

PErhaps the Words, thou scorneſt now,
May liue, the speaking Picture of the Mind,
The Extract of the Soul, that labour'd, how
To leaue the Image of herself behind;
Wherein Posterity, that loue to know,
The iust Proportion of our Spirits may find.

For

For theſe Lines are the Veins, the Arteries,
And vndecaying Life-Strings of thoſe Hearts
That ſtill ſhall pant, and ſtill ſhall exerciſe
The Motion, Spirit and Nature both imparts,
And ſhall, with thoſe aliue ſo ſympathize,
As, nouriſht with their Powers, inioy their parts.
O bleſſed Letters, that combine in One
All Ages paſt, and make One liue with All:
By you, we doe conferr with who are gone,
And the Dead-Liuing vnto Council call:
By you, th' Vnborne ſhall have Communion
Of what we feel, and what doth vs befall.
Soul of the World! Knowledge! without thee,
What hath the Earth, that truly glorious is?
Why ſhould our Pride make ſuch a Stir to be,
To be forgot? What good is like to this,
To doe worthy the Writing, and to write
Worthy the Reading, and the World's Delight?

And afterwards, alluding to Stone-Henge *on* Salisbury *Plain.*

And whereto ſerues that wondrous *Trophy* now,
That on the goodly Plaine, near *Wilton* ſtands?
That huge, dumb Heap, that cannot tell vs how,
Nor what, nor whence it is, nor with whoſe Hands,
Nor for whoſe Glory, it was ſet to ſhew
How much our Pride mocks that of other Lands?
Whereon, when as the gazing Paſſenger
Hath greedy look't with Admiration,
And fain would know his Birth, and what he were,
How

How there erected, and how long agone:
Enquires, and asks his Fellow-Traveller,
What he hath heard, and his Opinion:
And he knowes nothing. Then he turns again,
And looks, and sighs, and then admires afresh,
And in himselfe, with Sorrow, doth complain
The Misery of dark Forgetfulness:
Angry with *Time* that nothing should remain,
Our greatest Wonder's Wonder to express!

But, to wave any farther Authorities, we need only look back to the Days of Langland, *the first* English *Poet we can meet with, who employ'd his Muse for the Refinement of Manners, and, in the Rudeness of his Lines, we plainly discover the Rudeness of the Age he wrote in.* --- Chaucer, *not the next Writer, tho' the next extraordinary Genius, encountered the Follies of Mankind, as well as their Vices, and blended the acutest Raillery, with the most insinuating Humour.* --- *By his Writings, it plainly appears that Poetry, and Politeness grew up together; and had like to have been bury'd in his Grave; For War, and Faction, immediately after restor'd Ignorance, and Dulness almost to their antient Authority. Writers there were; but Tast, Judgment, and Manner were lost: Their Works were cloudy as the Times they liv'd in, and, till* Barclay, *and* Skelton, *there was scarce a Hope that Knowledge would ever favour us with a second Dawn.* --- *But soon after these, Lord* Surrey, *having tasted of the* Italian *Delicacy, naturaliz'd it here, gave us an Idea of refin'd Gallantry, and taught Love to polish us into Virtue.*

Virtue. --- Before this Impreſſion was worn off, Lord Buckhurſt *aroſe, and introduc'd the Charms of Allegory, and Fable, to allure Greatneſs, into a Love of Humanity, and make Power the Servant of Juſtice:* Spencer *made a Noble Uſe of ſo fine a Model, overflowing with Tenderneſs, Courteſy, and Benevolence, reconciling Magnificence and Decorum, Love and Fidelity; and, together with* Fairfax, *opening to us a new World of Ornament, Elegance, and Taſte: After theſe Lord* Brook, *and Sir* John Davis *corrected the Luxuriancy of Fable, inrich'd our Underſtandings with the deepeſt Knowledge, and diſtinguiſh'd Uſe from Oſtentation, Learning from Pedantry* --- Donne, *and* Corbet *added Wit to Satire, and reſtor'd the almoſt forgotten Way of making Reproof it ſelf entertaining*; Carew, *and* Waller *taught Panegyrick to be delicate, Paſſion to be courtly, and rode the* Pegaſus *of Wit, with the Curb of good Manners*; D'Avenant *blended Addreſs and Politeneſs with the ſevereſt Leſſons of Temperance, and Morality*; *and the divine* Milton *reconcil'd the Graces of them all, and added a Strength, Solidity, and Majeſty of his own, that None can equal, Few can imitate, and All admire.*

So many and variouſly-accompliſh'd Minds were neceſſary to remove the Gothique *Rudeneſs that was handed down to us by our unpoliſh'd Fore-Fathers*; *and, I think, 'tis manifeſt all the Ornaments of Humanity, are owing to our Poetical Writers, if not our moſt ſhining Virtues. 'Tis not reaſonable, therefore, that while the Work remains, the Artiſt ſhould be forgot*; *and yet, 'tis certain, very Few of theſe great Men*

are

are generally known to the present Age: And tho' Chaucer, *and* Spencer *are ever nam'd with much Respect, not many are intimately acquainted with their Beauties.* ------ *The Monumental Statues of the Dead have, in all Ages, and Nations, been esteem'd sacred; but the Writings of the Learned, of all others, deserve the highest Veneration; The Last bear the Resemblance of the Soul, the First only of the Body. The First are dumb, inanimate, and require the Historian to explain them; while the Last live, converse, reason, instruct, and afford to the Contemplative, one of their sincerest Pleasures. They are likewise to Authors, what Actions are to Heroes; In His Annals you must admire the one, in his Studies the other; and an elegant Poem should be as lasting a Memorial of the Scholar's Wit, as a pompous Trophy of the General's Conduct, or the Soldier's Valour. And yet, for want of certain periodical Reviews of the Learning of former Ages, not only many inestimable Pieces have been lost, but Science it self has been in the most imminent Danger.*

I have often thought there is a Kind of Contagion in Minds, as well as Bodies; what we admire, we fondly wish to imitate; and, thus, while a Few excellent Authors throw a Glory on the Studies they pursue, Disciples will not be wanting to imitate them: But, when those Studies fall into Disesteem, and Neglect, instead of being profess'd, or encourag'd, 'tis more than probable they will not be understood. I have read 'twas thus in Greece, *and* Rome, *and all the considerable Nations of* Europe *beside: In* England *'tis notorious; and I wish our share of Reproach on this Head, may be confin'd to the Ignorance, and Inhumanity of former Times.*

'Tis

'Tis true, not only every Age, but every Year produces Numbers of new Pieces, and 'twould be impossible to preserve them all; neither indeed, would all deserve it: But should we govern our Choice with Judgment, and Impartiality, the Task would be easy, and every good Author would receive the Benefit of it. --- 'Twill be in vain to object that Merit is its own Preservative: For, beside Numberless other Instances, most of the Poems in this Volume are a Proof to the contrary, and still many more that I have reserv'd for the next. Yet, let them be enquir'd for among the Booksellers, and the Difficulty of procuring them will be a sufficient Proof how little they are known, and how near they are to be lost in Oblivion. --- This I am a Witness of my self, and 'tis with great Trouble and Charge, I have been able to collect a sufficient Number for my present Purpose: Nor, without the generous Assistance of the Candid Mr. Oldys, *would even this, have been in my Power: And, after all, there are still some omitted; which, if I can procure, shall be annex'd by way of Supplement, together with a Glossary, at the End of the Work.*

Let me then, at least, be pardon'd for attempting to set up a Bulwark between Time, and Merit? I have heard that a certain modern Virtuoso, had a Project to discover the Age of the World, by the Saltness of the Sea, the Effect of which could not be known for Hundreds of Years after. --- I flatter my self, that the Success of mine need not be quite so far remov'd; nor is it more Romantick, or less Useful. The Alterations of a Language are of some Consequence to be known, tho' inferior to those of Nature; and 'tis some Satisfaction to be acquainted with the Lives

of

of Authors, as well as their Works: This Undertaking includes all, nor is merely calculated for those which are already Obsolete; but, if it can be suppos'd that any of the Moderns would ever be in the same Danger, or any future Writer should do me the Honour to continue the Series, may prove some little Support even to Them. In a Word, it may serve as a perpetual Index to our Poetry, a Test of all foreign Innovations in our Language, a general Register of all the little, occasional Pieces, of our Holy-Day Writers (as Mr. Dryden *prettily calls them) which might otherwise be lost; and a grateful Record of all the Patrons that, in* England, *have done Honour to the* Muses.

*Before I conclude, 'tis my Duty to acknowledge that no less than Three * Writers have undertaken, simply, the Lives of the Poets, beside Mr.* Wood, *who confines himself to those educated at* Oxford; *That Sir* Thomas Pope Blunt, *has wrote Remarks on a Few of them, and Two or Three have had their Works republish'd in our own Times; what use I have made of all, or any of these Circumstances, will be obvious; as well as what is peculiarly my own. --- This, however, I may, with Modesty, hint, that many Mistakes in Facts are rectify'd, several Lives are added, the Characters of the Authors are not taken on Content, or from Authority, but a serious Examination of their Works; and some of the most beautiful Passages, or entire Poems, I could chuse, are added to constitute a* Series of Poetry (*which has never been aim'd at any where else*) *and compleat one of the most valuable Collections, that ever was made publick.*

* *Mr.* Phillips, *Mr.* Winstanly *and Mr.* Jacob.

How

How far I have succeeded, is submitted to the Understanding of every impartial, and sensible Reader: To which I the more cheerfully resign my self, as introducing more Beauties of others, to be my Advocates, than I can have Faults of my own to be forgiven.

To what has been said, on the Design of this Work in General, I, at first, intended to add some Account of the Progress of Criticism in England; *from Sir* Philip Sidney, *the Art of* English *Poesy* (*written by Mr.* Puttenham, *a Gentleman Pensioner to Queen* Elizabeth:) *Sir* John Harrington, Ben Johnson, *&c. But this part of my Task I am oblig'd to postpone, for want of Room, to my next Volume; and shall conclude with rectifying a Mistake of my own in the Life of Mr.* Fairfax: *Where 'tis said; that Author is crouded by Mr.* Philips *into his Supplement, which should have been said of Mr.* Sacville: *And begging Pardon for the* Errata *which have escap'd me, not thro' neglect, but want of sufficient Experience in Affairs of this Nature.*

ERRATA.

PAG. 2. Line 2. for Frindling, read *Kindling*. p. 17. for the Passage, &c. r. *The following Passage seems to have the Honour of giving a Hint to* Milton. p. 18. l. 11. f. Book 2. r. Book the *Eleventh*. p. 21. after l. 9. add, *That they have done Him Fellowship. ib.* l. 16. f. ke, r. *ebe*. p. 23. l. 14. after D. of *Lancaster*, add, *Tho' I don't find any Authority in History to prove it. ib.* l. 33, and 34 dele *Tho' I don't find any Authority in History to prove it*, &c. p. 62. l. 22. f. to r. *so*. p. 73. l. 5. after the Word Heart, insert a *Semi-Colon* instead of the *Comma*, and at the End of the l. dele the *Colon*. p. 75. l. 9. dele the *Punctum*. p. 80. l. 18. after the Word *with*, add *thy*. *ib.* l. 19. after the Word with, add *a*. p. 89. for Him, r. *it*. p. 97. l. 12. f. Stike, r. *Site*. p. 100. l. 6. f. ftate r. *fate*. p. 112. l. 7. r. *O Troy! O Troy!* p. 166. l. 6. for waward, r. *wayward*. p. 177. l. 4. for wore, r. *worse*. p. 195. l. 6. f. Country, r. *Country's*. p. 196. l. 11. f. then, r. *Their*. p. 211. l. 28. f. lately, r. *Lastly*. p. 217. l. 5. f. off r. *of*. p. 239. l. 10. f. Faries, r. *Furies*. p. 249. l. 3. f. more r. *move*. p. 264. l. 5. for brou'd, r. *brond*. p. 293. l. 19. f. Body, r. *Boy*. p. 304. l. 19. dele the *Semi-Colon*, and for s'oft, r. *soft*. p. 320. l. 3. f. through, r. *thorough*. p. 349. l. 13. after for, add *of*. p. 365. l. 8. for Smoak or Glory, r. *or Smoke-Glory*. p. 368. for kiss'd, r. *kissed*. p. 373. l. 1. (of the Notes) for Cambia, r. *Cambata*. p. 391. l. 2. f. nor, r. *not*. p. 396. l 15. for Triumph, r. *Triumphs*.

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PHILOSOPHERS, in a Series of Foſſils, begin with Nature in her crudeſt State, and trace her, Step by Step, to the moſt refin'd. --- In this Progreſs of *Engliſh* Poetry we muſt do the ſame; and they, who deſire to ſee the Connexion, muſt bear with the rude Pebble, in order to be better pleas'd with the Ruby, and the Diamond.

To ſet aſide the Metaphor, few People ſuppoſe there were any Writers of Verſe before *Chaucer*, but, as it appears there were many, 'tis abſolutely neceſſary to give a Specimen from a few of them, both as Curioſities in themſelves, and to manifeſt from what a low and almoſt contemptible Original, that happy Genius rais'd his Profeſſion at once.

We muſt begin with a Conveyance of *Edward* the *Confeſſor*'s, which has ſomething in it very ſingular both as 'tis written in Verſe, which ſeems a Relique of the antient *Britiſh Druids*, and affording a remarkable Inſtance, of the Conciſeneſs, and Simplicity of the *Saxon Lawyers*.

ICHE *Edward* Koning,
Have given of my Forreſt the Keeping

Of the Hundred of *Chelmer* and *Dancing*,
To *Randolph Peperking* and to his Kyndling:
With Heorte and Hinde, Doe, and Bocke,
Hare, and Foxe, Cat and Brocke,
Wild Fowell with his Floeke,
Patrich, Feſant-Hen, and Feſant-Cocke:
With green, and wilde ſtob and ſtocke.
To kepen and to yemen by all her might,
Both by Day, and eke by Night:
And Hounds for to hold
Good and ſwift and bolde:
Four Greahounds and ſix Bracches,
For Hare and Foxe, and wild Cattes.
And therefore ich made him my Booke:
Witneſſe the Biſhop *Wolſton*
And Booke ylered many one,
And *Swein* of *Eſſex* our Brother
And teken him many other,
And our *Stiward Howelin*
That by ſough me for him.

The next Antiquity, that we can find, is the following Fragment, preſerved in a very old Manuſcript on the *Bath:* The Author entirely unknown, but the Legend too remarkable to be omitted.

Two

TWO Tunne there beth of Bras,
And other two imaked of Glas
Seve Seats there buth inne
And other Thing imaked with Ginne:
Quick Brimſton in them alſo,
With wild-Fier imaked thereto:
Sal Gemmæ and *Petree*,
Sal Armonak there is eke
Sal Albrod and *Sal alkine*,
Sal Gemmæ is minged with him,
Sal Comin and *Sal Almetre* bright,
That borneth both Day and Night:
Al this is in the Tonne ido,
And other things many mo;
And borneth both Night and Day,
That never quench it ne may.
In vour Wel-ſprings the Tonnes liggeth,
As the Philoſophers us ſiggeth,
The hete within, the Water without
Maketh it hot, al about:
The two Wel-ſprings earneth mere,
And the other two Bath inner clere.
There is maked full iwis
That *Kings Bath* icluped is.

The rich King *Bladud*,
The Kings Son *Lud!*
And, when he maked that *Bath* hot,
And, if he failed ought
Of that that ſhou'd thereto;
Herkeneth what he would do!
From *Bath* to *London* he would flee
And thulke Day ſelf againe bee,
And fetch that thereto bivel.
He was quicke, and ſwith fell,
Tho the Maſter was ded,
And his Soule went to the Qued.
For *God* ne was not yut ybore,
Nor Deth ſuffered him biuore.

The following Rhapſody has ſo many poetical Beauties in it, that, I think, they will amply atone for the Wildneſs of the Meaſure and Uncouthneſs of the Phraſe.

Verſes on Henry I. *wrote immediately after his Death, the Author unknown.*

KYNG *Henry* is dead, Bewty of the World!
For whome is great dole:
Goddes now maken rowm for theyr kinde Brother;
For he is Sole.

Mercurius

Mercurius in Speeche, *Marce* in Battayle,
In Harte ſtrong *Appollo*,
Jupiter in heſt, egall with *Saturn*
And Enemie to *Cupido!*
King he was of Right!
And Man of moſt Myght!
And glorious in rayninge!
And, when he left his Crowne,
Then fell Honour down!
For Miſſe of ſuch a King;
Normandy than gan lowre,
For Loſſe of their Floure,
And ſange wel a way!
England made Mone,
And *Scotlande* did grone,
For to ſe that Day!

Robert of *Glouceſter*,

So call'd, becauſe a Monk of that City. He liv'd in the Time of *Henry* the *Second*, and is often quoted by *Cambden*, *Selden*, &c. but more as an Hiſtorian than Poet; tho' he wrote in Rhymes. This being the only Paſſage I have met with worth Notice, and having both Humour and Satire; at the Expence of King *William Rufus*.

AS his *Chamberlaine* him brought, as he roſe on a Day,
A Morrow for to weare, a Paire of Hoſe of *Say*:

He aſked what they coſtned, *Three Shillings* he ſeid,
Fie a Diable! quoth the *King*, who ſey ſo vile a Deede:
King to weare ſo vile a Cloth! But it coſtned more:
Buy a Paire for a Marke, or thou ſhalt ha cory ſore!
And worſe a Paire enough, the Other ſwith him brought,
And ſaid they coſtned a *Mark*, and unneth he them
ſo bought:
Aye Bel-Amy! quoth the *King*, theſe were well bougt,
In this manner ſerve me, other ne ſerve me not!

Richard the *Hermit*

Was his Contemporary, but too deſpiciable to admit of a Quotation.

Joſeph of *Exeter*,

Who liv'd in the Reign of *Richard* I. is quoted by *Milton*, in his *Engliſh* Hiſtory, whith ſome Applauſe, and by many other Authors: But, as He, *Blaunpain*, *Matthew Paris*, *William Ramſey*, *Alexander Nequam*, *Alexander Eſſebie* and *Havillan* wrote all in *Latin*, the bare mention of their Names is rather more than belongs to this Collection.

Robert Baſon

Liv'd in the Reign of *Edward* the Firſt, and was in ſo great Reputation that the King commanded his Attendance, in his Expedition againſt the *Scots* to celebrate his Victories; But his Fortune was more remarkable than his Verſes; being taken Priſoner by *Bruce*, and compell'd by Torments, to applaud his Country's Enemy: Which, however, he had

had the Spirit to complain of, as appears by his Introduction.

In dreery Verſe my Rymes I make,
Bewailing whileſt ſuch Theme I take!

Henry Bradſhaw

Is the next Poet on Record, and much applauded; but, with what Juſtice the following Quotation from *Winſtanly* will ſufficiently evidence.

On the City of Cheſter.

The Founder of this City, ſaith *Polychronicon*,
Was *Leon Gawer*, a mighty ſtrong Gyant!
Which builded Caves and Dungeons many a one
No goodly Building, ne proper, ne pleaſant.

Robert de Langland.

The Author of the Satire, intitled, *The Viſion of Piers the Plowman*, and who may be truly call'd the firſt of the *Engliſh* Poets. *Selden*, in his Notes on *Draiton*'s *Poly-Olbion*, quotes him with Honour; but he is not ſo much as mention'd either by *Philips* or *Winſtanly*; though, in my Judgment, no Writer, except *Chaucer*, and *Spencer*, for many Ages, had more of real Inſpiration. I muſt own I can't read his Work, without lamenting the Unhappineſs of a fluctuating Language, that buries even Genius it ſelf in its Ruins: 'Tis raiſing Edifices of Sand, that every Breath of Time defaces; and, if the Form remains, the Beauty is loſt. This is the Caſe of the Piece

before us; 'Tis a Work of great Length, and Labour; of the Allegorick-kind; animated with a rich Imagination, pointed with great Variety of juſt Satire, and dignify'd with many excellent Leſſons of Morality and Virtue: And, to ſay all in a Word, if I may preſume to ſay ſo much, *Chaucer* ſeems to have this Model in his Eye; and, in his *Pardoners Prologue*, particularly, has a Feature or two nearly reſembling the Speech and Character of *Sloth* hereafter quoted.

I am not ignorant that the Author of the Art of *Engliſh Poeſy*, mention'd in the Preface, ranks him, in Point of Time, after *Chaucer*; but as he is not ſo much as acquainted with his Name, there is little Reaſon to depend on his Authority. Beſides, 'tis notorious *Langland* copies his Characters, and Manners from the Age he lived in, and we find him, in one Paſſage, ſeating *Reaſon* between the King and his Son: In another, *Conſcience* reproaches *Mede* with cauſing the Death of the King's Father, which exactly tallies with the Fall of *Edward* II. And, in a Third, *Mede* ſpeaks of the Siege of *Calais*, as a recent Fact, and upbraids *Conſcience* as the only Impediment to the Conqueſt of *France*; which, ſays ſhe, if I had govern'd, could have been eaſily effected. From which Hiſtorical References, I make no Scruple to place him in the Reign of *Edward* III. or that of *Richard* II. his Succeſſor. To this may be added; That the worſt Writer, after *Chaucer*, had ſome regard to Meaſure, and never neglected Rhymes: Whereas this is greatly defective in both; ſeldom affording a perfect Verſe, and uſing a Dialect hardly intelligible. But of this enough! This work is divided into *Twenty* Parts; the Arguments of which are wrote with uncommon Spirit; and ſeveral Paſſages in it deſerve to be immortal; But, as to the Conduct of the whole, I muſt confeſs it does

does not appear to me of a Piece; every Viſion ſeeming a diſtinct Rhapſody, and not carrying on either one ſingle Action, or a Series of many. But we ought rather to wonder at its Beauties, than cavil at its Defects; and, if the Poetical Deſign is broken, the Moral is entire; which is, uniformly, the Advancement of Piety, and Reformation of the *Roman* Clergy. --- I hope the following Quotations will not be thought too long; tho' the ſtile is ſo obſolete; ſince they are not inſerted for want of other Materials; but becauſe 'tis preſum'd they are really Curious and Entertaining. *Civil*, and *Symony* publiſh the Marriage-Contract, between *Falſe* and *Mede*, *Theologie* ſteps in, forbids the Banns, and cites them to appear before *Conſcience* and the *King*.

HERETO aſſented *Cyvil*, and *Simony*; ne woulde
Till he had Silver, for his Sevice, and alſo
the Notaries.
Than fet *Favel* forth *Florences* ynowe
And bade *Gyle* go gyne Gold about!
And, namely, to the Notaries, and hem none fayle.
And feffe falſe Witneſs with *Florences* ynowe;
For thei may *Mede* amaiſter, and maken at myWill.
Tho' this Gold was geven; great was the thanking
To *Falſe* and to *Favel*, for her great Giftes;
And come to comfort hem fro *Care* the falſe:
And ſithen ſayd. Certes Syr, ceaſen ſhall we never
Till *Mede* be wedded thy Wife, through Wits of us al

For

For we have *Mede* amaiſtrid, with our mery Speche.
That ſhe graunted to gone with a good Wyll
To *London*, to loke, if the Lawe would
Judge you joyntlye, in Joye for ever.
Then was *Falſeneſs* faine and *Favell* as blyth;
And letten ſommon al Seges in Shire about,
And bad hem all to be bowne; Beggers and other
To wend with him to *Weſtminſter*; to witneſs this Dede.
And than carried thei forth Caples, to caried hem thither:
And *Favel* fet forth then, foles ynowe
And ſet *Mede* upon a *Shyrefe*, ſhode all newe!
And *Falſe* ſat on a *Siſour*, that ſoftlich troted,
And *Favel* on a Flatterer, feetly attired.
Tho had *Notaries* none; anoyed they were:
For *Simony* and *Civil*, ſhould on their fete gan.
Althan ſware *Simony*, and *Civil* both
That *Somners* ſhould be ſadled, and ſerve hem echone;
And let aparel theſe *Proviſors*, in Palfrei-wiſe;
Sir *Simony* him ſelfe, ſhall ſit on their Backes:
Deanes and *Subdeanes*, drave you together
Archdeacons and *Officials*, and al your *Regeſters*
Let ſaddle hem with Silver, our Sinne to ſuffer;
As Aduoutrie and Divorces, and derne Uſury,
To bear *Biſhops* about abrode in viſiting:

Paulinus

Paulinus Primus, for pleintis in Conſiſtory,
Shal ſerve him ſelfe, that *Civil* is inempned!
And *Cartſadle* the *Comiſary*, our Cart ſhal he lede,
And fetche us Vitailes, at *Fornicatores*;
And maketh of *Lier* a long Cart, to lede al theſe other,
As Freres and Traytours, that on their Feete runnen.
And thus *Fals* and *Favel*, faren forth together,
And *Mede* in the middes, and al theſe Men after.
I have no Time to tel, the Taile that here foloweth
Of many manner of Men; that on this Mould libbeth
And *Gyle* was foregoer, and guided hem all.
Sothnes ſeeth hem wel, and ſaith but little,
And pricked his Palfrey, and paſſed hem all;
And came to the Kinges court, and *Conſcience* it tolde
And *Conſcience*, to the King, carped it after.
Now, by Chriſt, quod the King and I catch might
Falſe, or *Favel*, or any of their Freres,
I wold be wreken of tho Wretches, that worken this Il;
And done hem hang by the hals, and al that hem
mainteineth:
Shal never Man on his Mold, mainpriſe the leaſt;
But right as the Law wol loke, let fal on hem all!
And commanded a Conſtable, that came at the firſt,
To attache tho Tirauntes, for any thing I hote,

And fetter faſt *Falſeneſs*, for any Kinges giftes;
And girde off *Gyles* Head, and let him go no further!
And, if ye catche *Lyer*, let him not eſcape,
Or he be put on the Pilery, for any Prayers I hote!
And bring *Mede* to me, in maugre them all!
Drede at the Dore ſtode, and the Dome harde;
How the King comaunded, Conſtables, and Sergeauntes,
Falſenes and his Felowſhip, to fetter and to binden.
Then *Drede* went weightely, and warned the *Falſe*,
And bad him fle for Feare, and his Felowes all!
Falſeneſs for Feare then, fled to the *Freres*,
And *Gyle* doth him to go, agaſt for to die!
And *Marchants* meten, with him, and made him to abide,
And fit him in her ſhoppes, to ſhewen her Wares,
Appareled as a Prentiſe, the People to ſerve!
Lightly *Lyer* leaped, and away ranne
Lurkyng through Lanes, to-lugged of Many!
He was no where welcome, for his many Tales
Ouer al yhonted, and I hote truſſe;
Tyl *Pardoners* had Pitie, and pulled him into Houſe;
Thei waſh him, and wipe him, and wounden him in Clouts,
And ſend him with Seals, on Sundayes to Churches,

And

And gave him Pardon for Pence, pound meale aboute!
Than loured *Leches*, and Letters they ſent
That he ſhould wonne with hem, Waters to loke.
Spicerrs ſpeken with him, to ſpie their Ware;
For he could of their Craft, and knew many Gommes.
And *Minſtrels* and *Meſſengers*, met with him once,
And helde him halfe a Yere, and a leven Daies.
Freres, with faire Speche, fet him thence,
And, for knowing of Commers coped him as a *Frere*;
And he hath leave to leape out, as oft as hem lyketh,
And welcome when he wil; and wonneth with hem ofte.
All fledden for Feare, and flooen in Hernes;
Saue *Mede* the Mayde, no mo durſt abyde;
And, truely to tell, the trembled for Drede,
And eke wept, and wronge, when ſhe was atached.

After a Sermon of *Reaſon*'s which concludes with this remarkable Sentence.

'And ye that ſeke St. *James*, and Saintes at *Rome*,
'Seke Saint *Truth* for he may ſave you all!

The *Vices* are repreſented as converted, and come, in order, to Confeſſion; of which the two following Characters are a Specimen.

Envy with heuy Hart, aſked after Shryft,
And carefully *Mea Culpa*, he comſed to ſhewe,

And was as pale as a Pellet; in the Palſey he ſemed,
And clothed in Caury-Maury, I can it not diſcriue;
In Kirtel, and Curtepy, and a Knife by his ſide:
Of a *Freres* Froke, were the fore Sleves,
And, as a Leke, that hath lied longe in the Sunne,
So loked he, with leane Chekes; lowring foule!
His Body was ſo bole for Wrath, that he bote his Lips,
And, wringing what firſt to wreke himſelf, he thought
With Workes, or with Words when he ſee his Time:
Ech Word, that he warped, was of an Edder's Tonge;
Of Chiding, and of Chalenging, was his chief Liuelode;
With Backbitting and Biſmer, and bearing falſe Witneſs;
This was al his Curteſy, when that ever he ſhewed him.
I wold be ſhriuen, quoth this Shrewe, if I, for Shame,
durſt:
I wold be gladder, by God, that *Gib* had Miſchance,
Than if I had won this Weke a Wey of *Eſſexe*-Cheſe!
I have a Neighbour nie me, I have noyed him ofte,
And lowen on him to Lordes, to done him loſe his
Silver,
And make his Frend his Foe, through my falſe Tonge:
His Grace, and his good Happes, greueth me full ſore;
Betwene Many, and Many, I make Debate oft,
That both Life and Lime, is loſt through my Speche.
And,

And, when I mete him in Market, that I moſt hate,
I have him hendlich, as I his Frende were;
For he is doughtier then I, I dare do none other;
And had I Maiſtry and Might, God wot my Wyll!
And, when I come to the Kirke, and ſhould knele to
the Rode
And pray for the People, as the Prieſt teacheth,
For Pilgrimes, and for Palmers, and for all the People
after,
Than I cry, on my Knes, thou Chriſt giue him Sorow,
That bare away my Bole, and my broken Shete!
Away from the Aulter, then turne I mine Eyen
And behold how *Elen* hath a new Coate,
I wiſhe it were mine, with al the Web after!
And at Mens Leſing I laugh, that mine Hart aketh
And for their Winning I wepe, and wele the Time;
And deme that thei do yll, though I do well worſe.
Whoſo undermineth me, hereof I hate him dedly after
I wold that eche a Wight, were my Knave!
For whoſo hath more then I, that angreth me ſore.
And thus I live loveles, like a lither Dogge;
That al my Body bolneth, for bitter of my Gall!
I might not eaten many Yeres, as a Man oughte;
For *Envy* and *Euyl-wyll*, is euyll to defye;

May

May no Sugar, ne no ſwete Thing, ſwage the Swelling,
Ne no Diapenidion, drive it from my Harte,
Nether *Shrift*, nether *Shame*, but ſhraping of my Maw.

SLOTH.

Then came *Sloth*, al beſlaberd, with two ſlimy Eyne;
I muſt ſit ſaid the *Seg*, or els I muſt nedes nap;
I mai not ſtond, ne ſtoupe, ne, without my Stole, knele:
Wer I brought a Bed, but if my Talend it made,
Should no Ringing do me riſe, or I were ripe to dine.
Awak Reuk, quod *Repentance*, and rape thee to Shrift!
If I ſhould dy, by this Day, me lyſt not to looke!
I cannon perfitly my *Pater-noſter*, as the Prieſt it ſingeth,
But I can Rimes of *Roben Hood*, and *Randal* of *Cheſter:*
But, of our Lord, or our Lady, I lerne nothing at all.
I have made Vowes to Day, and forgotten hem on the Morrow,
I performed never Penance, as the Prieſt me hight;
Ne right ſory for my Sinnes, yet was I never.
And if I bid any Beades, but it be of Wrathe,
That I tel with my Tong, is two Mile from my Hart,
I am occupied every Day, holy Day and other
With idle Tales at the Ale, and, other while, in Churches.
Gods Peyne and his Paſſion, ful ſelde I thinke thereon;

I viſited

I viſited never feble Men, ne fettred Folk in Pittes;
I have lever hear an Harlotry, or a Sommers Game,
Or Leſinges to laugh at, and belye my Neighbours,
Than all that ever *Marke* made, *Matthew*, *John*, and *Lucas:*
And Vigiles and faſting Daies, all theſe, I let paſſee,
And lie in Bed in Lent, and my Lemman in mine Armes
Till Mattens and Maſſe be done; * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

I am not ſhriven ſometime, but if Sickneſs it make,
Not twiſe in two Yere; and than up geſſe I ſhrive me;
I have ben Prieſt and Parſon, paſſing Thirty Winter,
Yet can I nether Sol-fa ne ſing, ne Sainctes Lives read;
But I can finde in a Fielde, or a Furlong an Hare,
Better than in *Beati Omnes*, or in *Beatus Vir*.

The Paſſage which, I think, ſeems to have given a Hint to *Milton*, is as follows.

Kinde, *Conſcience* tho' heard, and came out of the Planets,
And ſent forth his forrioues, Fevers, and Fluxes,
Coughes, and Cardiacles, Crampes and Toth-Aches,
Reumes, and Ragondes, and raynous Scalles,
Byles, and Botches, and burning Agues,

Freneſes, and foul Euyl, Foragers of *Kinde!*

* * * * * * * *

There was Harow! and Help! here commeth *Kinde*
With *Death* that's dreadful, to undone us all!
Age the hoore, he was in the Vaw-ward
And bare the Baner before *Death*, by right He it claymed!
Kinde came after, with many kene Sores,
As Pockes, and Peſtilences, and much Purple Shent;
So *Kinde*, through Corruptions, killed ful Many:
Death came driving after, and all to Duſt paſhed
Kynges and Kayſers, Knightes and Popes.

Paradiſe Loſt. Book II. Line 475.

------ Immediately a Place
Before his Eyes appear'd, ſad, noiſom, dark,
A Lazar-houſe it ſeem'd; wherein were laid
Numbers of all diſeas'd: all Maladies
Of gaſtly Spaſm, or racking Torture, Qualmes
Of heart-ſick Agony, all feaverous Kinds,
Convulſions, Epilepſies, fierce Catarrhs,
Inteſtine Stone, and Ulcer, Cholic Pangs,
Dæmoniac Phrenzy, moaping Melancholy
And Moon-ſtruck Madneſs, pining Atrophy,
Maraſmus, and wide-waſting Peſtilence,

Dropſies, and Aſthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.
Dire was the toſſing! deep the Groans! *Deſpair*
Tended the Sick buſieſt from Couch to Couch:
And over them triumphant *Death* his Dart
Shook - - - - - -

Sir *John Gower*

Flouriſh'd in the Reign of *Richard* the Second, and wrote his Poems by the King's Command. He was a Man of Family, and Learning, but does not appear to have much Genius; his whole Work being little better than a cool Tranſlation from other Authors: The Tale annex'd has, however, ſomething truly excellent both in the Incidents and Moral. That he was a Man of Judgment, may be underſtood by *Chaucer*'s ſubmitting his *Troilus*, and *Creſſida* to his Cenſure, as appears by the following Lines.

O Morall *Gower*, this Boke I directe
To thee, and to the Philoſophic *Strode*
To vouchſafe, where need is, to correcte
Of your Benignitees, and Zeles good.

He was bred a Lawyer, tho' a Man of Fortune, ſurvived both *Chaucer* and *Lidgate*; being quite blind before he dy'd, and was bury'd in St. *Mary*'s *Southwark*.

Of the envious Man and the Miſer.

OF *Jupiter* thus I find ywrite
How, whilom, that he wolde wite

Upon the pleintes, which he herde
Among the Men, how that it ferde,
As of her wronge Condicion
To do Juſtificacion.
And, for that Cauſe, downe he ſent
An *Angell*, which aboute went,
That he the ſooth knowe maie.
So it befell, upon a Daie,
This *Angell*, which him ſhould enforme,
Was clothed in a Manes Forme;
And overtoke, I underſtonde,
Two Men, that wenten over Londe:
Through which he thought to aſpie
His Cauſe, and goth in Companie.
This *Angell* with his Wordes wiſe,
Oppoſeth hem in ſondry wiſe;
Nowe lowde Wordes and now ſofte,
That made hem to deſputen ofte:
And eche his Reaſon hadde,
And thus with Tales he hem ladde,
With good Examinacion,
Till he knewe the Condicion,
What Men thei were Bothe Two:
And ſawe well, at laſte, tho',

That

That One of hem was covetous,
And his Felowe was envious.
And thus, when he hath Knowlachyng
Anone he feigned Departynge,
And ſaide he mote algate wende.
But, herken now what fell at Ende!
For than he made hem underſtonde,
That he was there of *God*'s Sonde;
And ſayd them for the Kyndſhip,
He wolde do ſome Grace againe,
And bad that One of hem ſhuld ſaine,
What Thynge is him leueſt to crave;
And he it ſhall of yefte have.
And over that ke foorth with all
He ſaith, that Other have ſhall
The double of that his Fellowe axeth.
And thus to them his Grace he taxeth.
The *Covetous* was wonder gladde;
And to that other Man he badde,
And ſeith, that he firſt axe ſhulde;
For he ſuppoſeth, that he wolde
Make his Axing of Worldes good:
For, than, he knewe well, howe it ſtood;

If that him ſelle by double Weight
Shall after take, and thus, by Sleight,
Becauſe that he wolde wynne,
He badde his *Felowe* firſte begynne.
This *Envious*, though it be late,
Whan that he ſawe he mote, algate,
Make his Axinge firſte, he thought,
If he Worſhip or Profite ſought,
It ſhall be double to his Fere,
That wolde he cheſe in no Manere.
But than he ſheweth what he was
Towarde Envie, and, in this Cas,
Unto this *Angell* thus he ſaide,
And for his Yefte this he praide,
To make him blynde on his One Eie,
So that his Felowe no-thynge ſie.

This Worde was not ſo ſoone ſpoke,
That his one Eie anone was loke:
And his Felowe foorth-with alſo
Was blynde on both his Eies two.
Tho was that other glad enough.
That one wepte, and that other lough.
He ſet his one Eie at no Coſt,
Wherof that other Two hath loſt.

Chaucer,

Chaucer,

The Morning-Star of the *Engliſh* Poetry! was, by his own Record, in the *Teſtament of Love*, born in *London*; in the Reign of *Edward* the Third. His Family is ſuppos'd to come in with *William* the *Norman*, and, ſome ſay, his Father was a Merchant. He had his Education partly at *Oxford*, partly at *Cambridge*, and, by Circumſtance, we find he was enter'd a Student of the *Inner-Temple*. He travelled in his Youth, thro' *France* and *Flanders*; and, in the Reign of *Richard* the Second, was famous for his Learning. After this he marry'd the Daughter of a Knight of *Hainault*, by which Alliance he is ſaid to become Brother-in-Law to *John* of *Gaunt* Duke of *Lancaſter:* He had ſeveral Children, a large, and ample Revenue, reſided chiefly at *Woodſtock*, was employ'd on ſeveral Embaſſies, received many great Rewards from the Crown, and was in high Eſteem with the moſt Noble and Excellent Perſons of his Time. --- In the latter Part of his Life, he met with many Troubles, of which he complains, very pathetically, in ſome of his Pieces; yet liv'd to the Age of Seventy Two Years, and was bury'd at *Weſtminſter*.

All agree he was the firſt Maſter of his Art among us, and that the Language, in general, is much oblig'd to him for Copiouſneſs, Strength, and Ornament. It would be endleſs, almoſt, to enumerate the Compliments that have been paid to his Merit, by the Gratitude of thoſe Writers, who have enrich'd themſelves ſo much by his ineſtimable Legacies. --- But his own Works, are his beſt Monument. In thoſe appear a real Genius, as capable of inventing, as improving; equally ſuited to the Gay, and the Sublime; ſoaring in high Life, and pleaſant in low: Tho' I don't find the leaſt Authority in Hiſtory to prove it.

Ever both entertaining, and inſtructive! All which is ſo well known, 'tis, in a Manner, needleſs to repeat: But the Nature of this Work requires it, and I ſhould not be excus'd for ſaying leſs, or omitting a Quotation; tho it is not a little difficult to chuſe one that will do him Juſtice: Moſt of his principal Tales have been already exhauſted by the Moderns, and, conſequently, neither of them would appear to Advantage in their antiquated, original Dreſs; tho' the ſame in Complexion and Harmony of Parts.

The Pardoners Prologue.

LOrdings! quoth he, in Chirch when I preche,
I paine mee to have an hauteine Speche;
And ring it out, as round as doth a Bell;
For I can all by rote that I tell.
My Teme is alway one, and ever was,
(Radix omnium Malorum eſt Cupiditas)
Firſt, I pronounce fro whence I come,
And then my Bills I ſhew all and ſome:
Our Liege-Lords Seal on my Patent!
That ſhew I firſt, my Body to warrent;
That no Man be ſo bold, Prieſt ne Clerke,
Me to diſturbe of *Chriſts* holy Werke.
And, after that, I tell forth my Tales
Of Buls, of Popes, and of Cardinales,
Of Patriarkes, and of Biſhops I ſhew;
And in *Latine* I ſpeake Wordes a Few,

To

To ſaver with my Predication,
And for to ſtere Men to Devotion,
Then ſhew I forth my long, Chriſtall-ſtones,
Ycrammed full of Clouts and of Bones;
Relickes they been, as wene They, Echone!
Then have I, in *Laton*, a Shoder-Bone,
Which that was of an holy *Jewes*-Shepe.
Good Men, ſay I, take of my Words kepe!
If this Bone be waſhen in any Well,
If Cow, or Calfe, Sheepe, or Oxe ſwell
That any Worme hath eaten, or hem ſtong,
Take Water of this Well, and waſh his Tong,
And it is hole a-non: And, furthermore,
Of Pockes, and of Scabs, and every Sore
Shall Shepe be hole, that of this Well
Drinketh a Draught: Take keepe of that I tell!
If that the good Man, that Beaſts oweth,
Woll every Day, ere the Cocke croweth,
Faſting, drink of this Well, a Draught,
(As thilk holy *Jew* our Elders taught)
His Beaſts and his Store ſhall multiplie:
And Sirs, alſo it healeth Jealouſie,
For, though a Man be fall in jealous rage,
Let make with this Water his Potage,

And

And never ſhall he more his Wife miſtriſt,
Though he, in ſooth, the Defaut by her wiſt :
All had ſhe taken Prieſts Two or Three !
Here is a Mittaine eke, that ye may ſee :
He that his Hand woll put in this Mittaine ;
He ſhall have multiplying of his Graine,
When he hath ſowen, be it Wheat or Otes ;
So that he offer good Pens or Grotes !

And Men and Women, a Thing I warne you !
If any Wight been in this Church now,
That hath done Sinne horrible, that he
Dare not, for Shame, of it Shriven be ;
Or any Woman, be ſhe yong or old,
That hath made her Huſband a Cokewold,
Such Folke ſhall have no Power, ne no Grace
To offer to my Relickes in this Place.
And who ſo findeth him out of ſuch Blame,
Commeth up and offer in Godes Name !
And I aſſoyle him by the Authoritie,
Such as by Bull was graunted undo me.

By this Gaude have I won every yere
An hundred Mark, ſithen I was Pardonere.
I ſtond, like a Clerk, in my Pulpet
And, when the leud People been doune y ſet,

I preach ſo as ye have lered before,
And tell to them an hundred Yapes more.
Then paine I me to ſtretch forth my Necke
And, Eaſt and Weſt, upon the People I becke,
As doth a Dove, ſitting upon a Berne:
My Honds and my Tongue gone ſo yerne,
That it is Joy to ſee my Buſineſs.
Of Avarice and of ſuch Curſedneſſe
All my Preaching is, for to maken hem free
To yeven her Pens, and, namely, unto me.
For mine Entent is not but for to Winne,
And nothing for Correction of Sinne.
I recke never when that they bin buried,
Though her Soule gone a black-buried.
For, certes, many a Predication
Commeth oft time of Evill Entention:
---Some for Pleaſance of Folke, and for Flaterie,
To been advanced by Hipocriſie:
And ſome for vain Glory, and ſome for Hate.
For when I dare not, other ways, debate,
Then woll I ſting hem with my Tongue ſmert
In Preaching; ſo that he ſhall not aſſert
To ben defamed falſely, if that he
Hath treſpaſſed to my Brethren, or to me.

For,

For, though I tell not his proper Name,
Men ſhall well know that it is the ſame
By Signes, or by other Circumſtances.
Thus quite I Folke, that doth us Diſpleaſaunces:
Thus put I out my Venum under Hew
Of Holineſs, to ſee Men holy and trew.
But ſhortly mine Entent I woll deviſe,
I preach of nothing but of Couetiſe.
Therefore my Teme is yet, and ever was,
Radix omnium Malorum eſt Cupiditas.

Thus can I preach againſt the ſame Vice
Which that I uſe, and that is Avarice.
But, though my ſelf be guilty in that Sinne,
Yet can I maken other Folke to twinne
From Avarice, and ſoue hem to repent:
But that is not my principal Entent;
I preach nothing but for Couetiſe.
Of this Matere it ought ynough ſuffiſe.

Then tell I hem Enſamples many a One
Of old Stories done long time agone.
For leaud People aye loven Tales old,
Which things they can well report and hold.
What, trowen ye whiles that I may prech,
And win Gold and Silver for to tech,

That

That I woll live in Povert wilfully?
Nay, nay, I thought it never truly,
For I woll preach, and beg in ſundry Londs;
I woll not doe no Labour with mine Honds;
Ne make Baſkets and live thereby,
Becauſe I woll not beg idelly.
I woll none of the Apoſtles counterfete:
I woll have Mony, Mault, Cheeſe, and Whete,
All were it yeven of the pooreſt Page,
Or of the pooreſt Widdow in a Village:
Though her Children ſhould ſterue for Famine.
Nay, I woll drinke the Licour of the Vine,
And have a jolly Wench in every Toun.
But hearkeneth Lordings my Concluſion!
Your liking is that I ſhould tell a Tale,
Now I have drunken a Draught of corny Ale:
By God I hope I ſhall tell you a Thing,
That ſhall by reaſon been at your aſking:
For, though my ſelf be a full vicious Man,
A morall Tale yet I you tell can,
Which I am wont to preach, for to win.
Now hold your Peace, my Tale I woll begin.

John

John Lidgate,

Commonly call'd the Monk of *Bury*, becauſe a Native of that Place, was a Diſciple of *Chaucer*'s. Many Authors are ſo profuſe in his Praiſe as to rank him very little below his Maſter, and, often, quote them together; which rais'd my Curioſity ſo high, that I gave a conſiderable Price for his Works, and waded thro' a large Folio, hoping ſtill to have my Expectation gratified. --- But I muſt, either, confeſs my own want of Penetration, or beg Leave to diſſent from his Admirers. --- Modeſty, indeed, he has to a very great Degree; ever diſavowing all Pretence to Merit, ſpeaking of *Chaucer* with a religious Reverence, and pleading the Command of Princes for following his Track. --- But, as to the Compliments that are made him, of deep Scholar, Logician, Philoſoper, *&c.* let his own Words anſwer, in the Cloſe of his *Fall of Princes*; which will, at once, illuſtrate my Idea both of the Poet, and the Man.

OUT of the *French* I drough it of Entent,
Not Word by Word, but following in Subſtance,
And, from *Paris*, to *England* it ſent,
Only of purpoſe you to do Pleaſance.
Have me excuſed! my Name is *John Lidgate*,
Rude of Language, I was not born in *France*,
Her curious Miters in *Engliſh* to tranſlate!
Of other Tong I have no Suffiſance.

Thomas

Thomas Occleve, or *Okeleafe*

Another Diſciple in the ſame School, and an Officer in the Houſhold of the Immortal *Henry* the Fifth, to whom he dedicated his Book *De Regimine Principis*; a Work which I have never been able to attain a Sight of; conſequently can't preſume to determine what is due to its Author. By ſome he is highly applauded, by others not ſo much as mention'd. --- To his Care and Affection is owing the Original of that Print, which is now ſo common of *Chaucer*, and certain tender and pathetick Lines to his Memory, are the only Inſtance in my Power to give of the Merit of his Muſe.

BUT welaway! is mine Heart wo,
That the Honour of *Engliſh* Tongue is dead;
Of which I wont was Conncaile have and Reed!
O Maſter dere! and Fadre reverent!
My Maſter *Chaucer!* Floure of Eloquence!
Mirror of Fructuous Entendement!
O univerſal Fadre of Science!
Alas! that thou thine excellent Prudence,
In thy Bed-mortal, mighteſt not bequeath.
O Death! thou didſt not Harm, ſingler, in ſlaughtering Him,
But all the Land it ſmerteth;
But natheleſs, yet haſt thou no Power his Name to ſlee
But his Virtue aſterteth
Unſlain fro thee; - - - - - - - *John*

John Harding

A Gentleman of very good Family in *Yorkſhire*, who liv'd in the Reign of *Edward* the Fourth. But, tho' it appears he had a Love for Poetry, he ſeems to have miſtaken its very Eſſence; Chronicles in Verſe, which were his Subject, are, in my Opinion, as little akin to Inſpiration as mere Rhyme to Harmony; *Chaucer* was ſtill remember'd, but his Art forgot, and *Robert* of *Gloceſter*'s rude Simplicity ſeem'd to reign in its ſtead.

This Gentleman was, however, greatly eſteem'd by the King, and ſo throughly attach'd to his Service, that he undertook, at the manifeſt Hazard of his Life, to procure Copies from the *Scots* own Records, of all the Homages paid by their Kings to thoſe of *England*, from the Reign of *Altheſtan*, Grandſon to *Alfred*; which, by his great Dexterity he accompliſh'd, and deſerves to be remember'd for with Honour. --- I wiſh I could ſay as much for his Verſe. --- But, where I am ſilent, *Winſtanly* and others, are Heralds at large. --- With what Propriety, let the Reader judge from their own Quotations.

On the magnificent Houſhold of King Richard II.

TRULY I herd *Robert Ireleffee* ſay
Clark of the *Green-Cloth*, and that to the Houſehold
Came every Daye, forth moſt part alway,
Ten Thouſand Folke, by his Meſſes told;
That followed the Houſe aye as thei wold.

And

And in the Kechin, Three Hundred Seruitours,
And in eche Office many Occupiours.

And Ladies faire, with their Gentlewomen,
Chamberers alſo, and Launderers,
Three hundred of them were occupied then;
There was great Pride emong the Officers;
And of all Men far paſſing their Compeers,
Of rich Arraye, and much more Coſtous,
Then was before, or ſith, and more precious, *&c.*

From *Gower* to *Barclay*, it muſt be obſerved that Kings, and Princes were conſtantly the Patrons of Poetry.

Alexander Barclay,

An Author of great Eminence, and Merit; tho' not ſo much as mention'd in any Undertaking of this Nature before. He ſtiles himſelf Prieſt, and Chaplain in the *College* of St. *Mary-Otory*, in the County of *Devon*, and afterwards Monk of *Ely*. --- His principal Work is a Tranſlation of a Satirical Piece, written originally in *High-Dutch*, and intitled, *The Ship of Fools:* It expoſes the Characters, Vices, and Follies of all Degrees of Men; and, (tho' neither ſo Copious in the Fable, as ſo pleaſant a Title promiſes; or ſo maſterly in Execution as the *Canterbury Tales*) has, yet, more Merit than, I think, could be expected from ſo barren, and unpolite an Age. --- In the Prologue to this, he makes an Apology for his Youth; and

it appears, in the Concluſion, that the Whole was finiſh'd *Ann. Dom.* 1508. which was the laſt Year, or laſt but one of *Henry* VII. an Interval (if we may judge by the Length of the Peformance) of ſome Years! --- The Reader will, no doubt, obſerve, by the Quotations, that he greatly improves the Language; there being no Comparriſon between Him, and *Harding*; who wrote but very few Years before Him. And, in Elegancy of Manners, he ſeems to have the Advantage of all his Predeceſſors: as is particularly remarkable, in his Addreſs to Sir *Gyles Alington*; his Patron. The Poet was now grown old, and the Knight deſiring him to abridge, and improve *Gower's Confeſſio Amantis*, He declines it in the politeſt Manner, on the Account of his Age, Profeſſion, and Infirmities; But, tho' Love is an improper Subject; ſays he, in other Words, I am ſtill an Admirer of the Sex; and ſhall introduce, to the Honour of your Acquaintance, Four of the fineſt Ladies that Nature ever Fram'd, *Prudence*, *Temperance*, *Juſtice*, and *Magnanimity*. Some Parts of his Addreſs are ſo exceeding courtly, that 'twou'd be inexcuſable to omit them.

TO you theſe accorde, theſe unto you are due,
Of you late proceding as of their head-fountayne;
Your life as example in writing I enſue,
For, more then my writing within it can conteyne,
Your maners perfourmeth and doth thereto attayne:
So touching theſe vertues, ye haue in your liuing
More then this my meter conteyneth in writing.

My

My dities indited may counſell many one,
But not you, your maners ſurmounteth my doctrine,
Wherefore, I regarde you, and your maners all one,
After whoſe liuing my proceſſe I combine:
So other men inſtructing, I muſt to you encline,
Conforming my proceſſe as muche as I am able,
To your ſad behauour and maners commendable.

But, through your hye courage belonging to a knight,
Muſe on greater matters then I intende to write:
Yet all thinges ended at morning or at night,
Reade this my rude meter at leaſure and reſpite.
The Egle at all ſeaſons hath not her moſte delite
To flee to the cloudes, nor hyre in the ayre,
Sometime nere lowe fieldes her pleaſeth to repayre.

And oft hath ſhe pleaſure in flying nere the grounde:
So when greater cures will graunt to you reſpite,
And when your minde from them for ſeaſon is unbounde;
Graunt then to our muſes ſome pleaſure and delite,
That gladly for to reade, which gladly I indite:
My ſpirit ſhall reioyce to hear that, in effect,
My workes ye ſhall reade, and them mende and correct.

For, though in rude meter my matter I compile,
Men ſhall count it ornate, when ye it liſt to reade,
Your tonge ſhall it poliſhe, garniſhe, adorne, and file.

The Clamour to the Fooles.

TO Ship galantes! the ſea is at the full,
The winde vs calleth, our ſayles are diſplayde,
Where may we beſt ariue, at Lin, or els at Hull?
To vs may no hauen in Englande be denayde,
Why tary we? the ankers are up wayde,
If any Corde or Cable vs hurt, let, or hinder,
Let ſlip the ende, or els hewe it in ſunder!

Returne your ſight, beholde vnto the ſhore,
There is great number that fayne would aborde,
They get no roume, our ſhip can holde no more:
Hauſe in the Cocke, geue them no other worde.
God gide vs from rockes, quickſande tempeſt and forde!
If any man of warre, wether or winde appeare,
My ſelfe ſhall trye the winde and kepe the Steare.

But

But I pray you, readers, have ye no diſdayne,
Though *Barclay* have preſumed of audacitie
This ſhip to rule as chiefe maſter and captayne,
Though ſome thinke them ſelues much worthier then
he :
It were great maruell forſoth ſith he hath be
A ſcholer longe, and that in diuers ſcholes,
But he might be captayne of a ſhip of fooles.

But if that any one be in ſuche maner caſe
That he will chalenge the maſterſhip fro me,
Yet in my ſhip can I not want a place,
For in euery place my ſelfe I ofte may ſee:
But this I leaue, beſeching eche degree
To pardon my youth and to bolde enterpriſe,
For harde is it duely to ſpeake of euery vice.

For if I had tonges an hundred, and wit to fele
All thinges naturall and ſupernaturall,
A thouſande mouthes and voyce as harde as ſtele,
And ſene all the ſeuen Sciences liberall,
Yet could I neuer touche the vices all
And ſin of the world, ne their braunches comprehende,
Not though I liued vnto the worldes ende,

But if theſe vices which mankinde doth incomber
Were cleane expelled, and vertue in their place,
I coulde not haue gathered of fooles ſo great a number,
Whoſe folly from them out chaſeth Gods grace:
But euery man that knowes himſelfe in that caſe,
To this rude booke let him gladly intende,
And learne the way his lewdnes to amende.

The Book-Worm.

I AM the firſt foole of all the whole nauie,
To keepe the Pompe, the Helme and eke the Sayle:
For this is my minde, this one pleaſure haue I,
Of bookes to haue great plentie and apparayle.
I take no wiſedome by them, nor yet auayle,
Nor them perceaue not, and then I them deſpiſe:
Thus am I a foole, and all that ſue that guiſe.

THAT in this Ship the chiefe place I gouerne,
By this wide Sea with fooles wandring,
The cauſe is plaine and eaſy to diſcerne,
Still am I buſy, bookes aſſembling,
For to haue plentie it is a pleaſaunt thing

In

In my conceyt, and to haue them ay in hande:
But what they meane do I not underſtande.

But yet I haue them in great reuerence
And honoure, ſauing them from filth and ordure,
By often bruſhing and much diligence,
Full goodly bounde in pleaſaunt couerture,
Of Damas, Sattin, or els of Veluet pure:
I keepe them ſure, fearing leaſt they ſhould be loſt,
For in them is the cunning wherein I me boaſt.

But if it fortune that any learned men
Within my houſe fall to diſputation,
I drawe the curtaynes to ſhewe my bokes then,
That they of my cunning ſhould make probation:
I kepe not to fall in altericatiō.
And while they commen, my bookes I turn and winde,
For all is in them, and nothing in my minde.

Why ſhould I ſtudie to hurt my wit therby,
Or trouble my minde with ſtudie exceſſiue.
Sithe many are which ſtudie right buſely,
And yet thereby ſhall they neuer thriue:
The fruite of wiſdome can they not contriue,

And many to ſtudie ſo much are enclinde,
That vtterly they fall out of their minde.

Eche is not lettred that now is made a lorde,
Nor eche a Clerke that hath a benefice:
They are not all lawyers that plees do recorde,
All that are promoted are not fully wiſe,
On ſuche chaunce nowe Fortune throwes heir dice,
That though one knowe but the yriſhe game,
Yet would he haue a gentlemans name.

So, in like wiſe, I am in ſuch caſe,
Though I nought can I woulde be called wiſe:
Alſo I may ſet another in my place,
Which may for me my bookes exerciſe,
Or els I ſhall enſue the common guiſe,
And ſay *concedo* to euery argument,
Leaſt by much ſpeeche my latin ſhould be ſpent.

I am like other Clerkes which ſo frowardly them gyde,
That after they are once come vnto promotion:
They geue them to pleaſure, their ſtudy ſet aſide,
Their auarice couering with fained deuotion.
Yet dayly they preache, and haue great deriſion
Againſt the rude lay men, and all for couetiſe,
Though their own conſcience be blinded with that vice.

The

The Hypocrite.

HERE maketh mine authour a ſpeciall mencion
Of ypocrites not perfect of beleue,
And ſuche as abuſeth their religion,
But I ſhall not ſo ſharply them repreue,
I am full lothe religious men to greue,
Or diſcontent, for, if I ſo do would,
A mighty volume could not their vices holde.

I leaue their pride, I leaue their couetiſe,
I will not touche their malice nor enuy;
Nor them that *Venus* toyes exerciſe,
I will not blame nor touche openly;
It were but foly ſith is no remedy,
But if I ſhould vpon me take the payne,
A newe labour I ſhould begin agayne.

I them not touche that cunning men diſdayne,
There were none ende in blaming all the fooles,
The maners rude, vngodly and vilayne,
And aſſes eares cloaked vnder coules,
Knowing nothing, contemning yet the ſcooles!
All theſe to touche and ſundry vices mo,
It were to ſore a charge and payne to do.

I will

I will not ſay that they vſe any ſinne,
Yet oft forſooth they follow not the way
Of the religion that they haue entred in,
Though they the name and habite not denay;
Yet of their life full harde it is to ſay,
But often at ende it proueth euident,
That vnder floures lurketh the ſerpent.

The wolfe or foxe is hid within the ſkin,
Of the ſimple ſheepe poor and innocent,
Mekeneſs without, but pride is hid within,
The wordes faire, but falſe is their intent,
No ſort by falſhood or ways fraudulent,
May ſooner deceyue good folke by any way,
Then the wicked ſort of ypocrites may.

Hange vp the ſcapler, the ames-coule and frocke,
Or other habite of eche religion,
Upon a tree cleane dede or rotten ſtocke!
Such are thoſe fooles that haue profeſſion,
Leauing their right rule in eche condition;
They bere the habite, the veſture or the wede,
And eke the name without the thing in deede.

They

They outwarde in face preſent humilitie,
As if they were holy and perfect of living,
Yet would they not of men deſpiſed be:
They fayne them poore, yet will they lacke nothing,
Touching their habite, veſture or cloathing,
They will the ſame in coſtly maner dreſſe,
Without all care, thought, trouble or buſynes.

They looke to be fed well and deliciouſly,
Without labour, therein is no delite;
Some men they flatter, but other they enuy;
And other ſome they cruelly backbite;
Some men to malice by falſhoode they excite:
As dogges they bite ſome in playne audience
For ſinne, though they commit the ſame offence.

As foxes full of falſhood and of gile,
By ſubtiltie they all their workes gide,
They boldly other for ſtatelynes reuile,
Yet as proude Lions are they accloyed with pride;
And, while that they in company abide,
They ſhewe them outwarde as Lambes innocent,
Like rauiſhing wolues yet are they of intent.

They

They will be Judges without authoritie,
And witneſſes without knowledge or ſight,
They will be doctours of paſſing grauitie,
Without proceſſe in ſtudy day and night:
And to be ſhort, by judgement vnright
They oft accuſe good men, them to oppreſſe,
Their ſelfe yet bare of vertue and goodnes.

Here purpoſe I no farther to procede,
Let euery man choſe for him ſelfe a place,
As he ſhall in this booke ouerſee or rede
For him moſte meete! man knoweth beſt his caſe!
And here ſhall I, by Gods helpe and grace,
Drawe all my nauy to hauens for to reſt,
For feare of winter ſtormes and tempeſt.

Wiſedome hath geuen me this commandment,
My wit is wery, my hande and heade alſo,
Wherefore I gladly with all my heart aſſent,
And leape aſhorre among the other mo.
But in my iournay if that I haue miſgo
By biting wordes or ſcarcenes of ſcience,
I yelde me vnto men of more prudence.

He

He likewiſe tranſlated the Ecclogues of *Æneas-Sylvius*, afterwards Pope, by the Name of *Pius-Secundus*. When he dy'd is not known.

Robert Fabian,

Sheriff, and Alderman of *London*; He wrote in the Reigns of *Henry* the Seventh, and *Henry* the Eighth, two large Hiſtories from the Landing of *Brutus*, to the Death of *Henry* the Seventh, theſe are in Proſe, and he is to be admir'd for his Judgment that they are: Since there were ſo many bad Examples to miſlead him. --- His Poetry conſiſts in Prologues to the different Diviſions of his Annals; and, here and there a Tranſlation. Every Body will ſee that it does not deſerve much Praiſe; but as 'tis very rare that Men of Buſineſs, unbend themſelves with the Muſes, I thought a Sample of his Vein, was both his Due, and wou'd be look'd upon at leaſt as a Curioſity.

Tranſlated from the Latin *of the unfortunate* Edward *the* Second.

WHEN *Saturne*, with his cold, iſye Face
The Ground with his Froſtes turneth the grene to white,
The Time Winter, which Trees doth deface,
And cauſeth all Verdure to avoyde quite;
Then *Fortune*, which ſharpe was, with ſtormes not alite
Hath me aſſaulted with her froward Wyll,
And me beclipped with Daungers ryght yll.

What

What Man in this World, is ſo wyſe or fayre,
So prudent, ſo vertuous, or famous under th'ayre,
But that for a Foole, and for a Man diſpyſed
Shal be take, whan Fortune is from him devided?

Alas! now I crie, but no Man doth me moone!
For I ſue to them, that pitie of me have none.
Many with great Honours I did whylome avance
That now with Dyſhonoure doen me ſtyng and launce.
And ſuch as ſometime did me greatly fere,
Me diſpiſe, and let not with Slaunder me to dere.

O mercyfull *God*, what Love they did me ſhewe,
And with Detraction they do me hacke and hewe.
Alas! moſte ſinfull Wretche, why ſhould I thus complayne,
If *God* be pleaſed, that I ſhould thus ſuſteyne:
For the great Offence before by me doone;
Wherefore to thee goode Lorde! I wyll retourne efte ſoone,
And wholy committe me, thy great mercy untyll,
And take in Patience, all that may be thy Wyll,
And all onely thee ſerve with all diligence.
Alas that before this Tyme, I had not that Sence!

But

But now good Lorde! which arte omnipotente!
Beholde the moſt wretched and greatly Penitente,
And of my Treſpaſſe, Forgiveneſs thou me graunte:
And by that Sorrow, my Carkes is now daunte!

Graunt it may be to my Soule remedy,
That the ſooner I may attayne it by.
For to the ſweete *Jeſu*, I yelde me ſore weepyng,
And aſke of thee Pardon, for my greuous Synnyng.

An Apology for having prais'd the City of *London*, in Verſes, which he calls *Ryme-Doggerel*.

WHO ſo him lyketh theſe Verſys to rede,
With Favour I pray he will them Spell;
Let not the Rudeneſs of theym hym lede
For to diſprave thys Ryme-Dogerell:
Some Part of the Honour it doth you tell
Of this old Cytye *Troynovant*;
But not thereof the halfe dell;
Connyng in the Maker is ſo adaunt;
But, though he had the Eloquence
Of *Tully*, and the Moralytye
Of *Seneck*, and the Influence
Of the Swyte-ſugred Armony,

Or

Or that fair Ladye *Caliope*;
Yet had he not connyng perfyght,
This Citye to prayſe in eche Degre,
As that ſhuld duely aſke by Ryght.

John Skelton,

The Reſtorer of Invention in *Engliſh* Poetry! was born of an ancient Family in *Cumberland*, received his Education at *Oxford*, and, afterwards, entring into Holy Orders, was made Rector of *Dyſſe* in *Norfolk*, in the Reign of *Henry* the Eighth; tho', in my Opinion, He appear'd firſt in that of *Henry* the Seventh, and may be ſaid, to be the Growth of that Time. Some bitter Satires on the Clergy, and particularly, his keen Reflections on Cardinal *Wolſey*, drew on him ſo ſevere Proſecutions, that he was oblig'd to fly for Sanctuary to *Weſtminſter*, under the Protection of *Iſlip* the Abbot; where He dy'd in the Year 1529. It appears, by his Poem, intitled, *The Crown of Laurel*, that his Performances were very numerous, tho' ſo few of Them remain: In theſe is a very rich Vein of Wit, Humour, and Poetry, tho' much debas'd by the Ruſt of the Age He liv'd in. --- His Satirs are remarkably broad, open, and ill-bred; the Verſe cramp'd by a very ſhort Meaſure, and incumber'd with ſuch a Profuſion of Rhimes, as makes the Poet almoſt as ridiculous, as Thoſe he endeavours to expoſe. --- In his more ſerious Pieces, He is not guilty of this Abſurdity; and confines himſelf to a regular Stanza, according to the then reigning Mode. His *Bouge* of *Court*, is, in my Opinion, a Poem of great Merit: it abounds with Wit, and Imagination, and argues him well vers'd in Human Nature, and the Manners of that inſinuating Place. The Allegorical Characters

Characters are finely deſcrib'd, and as well ſuſtain'd; The Fabrick of the Whole, I believe, entirely his own, and, not improbably, may have the Honour to be a Hint, even to the inimitable *Spencer*; But, as his Poems have been lately reprinted, I ſhall only annex the Prologue, and ſubmit this Conjecture to the Correction of better Judges.

How, or by whoſe Intereſt He was made Laureat, or whether 'twas a Title He aſſum'd himſelf, I cannot learn. --- Neither is his Principal Patron any where nam'd; but, if his Poem of the *Crown* of *Lawrell*, before mention'd, has any Covert-meaning, He had the Honour to have the Ladies for his Friends, and the Counteſs of *Surrey*, the Lady *Elizabeth Howard*, and many others united their Services in his Favour.

The Prologue to the Bouge of Court.

IN *Autumpne*, whan the *ſunne* in *vyrgyne*,
By radyante hete, enryped hath our corne,
Whan *Luna*, full of mutabylyte,
As Emperes the dyademe hath worne
Of our *pole artyke*, ſmylynge halfe in ſcorne
At our foly, and our vnſtedfaſtneſſe,
The tyme whan *Mars* to warre hym dyd dres,

I, callynge to mynde the great auctoryte
Of poetes olde, whiche full craftely,

Vnder as couerte termes as coulde be,
Can touche a trouth, and cloke ſubtylly
With freſhe vtteraunce; full ſentencyouſly,
Dyuerſe in ſtyle: ſome ſpared not vyce to wryte,
Some of mortalitie nobly dyd endyte.

Whereby I rede, theyr renome and theyr fame
Maye neuer dye, but euermore endure,
I was ſore moued to a-forſe the ſame:
But *ignoraunce* full ſoone dyde me dyſcure,
And ſhewed that in this arte I was not ſure:
For to illumine ſhe ſayd I was to dulle,
Aduyſynge me my penne awaye to pulle,

And not to wryte: for he ſo wyll atteyne
Excedyng ferther than his connynge is,
His head maye be harde, but feble, his brayne;
Yet haue I knowen ſuche er this:
But of reproche ſurely he maye not mys,
That clymmeth hyer than he may fotinge haue!
What and he ſlyde downe, who ſhall hym ſaue?

Thus, vp and downe, my mynde was drawen and caſt,
That I ne wyſte what to do was beſte,

So

So ſore enwered that I was, at the laſte,
Enforſed to ſlepe, and for to take ſome reſte,
And to lye downe as ſoone as I my dreſte;
At *Harwyche-porte*, ſlumbrynge as I laye
In myne hoſtes houſe called, *Powers* keye!

Me thought I ſawe a ſhyppe, goodly of ſayle,
Come ſaylyng forth into that hauen brood,
Her takelyng ryche and of hye apparayle;
She kaſt an anker, and there ſhe laye at rode;
Marchauntes her borded to ſe what ſhe had;
Therein they founde Royall marchaundyſe,
Fraghted with pleaſure of what ye could deuiſe.

But than I thought I wolde not dwell behynde,
Amange all other I put my ſelfe in prece;
Than there could I none aquentaunce fynde;
There was moche noyſe: anone one cryed ceſe
Sharpely commaundynge eche man holde his pece!
Mayſters he ſayd, the ſhyp that ye here ſe
The *bowge of courte* it hyghte for certeynte.

The owner thereof is lady of eſtate,
Whoos name to tell is dame *ſaunce-pere*;

Her marchaundyſe is ryche and fortunate;
But who will haue it muſte paye therfore dere:
This royall chaffre that is ſhypped here
Is called *fauoure* to ſtonde in her good grace;
Than ſhould ye ſe there preſſynge in a pace

Of one and other, that wolde this lady ſe;
Which ſat behynde a tranes of ſylke fyne
Of golde of teſſew, the fyneſt that myght be,
In a trone whiche fetre clerer dyd ſhyne
Than *Phebus* in his ſpere celeſtyne;
Whoos beautie, honoure, goodly porte
I haue to lytell connynge to reporte.

But, of eche thynge there are as I toke hede,
Among all other was wryten in her trone
In golde leters, this worde whiche I dyd rede.
Garde le fortune que eſt maulez et bone!
And, as I ſtode redyng this verſe my ſelfe alone,
Her chyef gentylwoman, *daunger* by her name,
Gaue me a-taunte and ſayd I was to blame

To be ſo perte to preſe ſo proudely uppe:
She ſayd; ſhe trowed that I had eaten ſauſe

She

She aſked yf euer I dranke of ſauces cuppe?
And I than ſoftely anſwered to that clauſe
That ſo to ſaye, I had gyuen her no cauſe.
Than aſked ſhe me Syr ſo God the ſpede
What is thy name? and I ſayd it was *Drede*.

What moued the quod, ſhe, hydder to come?
Forſoth quod I to bye ſome of your ware!
And with that worde on me ſhe gaue a glome
With browes bente, and gan on me to ſtare
Full daynouſly, and fro me ſhe dyd fare
Leuynge me ſtondynge as a maſed man.
To whome there came an other gentilwoman,

Deſire her name was, and ſo ſhe me tolde
Sayenge to me. Brother be of good chere!
Abaſhe you not but hardely be bolde!
Auaunce your ſelfe to aproche and come nere!
What though our chaffer be neuer ſo dere,
Yet I auyſe you to ſpeke for ony drede?
Who ſpareth to ſpeke, in faith he ſpareth to ſped!

Maiſtres quod I, I haue none aquentaunce
That wyll for me be medyatoure, and mene;

But this another I haue but ſmale ſubſtaunce.
Peace quod *Deſyre*, ye ſpeke not worth a bene!
Yf ye haue not in fayth I will you lene
A precious Jewell, no rycher in this londe!
Bon auenture haue here nowe in your honde.

Shyfte now therwith let ſe as ye can,
In *Bowge of courte* cheuyſaunce to make!
For I dare ſaye that there nys erthly man
But and he can *bone auenture* take:
There can no fauoure nor frendſhyp him forſake;
Bone auenture may brynge you in ſuche caſe,
That ye ſhall ſtonde in fauoure and in grace.

But of one thynge I warne you er I goo
She that *ſtyreth the ſhyp* make her your frende!
Mayſtres quod I, I praye you tel me why ſo?
And how I may that waye and meanes fynde?
Forſoth quod ſhe how euer blowe the wynde,
Fortune gydeth and ruleth all our ſhyppe;
Whom ſhe hateth ſhall ouer the ſhyp-borde ſkyp.

Whome ſhe loueth of all pleaſure is riche,
Whyles ſhe laugheth and hath luſte for to playe,

Whome

Whome ſhe hateth ſhe caſteth in the dyche;
For whan ſhe frouneth ſhe thinketh to make a fray:
She cherysſhed hym, and hym ſhe chaſſeth away.
Alas quod I how myght I haue her ſure?
In fayth quod ſhe by *bone auenture!*

Thus, in a row of marchauntes, a grete route
Sued to *fortune* that ſhe wolde be theyr frynde:
They thronge in faſte and flocked her aboute,
And I with them prayed her to haue in mynde.
She promyſed to vs all ſhe wolde be kynde:
Of *Bowge of court* ſhe aſketh what we wold haue?
And we aſked *fauoure*, and fauoure ſhe vs gaue.

Henry Howard Earl of *Surrey*,

Not more remarkable for his illuſtrious Birth, than his fine Accompliſhments: Being acknowledg'd by all, the gallanteſt Man, the politeſt Lover, and moſt perfect Gentleman of his Times. ---- He was eldeſt Son of *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk*, deſcended from the Heroick King *Edward* the Firſt, received his Education at *Windſor*, with a natural Son of *Henry* the Eighth's, and became firſt eminent for his Devotion, to the beautiful *Geraldine*, Maid of Honour to Queen *Catherine:* 'Twas ſhe firſt inſpir'd Him with Poetry, and that Poetry has made her Immortal. ---- The young Lord was even ſo tranſported with his Paſſion, that he made a Tour to the moſt elegant Courts in

Europe, to maintain her Beauty Peerleſs, againſt all Oppoſers; and, every where, made good his Challenge with Honour.

Hiſtory is ſilent, why all theſe extraordinary Gallantries did not end in a Wedding; but we find him afterwards marry'd to *Frances*, Daughter to *John* Earl of *Oxford*; by whom he left ſeveral Children.

The reſt of his Life was ſpent in Arms for the Service of his Country, acquiring, by his Bravery, the higheſt Reputation at the Battle of *Flodden-Field*; where *James* the Fourth of *Scotland* was ſlain.

At laſt, being ſuſpected, by the King, of a Deſign to wed the Princeſs *Mary* (his former Lady being dead) and thereby advance Himſelf to a Poſſibility of wearing the Crown, he fell into Diſgrace; The adding ſome Part of the Royal Arms to his own, was made a Pretence to impeach him of High-Treaſon, and, tho' juſtified by the *Heralds*, he was condemn'd, by the Suffrage of a Jury of *Commoners*, to loſe his Head: Which was accordingly executed, all his Merits, and Services forgot! on *January* 19, 1547. He was the firſt of the *Engliſh* Noblemen, who diſtinguiſh'd himſelf by a Fellowſhip with the Muſes; but, in Purity of Language, and Sweetneſs of Sound, far ſurpaſs'd his Contemporaries, and all that had preceded him.--Nay, I believe no Writer that followed him for many Years, can juſtly vie with him in either of theſe Beauties. --- In a Word, he broke thro' the Faſhion of Stanzas, and wrote ſo much in the Manner of the preſent Times, that many of his Lines would do Honour to the moſt Elegant of the Moderns. Sir *Thomas Wyat*, *Churchyard*, Sir *Philip Sydney*, *Draiton*, *Dryden*, Mr. *Pope*, *Fenton*, and many other Authors have given their Teſtimony of his Merits; but, beyond all Authorities, his own Works.

Deſcrip-

Deſcription and Praiſe of his Love Geraldine.

FROM Tuſcane came my Ladies worthy Race,
Faire Florence was ſometyme her auncient Seate;
The Weſtern Yle whoſe pleaſant Shore doth face
Wild Cambers Clifs, did geve her lyuely heate:
Foſtered ſhe was, with milke of Iriſhe breſt:
Her Sire, an Erle, her Dame, of Princes blood;
From Tender yeres, in Britaine ſhe doth reſt,
With Kinges Childe, where ſhe taſteth Coſtly foode.
Hondſon did firſt preſent her to myne yien:
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine ſhe hight,
Hampton me taught, to wiſhe her firſt for mine,
And Windſor, alas, doth chaſe me from her Sight.
Her Beauty of Kinde, her Vertue from above,
Happy is he, that can Obtain her Love.

Deſcription of Spring, wherein eche thing renewes, ſave only the Lover.

THE ſoote ſeaſon that bud, and bloome fourth bringes,
With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the vale,
The Nightingall with fethers new ſhe ſinges;

The

The turtle to her mate hath told her tale:
Somer is come, for every ſpray now ſpringes;
The hart hath hung hys olde head on the pale,
The bucke in brake his winter coate he flynges;
The fiſhes flete with new repayred ſcale:
The adder all her ſlough away ſhe flynges;
The ſwift ſwallow purſueth the flyes ſmalle,
The buſy bee her honey how ſhe mynges;
Winter is worne that was the floures ball.
And thus I ſee among theſe pleaſant thynges
Eche care decayes, and yet my ſorrow ſprynges.

Deſcription of the reſtleſs eſtate of a Lover.

WHEN youth had led me halfe the race,
That Cupides ſcourge had made me runne;
I looked back to meet the place,
From whence my weary courſe begunne:
And then I ſaw howe my deſyre,
Miſguiding me, had led the waye,
Myne eyne to greedy of theyre hyre,
Had made me loſe a better prey.
For when in ſighes I ſpent the day,
And could not cloake my Grief with gayne;
The boyling ſmoke dyd ſtill bewray,
The preſent heate of ſecret flame:
And when ſalt teares do bayne my breaſt, Where

Where love his pleaſant traynes hath ſowen,
Her beauty hath the fruytes oppreſt,
Ere that the buddes were ſpronge and blowne.
And when myne eyen dyd ſtill purſue,
The flying chaſe of theyr requeſt;
Theyre greedy looks dyd oft renew,
The hydden wounde within my breſte.
When every loke theſe cheekes might ſtayne,
From dedly pale to glowing red;
By outward ſignes appeared playne,
To her for helpe my hart was fled.
But, all to late, Love learneth me,
To paynt all kynd of Colours new;
To blynd theyre eyes that elſe ſhould ſee
My ſpeckled chekes with cupids hew.
And now the covert breſt I clame,
That worſhit Cupide ſecretely;
And nouriſhed hys ſacred flame,
From whence no blairing ſparkes do flye.

The frailtye and hurtfulnes of Beautie.

BRittle Beautie that nature made ſo fraile,
Whereof the gifte is ſmall, and ſhort the Seaſon;
Flowring to day, to morowe apt to faile,

Tickled

Tickled treaſure, abhorred of reaſon:
Dangerous to deale with, vaine of none availe,
Coſtly in keeping, paſt not worthe two peaſon;
Slipper in ſliding, as is an Eles Taile;
Harde to attain, once gotten not geaſon.
Jewell of Jeopardie, that peril doth aſſaille,
Falſe and vntrewe, enticed oft to Treaſon;
Enemy to youth, that moſt may I bewaile;
Ah bitter Swete! infecting as the poyſon,
Thou fareſt as frute, that with the froſt is taken,
To day redy ripe, to morow al to ſhaken.

A Vowe to love faithfully Howſoeuer he be rewarded.

SET me whereas the Sonne doth parch the grene,
Or where his beames do not dyſſolve the Yſe,
In temperate heat, where he is felt, and ſene,
In preſence preſt of people, madde, or Wiſe;
Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree,
In Longeſt night, or in the ſhorteſt day;
In cleareſt Skye, or where cloudes thickeſt be,
In luſty Youth or when my heares are graye:
Set me in Heaven, in Earth, or elſe in Hell,
In Hyll, or dale, or in the foaming flood;

Thrall,

Thrall, or at large, alyve where ſo I dwell,
Sicke, or in helthe, in evyll fame or good;
Hers will I be, and only with this thought,
Content my ſel, although my chaunce be nought.

Priſoner in Windſor, he recounteth his pleaſure there paſſed.

SO cruell priſon howe could betyde, alas!
As proude Windſor: Where I in Luſt and Joy,
Wythe a Kynges Sonne, my chyldyſh yeres dyd paſſe,
In greater feaſt, than Priams Sonnes of Troye:
Where eche ſwete place returnes a taſtfull ſower:
The large grene where we were wont to rove,
Wyth Eyes caſt up into the Maydens tower,
And eaſy ſighes, ſuch as folkes draw in Love:
The ſtately ſeates, the Ladies brighte of hewe;
The Daunces ſhort, long tales of greate delight
Wyth woordes and lookes, that Tygers could but rewe,
Where eche of us dyd pleade the others ryghte.
The palme play, where deſpoyled for the game,
With dared Eyes oft we by gleames of Love,
Have myſt the Ball, and got ſighte of our Dame
To bayte her Eyes, whyche kept the leads above:
The gravel ground, wythe ſleves tyde on the helme

On

On fomyng horſe, with ſwordes and friendly hartes;
Wythe chere as though one ſhoulde another whelme;
Where we have fought, and chaſed oft wyth dartes.
With Silver droppes the meade yet ſpreade for ruthe;
In actives games of Nimbleneſs and Strength,
Where we did ſtrayne trayned wyth ſwarmes of youthe
Our tender limmes, that yet ſhot up in lengthe.
The ſecrete groves which oft we made reſounde,
Of pleaſant playnte, and of our Ladies prayſe,
Recordyng of what grace eche one had founde,
What hope of ſpede; what dreade of long delayes.
The wylde forreſte, the clothed holes with grene,
With raynes availed and ſwiftly breathed horſe;
Wyth cry of Houndes andy merry blaſtes betwene;
Where we did chaſe the fearful hart of force.
The wyde vales eke, that harborde us eche nyghte;
Wherewyth, (alas) reviveth in my breſte;
The ſwete accorde, ſuch ſlepes as yet delyght,
The pleaſant dreames the quyet bed of reſt:
The ſecret thoughtes imparted with ſuch truſt;
The wanton talke, the dyvers chaunge of playe;
The Friendſhip ſworne, eche promiſe kept to faſt,
Wherewith we paſt the Winter nyght away.
And wyth thys thoughte, the bloud forſakes the face,

The tears berayne my chekes of deadly hewe,
The whyche as ſoone as ſobbyng ſighes, (alas!)
Upſupped have, thus, I my playnt renew:
O place of bliſſe! renewer of my Woes!
Give me accompt where is my noble fere,
Whom in thy walles thou doeſt eche nyghte encloſe,
To other luſe, but unto me moſt clere:
Eccho (alas!) that doth my ſorrow rewe,
Returns thereto a hollowe ſounde of playnt;
Thus I alone, where all my freedome grewe,
In pryſon pyne, wythe bondage and reſtraynt:
And with remembrance of the greater griefe,
To baniſhe the leſſe I fynd my chief reliefe.

Complaint of the abſence of her Lover being upon the Seas.

O Happy Dames that may Embrace,
The fruite of your delyghte;
Helpe to bewayle the woefull caſe,
And eke the heavy plyghte
Of me that wonted to reioyce,
The fortune of my pleaſant choice:
Good Ladyes helpe to fyll my mourning voice.
In Shippe freighte wythe remmembraunce
Of thoughtes and pleaſures paſt,

He

He ſayles that hath in governaunce,
My Life while it will laſt,
With ſcalding ſyghes for lacke of Gale,
Furdering hys hope that is his ſayle,
Toward me, the ſwete port of hys avayle.
Alas! how oft in Dreams I ſee
Thoſe Eyes that were my foode,
Whych ſometyme ſo delyted me
That yet they do me goode?
Wherewith I wake wythe his returne,
Whoſe abſent flame dyd make me burn,
But when I fynde the lacke, Lord, how I mourne!
When other Lovers in armes acroſſe,
Reioyce their encchyfe delyght;
Drowned in teares to mourne my Loſſe
I ſtand the bytter Nyghte
In my Window, where I may ſee
Before the wyndes how the Cloudes flee
Lo! what a Mariner Love hath made me.
And in grene waves when the ſalt floode
Doth ryſe by rage of wynde,
A thouſand fanſies in that mood
Aſſayle my reſtleſſe Mynde:

Alas!

Alas! how drencheth my ſweet ſo,
That wyth the ſpoyle of my hart did go,
And left me? But alas! why did he ſo?
And, when the ſeas were calme agayne,
To chace from me annoye,
My doubtful hope doth cauſe my playne;
So drede cuts of my Ioye.
Thus is my wealth myngled with woe,
And of eche thought a doubt doth growe
Now he comes! will he come? alas! no!

A praiſe of hys Love, wherein he reproveth them that compare their Ladies with his.

GIVE place ye Lovers here before,
That ſpent your boaſtes and bragges in vain!
My Ladies beuty paſſeth more,
The beſt of yours I dare well ſayne,
Then doth the ſunne the Caundle-lyght,
Or bryghteſt Day the darkeſt Nyght:
And thereto hath a troth as juſt,
As had *Penelope* the fayre;
For what ſhe ſayeth ye may it truſt,
As it by wrytyng ſealed were:

And virtues hath ſhe many moe,
Than I wyth Pen have ſkill to ſhowe.
I could reherſe, if that I would,
The whole effecte of Natures playnt,
When ſhe had loſt the perfect moulde,
The lyke to whome ſhe could not paynte,
With, wringeing hands, how ſhe did cry,
And what ſhe ſaid, I know it, I.
I knowe ſhe ſwore with rageing Mynde,
Her Kyngdome only ſet aparte,
There was no loſſe by Law of kynde,
That could have gone ſo nere her hearte;
And this was chiefely all her payne,
She could not make the lyke agayne.
Syth Nature thus gave her the prayſe,
To be the chiefeſt worke ſhe wroughte;
In fayth me thynke ſome better wayes,
On your behalfe myghte well be ſoughte.
Then to compare (as you have done)
To matche the candle with the ſunne.

The meanes to attayne happy lyfe.

M*Artiall*, the thinges that doe attayne
The happy lyfe, be theſe I fynde;
The riches left, not got with payne,
The fruitfull grounde, the quiet mynde,
The egall frend, no grudge, no ſtrife,
No charge of rule nor governaunce;
Without diſeaſe the healthful lyfe,
The houſhold of continuance;
The meane dyet, no delicate fare,
True wiſedome joynde with ſimpleneſſe;
The night diſcharged of all care,
Where wine the witte may not oppreſſe.
The faithfull wyfe without debate,
Such ſlepe as may beguile the night,
Contented with thine owne eſtate,
Ne wiſh for death, ne feare his might.

How no age is content with his owne eſtate, and how the age of Children is the happieſt if they had ſkill to underſtand it.

L*Ayd in my quiet bed, in ſtudy as I were,*
I ſaw within my troubled head, a heap of thoughts appear,

And every thought did ſhew ſo lively in myne eyes,
That, now I ſight, and then I ſmilde, as cauſe of
thoughtes did ryſe.
I ſaw the little boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wiſhe of God, to ſcape the rod, a tall young man
to be,
The young man eke, that feles his bones with paines
oppreſt,
How he would be a riche, old man, to live and lye at reſt:
The riche, olde man that ſees his end draw on ſo ſore,
How he would be a boy againe to live ſo much the more.
Whereat full oft I ſmylde, to ſee how all theſe three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and
change degree.
And muſing thus, I think, the caſe is very ſtrange,
That man from wealth, to live in wo, doth ever ſeke
to change,
Thus, thoughtfull as I lay, I ſawe my withered ſkyn,
How it doth ſhew my dented Jawes, the fleſh was
worn ſo thin,
And eke my toteleſs chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and ſhuttes, as I do ſpeak, do thus unto me
ſay;

The

The white and horiſh heres, the meſſengers of age,
That ſhew like lines of true belief, that this life doth
aſſwage,
Biddes thee lay hand, and feel them hanging on thy chin.
The which doth write to Ages paſt, the third now
coming in,
Hang up therefore the bitte, of thy yong wanton tyme,
And thou that therein beaten art, the happieſt life defyne:
Wherat I ſighed, and ſayde, farewell my wonted toye,
Truſſe up thy packe, and trudge from me to every
little boy,
And tell them thus from me, their time moſt happy is,
If to theyr time they reaſon had, to know the truth
of this.

Sir *Thomas Wyat*,

Commonly call'd the *Elder*, to diſtinguiſh him from another Knight of the ſame Name, was a Gentleman of an ancient Family, ſettled at *Allington-Caſtle* in *Kent*, and Contemporary with the Earl of *Surrey*, who held him in great Eſteem. --- His Integrity, and many other valuable Talents recommended Him to the Favour of the King, and, tho' an Enemy to a State-Life, as appears by his Writings, He was, at laſt, prevail'd on to undertake an Embaſſy to the Emperor *Charles* the *Fifth*; but dy'd of the Plague, by the Way, greatly lamented by all Lovers of Learning, and Politeneſs. In his Poe-

tical Capacity, he does not appear to have much Imagination; neither are his Verſes ſo muſical or well poliſh'd as Lord *Surrey*'s. Thoſe of Gallantry, in particular, ſeem to me too artificial for a Lover, and too negligent for a Poet; for which Reaſon I have quoted but very few of them. His Letters to *John Poynes*, and Sir *Francis Bryan* deſerve more Notice; They argue him a Man of great Senſe, and Honour, a critical Obſerver of Manners, and very well qualified for an elegant, and genteel Satiriſt.

The Lover complaineth the unkindneſs of his love.

MY Lute, awake, perform the laſt
Labour that thou and I ſhall waſt,
And ende that I have now begunne;
And when this ſong is ſong and paſt,
My Lute, be ſtyll, for I have done!

As to be heard where eare is none,
As leade to grave in Marble ſtone,
My ſong may pearce her hart as ſoon!
Should we then ſigh, or ſing, or mone?
No, no, my lute, for I have done!

The Rocks do not ſo cruelly
Repulſe the waves continually,
As ſhe my ſuite and Affection:
So that I am paſt remedy,
Whereby my Lute and I have done.

Proude of the ſpoyle that thou haſt gotte,
Of ſimple hearts through loves ſhot,
By whome unkind thou haſt them wonne,
Think not he hath his Bow forgott,
Although my lute and I have done!

Vengeance ſhall fall on thy diſdaine
That makeſt but Game of Earneſt payne,
Think not alone under the Sunn,
Unquit the cauſe thy lovers playne,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lye withred and old,
In winter nights that are ſo cold,
Playning in vaine unto the Moon:
Thy wiſhes then dare not be told!
Care then who liſt for I have done.

And then may chaunce thee to repent
The time, that thou haſt loſt and ſpent,
To cauſe thy lovers ſighe and ſwone:
Then ſhalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wiſh and want as I have done.

Now ceaſe, my lute, this is the laſt
Labour that thou and I ſhall waſt,

And ended is that we begonne,
Now is this ſong both ſung and paſt.
My lute, be ſtill, for I have done.

The Courtiers Life.

IN Court to ſerve decked with freſhe araye,
Of ſugared Meates feling the ſwete repaſt,
The Life in Bankets and ſundry kyndes of playe,
Amid the preſſe the worldly lookes to waſte,
Hath with it joyned oft ſuch bitter taſte,
That who ſo joyes ſuch kinde of life to holde,
In priſon joyes, fettred with chaines of Golde.

Of the Courtiers life, written to John Poynes.

MYne own *John Poines*, ſins ye delight to know
The cauſes why that homeward I me draw,
And flee the preaſe of Courtes, whereſo they goe,
Rather then to live thrall under the awe
Of Lordly lookes, wrapped within my Cloke,
To will and luſt learning to ſet a Law;
It is not, that becauſe I ſtorme or mocke
The power of them whom fortune here hath lent
Charge over us, of right to ſtrike the Stroke;
But true it is, that I have always ment

Leſs

Leſs to eſteeme them, then the common ſort,
Of Outward thinges that Judge in their entent,
Without regarde, what inward doth reſort:
I graunt, ſome time of Glory that the fyre,
Doth touch my heart, me liſt not to report:
Blame by honour and honour to deſyre.
But how may I this honour now attaine,
That cannot dye the colour blacke a lyer?
My *Poynes*, I cannot frame my tune to fayn.
To cloke the truth, for praiſe, without deſert,
Of them that liſt all vice for to retayne:
I cannot honour them that ſet theyr part
With *Venus* and *Bacchus* all their life long;
Nor hold my peace of them, although I ſmart.
I cannot crouche nor knele to ſuch a wronge,
To worſhip them like God on Earth alone,
That are as Wolves theſe ſely Lambes among;
I cannot with my Woordes complayne and mone,
And ſuffer nought; nor ſmart without complaint,
Nor turne the word that from my mouth is gone.
I cannot ſpeake and looke like a Saint,
Uſe wyles for wit, and make deſceit a pleaſure,
Call craft Counſaile, for lucre ſtill to paynt:
I can not wreſt the Law to fyll the Coffer

With innocent blood to feed my ſelf fatte,
And do moſt hurt where that moſt helpe I offer.
I am not he that can allow the State,
Of hye *Caeſer*, and damne *Cato* to dye,
That with his death did ſcape out of the gate,
From *Caeſer*'s hands, if *Livy* doth not lye;
And would not live where Liberty was loſt,
So did his heart the Common wealth apply.
I am not he, ſuch eloquence to boſt,
To make the crow in ſinging, as the Swanne;
Nor call the Lyon of Coward beaſts the moſt,
That cannot take a Mouſe, as the Cat can.
And he that dyeth for honger of the Golde,
Call him *Alexander*, and ſay that *Pan*
Paſſeth *Apollo* in Muſike many folde,
Praiſe Syr *Topas* for a noble tale,
And ſcorne the Story that the Knight tolde.
Praiſe him for Counſell that is dronke of Ale,
Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the Sway,
Frowne when he frownes, and grone when he is pale;
On others luſt, to hang both night and day,
None of theſe Poines would ever frame in me,
My wit is nought, I can not learn the way.
And much the leſs of things that greater be,

That

That aſken helpe of colours to deviſe,
To joyne the meane with eche extremitie,
With nereſt vertue ay to cloke the vyce;
And as to purpoſe likewiſe it ſhall fall,
To preſſe the vertue that it may not ryſe;
As Dronkenneſs good felowſhip to call,
The frendly foe with his faire double face,
Say he is Gentle, and Curties therewithall;
Affirme that Favill hath a goodly grace.
In eloquence; and cruelty to name,
Zeale of Juſtice; and change in time and place:
And he that ſuffereth offence without blame,
Call him pitiefull, and him true and playne,
That rayleth rechleſs unto eche mans ſhame,
Say he is rude, that cannot lye and fayne;
The lecher a lover, and tyranny
To be right of a princes raigne.
I cannot I, no no, it will not be.
This is the cauſe that I could never yet,
Hang on their Sleves the weigh (as thow maiſt ſee)
A chippe of chaunce, more then a pound of Wit:
This makes me at home to hunt and hawke,
And in foul weather at my book to ſit,
In froſt and Snow, then with my bowe ſtalke,

No

No man doth marke whereſo I ryde or goe,
In luſty leas at libertie I walke;
And of theſe Newes I fele no weale no woe,
Save that a clogge doth hang yett at my hele,
No force for that, for that is Ordred ſo,
That I may leape both hedge and dyke full wele.
I am not now in *France* to judge the wyne,
With ſavery Sauce thoſe delicates to feele,
Nor yet in *Spayne*, where one muſt him incline,
Rather then to be, Outwardly to ſeme,
I meddle not with wittes that be ſo fyne,
Nor *Flanders*-chere lettes to my Sight to deme,
Of black and white, nor takes my wittes away,
With Beaſtlineſs, ſuch doe thoſe beaſtes eſteme!
Nor I am not, where truth is geven in pay
For Money, pryſon and treaſon; of ſome
A common practice uſed night and daye:
But I am here in *Kent* and Chriſtendome,
Among the Muſes, where I reade and ryme,
Where if thou liſt, mine own *John Poynes* to come,
Thou ſhalt be judge, how I do ſpende my tyme.

How to uſe the Court and himſelf therein, written to Sir Fraunces Bryan.

A Spending hand that alway powreth out,
Had nede to have a bringer in as faſt,
And on the ſtone that ſtill doth turn about,
There groweth no Moſſe: Theſe proverbes yet doe laſt.
Reaſon hath ſet them in ſo ſure a place,
That length of yeres their force can never waſte,
When I remember this and eke the caſe
Wherein thou ſtandſt, I thought forthwith to write
(*Bryan*) to thee, who knowes how great a grace,
In writing is to counſayle Man the right,
To thee therefore that trottes ſtyll up and downe,
And never reſts, but running day and Night,
From Realme to Realme, from Citie, ſtrete, and Towne;
Why doeſt thou weare thy Body to the bones,
And mighteſt at home ſlepe in thy bedde of downe,
And drink good Ale ſo nappy for the nones,
Fede thy ſelf fatte and heape up pounde by pound?
Lykeſt thou not this? No! why? for ſwine ſo groines
In ſtye, and chaw dung moulded on the ground,
And drivel on pearles, with head ſtill in the Manger,

So

So of the harpe the Aſſe doth heare the ſound,
So ſackes of durt be filde. The neat Courtier
So ſerves for leſſe, then do theſe fatted ſwine,
Though I ſeme leane and drye without a Moiſter,
Yet will I ſerve my prince, my Lord and thyne,
And let them live to fede the paunch that liſt,
So may I live to fede both me and myne.
By God well ſayd! But what and if thou wiſt
How to bring in, as faſt as thou doeſt ſpende,
That would I learne, and it ſhall not be miſt
To tell the how. Now harke what I intende!
Thou knoweſt well firſt, who ſo can ſeke to pleaſe,
Shal purchaſe frendes, where trouth ſhall but offende.
Flee therefore truth! it is both welth and eaſe!
For, though that trouth of every man hath praiſe,
Full near that wynde goth trouth in great miſeaſe:
Uſe vertue, as it goeth now a dayes,
In woord alone to make thy language ſwete;
And of the dede, yet do not as thou ſayes!
Els be thou ſure, thou ſhalt be farre unmete,
To geat thy bread, eche thing is now ſo ſkant!
Seke ſtill thy profit upon thy bare fete!
Lend in no wiſe, for fear that thou do want;
Unleſſe it be, as to a Calfe a cheſe,

But

But if thou can be ſure to win a cent
Or half at leaſt, it is not good to leeſe.
Learn of the Ladde, that in long white cote,
From under the ſtall, withouten landes or fee,
Hath lepte into the ſhoppe, who knowes by rote,
This rule that I have tolde thee here before!
Sometime allſo riche Age begynnes to dote,
Se thou when there thy gayne may be the more,
Stay him by the Arme where ſo he walk or goe,
Be nere alway, and if he cough to ſore,
What he hath ſpyt treade out, and pleaſe him ſo!
A diligent knave, that pykes his Maiſters purſe,
May pleaſe him ſo, that he withouten mo,
Executor is, and what is he the worſe?
But if ſo chance, thou get nought of the Man,
The Widow may for all thy payne diſburſe;
A riveled ſkinne, a ſtinking breath, what than?
A toothleſſe Mouth ſhall do thy Lippes no harme;
The Gold is good, and though ſhe curſe or banne,
Yet where thee liſt, thou mayſt lye good and warme;
Let the old Mule byte upon the brydle,
Whilſt there do lye a ſweter in thine Arme!
In this alſo ſee that thou be not ydle,
Thy Nece, thy Coſin, ſiſter or thy Daughter

If

If ſhe be fayre, if hanſome be her middle,
If thy better hath her love beſought her,
Avaunce his cauſe and he ſhall helpe thy nede,
It is but love, turne thou it to a laughter.
But ware I ſay, ſo Gold the helpe and ſpede,
That in this caſe thou be not ſo unwyſe,
As *pander* was in ſuch a lyke dede!
For he the foole of Conſcience was ſo nyce,
That he no gayne would have for all his payne.
Be next thy ſelfe, for Friendſhip bears no pryce.
Laugheſt thou at me? why? do I ſpeak in vayne?
No not at thee, but at thy thryfty jeſt.
Wouldeſt thou, I ſhoulde for any loſſe or gayne
Change that for golde that I have tane for beſt?
Next godly thinges, to have an honeſt name,
Should I leave that? then take me for a beaſt!
Nay then farewel, and if thou care for ſhame
Content the with honeſt povertie,
With free tong, what the miſlykes, to blame,
And for thy trouth ſome time Adverſitie:
And therewithall this gyft I ſhall thee give,
In this world now little proſperitie,
And quoyne to kepe, as water in a ſive!

As

As it is not only the Intention of this Work to do Juſtice to Names and Characters, but collect, and preſerve ſuch ſcatter'd Poems as have been, in a Manner, loſt to the Publick, I have thought it not improper to inſert the following Miſcellaneous Pieces; the Authors of which are unknown, but ſuppos'd Contemporary with Lord *Surrey* and Sir *Thomas Wyat*.

They of the meane Eſtate are happieſt.

IF right be ract and overronne,
And power take part with open wronge,
If feare by force do yelde too ſone,
The lacke is like to laſt too long.

If God for goodes ſhal be unplaced,
If right for riches loſes hys ſhape,
If World for Wiſedome be embraced,
The geſſe is great much hurt may hap.

Among good things I prove and finde,
The quiet lyfe doth moſt abound,
And ſure, to the contented mynde,
There is no riches may be founde.

For riches hates to be content,
Rule is enemy to quietneſſe,
Power is moſt part impacient,
And ſeldome lykes to live in peace.

I heard a heardman once compare,
That quiet nights he had mo ſlept
And had mo mery dayes to ſpare,
Then he which ought the beaſt, he kept.

I would not have it thought hereby,
The Dolphin Swimme I mean to teach,
Nor yet to learne the Fawlcon flye
I rowe not ſo farre paſt my reache.

But as my part above the reſt,
Is well to wiſh and well to will,
So tyll my breath ſhall fayle my breſt,
I will not ceaſe to wiſh you ſtill.

Upon conſideration of the State of this Life he wiſheth Death.

THE longer Life the more Offence,
The more Offence the greater paine,
The greater paine the leſſe defence,
The leſſe defence the leſſer gaine;
The loſs of gaine long yll doth trye,
Wherefore come death and let me dye!

The ſhorter Life, leſſe count I finde,
The leſs account the ſooner made,
The account ſoon made, the merier mind,

The merier mynd doth thought evade ;
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,
Wherefore come death and let me dye !

Com gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of Care, the floode of Life,
The floode of life, the joyfull fare,
The joyful fate, the end of Strife,
The end of Strife, that thing wiſh I.
Wherefore come death and let me dye !

Of a New Married Studient that plaied faſt and loſe.

A Studient, at his boke ſo placed,
That welth he might have wonne ;
From boke to wife did flete in haſt,
From welth to wo to runne.
Now who hath plaied a feater caſt
Since jugling firſt begonne ?
In knitting of himſelfe ſo faſt,
Himſelfe he hath undoone.

A praiſe of his ladie.

GEVE place, you Ladies, and be gone,
Boaſt not your ſelves at all!

For, here at hande, approcheth one,
Whoſe face will ſtayne you all.
The vertue of her lively lookes
Excels the precious ſtone,
I wiſhe to have none other bookes
To reade or look upon.
In eche of her two chriſtall eyes,
Smyleth a naked boy;
It would you all in heart ſuffiſe
To ſee that lampe of joye.
I think nature hath loſt the moulde,
Where ſhe her ſhape did take;
Or elſe I doubte if nature coulde
So fayre a creature make.
She may be well comparde
Unto the *Phenix* kinde,
Whoſe like was never ſeene nor heard,
That any man can fynde.
In lyfe ſhe is *Diana* chaſt
In trouth *Penelopy*,
In Woord and eke in dede ſtedfaſt;
What will you more we ſay?
If all the world were ſought ſo farre,
Who could finde ſuche a wight,

Her

Her beauty twinkleth lyke a ſtarre
Within the froſty night.

Her roſeall colour comes and goes,
With ſuch a comely grace,
More ruddier too, then doth the roſe,
Within her lively face.

At *Bacchus* feaſt none ſhall her mete,
Ne at no wanton playe,
Nor gaſing in an open ſtrete,
Nor gadding as aſtray.

The modeſt myrth that ſhe doth uſe,
Is mixt with ſhamefaſtneſſe,
All vyce ſhe doth wholy refuſe,
And hateth ydleneſſe.

O lord, it is a world to ſee,
How Vertue can repayre,
And decke in her ſuch honeſtie,
Whome nature made ſo fayre.

Truely ſhe doth as farre excede,
Our Women now adayes,
As doth the Jeliſloure, a wede,
And more a thouſand wayes.

How might I doe to get a graffe
Of this unſpotted tree :

For all the reſt are playne but chaffe
Which ſeeme good corne to bee.
This gyft alone I ſhall her geue,
When death doth what he can,
Her honeſt fame ſhall ever live,
Within the mouth of man.

Andrew Bourd

Was born in *London*, and Educated at *Oxford*; by Profeſſion a Phyſician, and in that Capacity had the Honour to ſerve King *Henry* the Eighth; But, falling into ill Circumſtances, whether thro' Idleneſs, Extravagance, or Misfortune, is not known. He dy'd in the *Fleet-Priſon*, Anno Dom. 1549.

He publiſh'd ſeveral Pieces; one of which is call'd, *A Breviary of Health*; and another, in Proſe and Verſe, *The Introduction to Knowledge*, Languages, Faſhions, and Geniuſes of all Countries, Dedicated to Princeſs *Mary*, afterwards Queen. --- He had a tolerable ſhare of Reputation, as a Writer; and ſeems to be turn'd particularly for Satire. --- For the Characteriſtick of an *Engliſhman*, under the Picture of a naked Man, (with a pair of Sheers in one Hand, and a Roll of Cloth in the other) He inſerted the following Lines, which may ſerve as a Specimen of his Muſe.

I AM an Engliſhman, and naked I ſtand here,
Muſing in my minde, what garment I ſhall weare,
For now I will weare this, and now I will weare that,
Now I will weare I cannot tell what:

All

All new faſhions be pleaſant to mee,
I will have them whether I thrive or thee:
Now I am a friſker, all men on me looke,
What ſhould I do but ſet cocke on the hoope?
What do I care, if all the world me faile,
I will have a garment reach to my taile;
Then am I a minion, for I wear the new guiſe,
The next yeare after I hope to be wiſe:
Not only in wearing my gorgeous aray,
For I will go to learning a whole Summers day;
I will learne Latine, Hebrew, Greeke, and French,
And I will learne Dutch ſitting on my bench.
I do feare no man, each men feareth me,
I overcome my adverſaries by land and by ſea:
I had no peere, if to my ſelfe I were true.
Becauſe I am not ſo, divers times do I rue.
Yet I lacke nothing, I have all things at will,
If I were wiſe and would hold my ſelfe ſtill,
And meddle with no matters but to me pertaining,
But ever to be true to God and my King.
But I have ſuch matters rowling in my pate,
That I will and do --- I cannot tell what.
No man ſhall let me, but I will have my minde,
And to father, mother, and friende Ile be unkinde:

I will follow mine own minde and mine old trade,
Who ſhall let me? the divels nailes are unparde,
Yet above all things new faſhions I love well,
And to weare them my thrift I will ſell.
In all this world I ſhall have but a time:
Hold the cup good fellow, here is thine and mine!

T. Sackville,

A Gentleman of very eminent Family, the Anceſtor of the late truly Noble Lord *Dorſet*, and the preſent *Duke*; and ſo diſtinguiſh'd for his Addreſs, Underſtanding, and Politeneſs, even in the Court of the Great Queen *Elizabeth*, that he was ſoon created a Peer; and honoured with a remarkable ſhare of her Confidence and Favour.

He was born at *Withyam* in *Suſſex*, received his Education both at *Oxford*, and *Cambridge*; was, ſometime a Student in the *Inner-Temple*, and, afterwards call'd to the Bar. He then undertook his Travels, and was, on ſome occaſion, impriſon'd at *Rome*: During which Time his Father dy'd, and left a vaſt Inheritance; which, as ſoon as he regain'd his Liberty, He haſten'd Home to take Poſſeſſion of. Some Years after, He had the Honour to be ſent Ambaſſador to ſeveral Princes, was elected Chancellor of the Univerſity of *Oxford*, appointed Lord High Treaſurer of *England* by Queen *Elizabeth*; and created Earl of *Dorſet* by King *James*: Continuing a great Encourager of Polite Literature till his Death, which happen'd, ſuddenly, at the Council-Board, *Anno Dom.* 1608.

It appears to me, by a Preface of Mr. *Niccol*'s, that the Original Plan of the *Mirror of Magiſtrates*, was

was principally owing to Him ; (though neither *Phillips*, or *Winſtanly* have done him the Juſtice, or Themſelves the Honour to mention him) a Work of great Labour, Uſe, and Beauty, and ſo well received, that Sir *Philip Sidney*, in his *Eſſay on Poetry*, has quoted it, as worthy of much Eſteem, and Approbation. --- The Induction by Mr. *Sackville*, is, indeed, a Maſter-Piece ; and, if the whole could have been compleated with the ſame Spirit, it wou'd have been an Honour to the Nation at this Day ; nor could have ſunk under the Ruins of Time. --- But the *Courtier* put an End to the *Poet*, and he has left juſt enough to eclipſe all the Writers that ſucceeded Him in the ſame Taſk ; and makes us wiſh that his Preferment had been, at leaſt, a little longer delay'd. --- The Reader, in this Performance, will ſee that *Allegory* was brought to great Perfection, before *Spencer* appear'd, and that, if Mr. *Sackville* did not ſurpaſs him, 'twas becauſe he had the Diſadvantage of Writing firſt. Agreeable to what *Taſſo* exclaim'd on ſeeing *Guarini's Paſtor-Fido*. --- *If he had not ſeen my* Aminta *He had not excell'd it !* Mr. *Sackville* was likewiſe Joint-Author of a Tragedy, call'd *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, with one Mr. *Norton*.

Induction to the Mirror of Magiſtrates.

THE wrathfull winter haſtning on apace,
With bluſtring blaſts had all ybard the treene,
And old *Saturnus* with his froſty face
With chilling cold had pearſt the tender greene :
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped beene

The

The gladſome groues that now lay ouerthrowne,
The tapets torne, and euery tree downe blowne.

The ſoil that erſt ſo ſeemly was to ſeene,
Was all deſpoyled of her beauties hew,
And ſoote freſh flowers (wherewith the ſummers Queene
Had clad the earth) now *Boreas* blaſts downe blew.
And ſmall fowles flocking, in their ſong did rew
The winters wrath, wherewith ech thing defaſte,
In woefull wiſe bewaild the ſummer paſt.

Hawthorne had loſt his motley liuery,
The naked twigs were ſhiuering all for cold;
And dropping downe the teares abundantly,
Ech thing (me thought) with weeping eye me told
The cruell ſeaſon, bidding mee withhold
My ſelfe within, for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walkt about.

When loe the night with miſtie mantels ſpred
Gan darke the day, and dim the azure ſkies,
And *Venus* in her meſſage *Hermes* ſped

To

To bloudy *Mars*, to will him not to riſe,
While ſhe her ſelfe approcht in ſpeedy wiſe:
And *Virgo* hiding her diſdainfull breſt,
With *Thetis* now had laid her downe to reſt.

Whiles *Scorpio* dreading *Sagittarius'* dart,
Whoſe bowe preſt bent in fight, the ſtring had ſlipt,
Downe ſlide into the Ocean-floud apart.
The Beare that in the Iriſh ſeas had dipt
His grizly feet, with ſpeed from thence he whipt:
For *Thetis*, haſting from the Virgins bed,
Purſude the Beare, that, ere ſhe came, was fled.

And *Phaeton* now neare reaching to his race
With gliſtring beames, gold ſtreaming where they bent,
Was preſt to enter in his reſting place.
Erythius that in the cart firſt went,
Had euen now attain'd his iourneys ſtent:
And faſt declining hid away his head,
While *Titan* coucht him in his purple bed.

And pale-fac'd *Cinthea* with her borrowed light,
Beginning to ſupplie her brothers place,
Was paſt the Nooneſteed ſixe degrees in ſight,

When

When ſparkling ſtarres amid the heauens face,
With twinkling light ſhone on the earth apace,
That while thy brought about the nights black chare,
The darke had dim'd the day ere I was ware.

And ſorrowing I to ſee the ſummer flowers,
The liuely greene, the luſty leafe forlorne :
The ſturdie trees ſo ſhattred with the ſhowers,
The fields ſo fade that floriſht ſo beforne,
It taught me well all earthly things be borne
To dye the death, for nought long time may laſt,
The ſummers beautie yeelds to winters blaſt.

Then, looking vpward to the heauens leames
With nights bright ſtarres thick powdred euery where,
Which erſt ſo gliſtred with the golden ſtreames,
That chearfull *Phœbus* ſpred downe from his ſphere,
Beholding dark, oppreſſing day, ſo neere.
The ſudden ſight reduced to my mind,
The ſundry changes that in earth we find.

That, muſing on this wordly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faſter then we ſee
The flickering flame that with the fire is wrought,

My

My buſie minde preſented vnto me
Such fall of Peeres as in the realme had be:
That oft I wiſht ſome would their woes deſcriue,
To warne the reſt whom Fortune left aliue.

And ſtrait forth ſtalking with redoubled pace,
For that I ſaw the night drew on ſo faſt,
In black all clad, there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forewaſt:
Forth on her eyes the cryſtall teares out braſt,
And ſighing ſore her hands ſhe wrung and fold,
Tearing her haire that *Ruth* was to behold.

Her body ſmall, forwithered and foreſpent,
As is the ſtalke that ſummers drought oppreſt,
Her wealked face with woeful teares be-ſprent,
Her colour pale (at it ſeemed her beſt)
In woe and plaint repoſed was her reſt.
And, as the ſtone that drops of water weares,
So dented were her cheeks with fall of teares.

Her eies, full ſwollen with flowing ſtreames aflote,
Were with her lookes throwne vp full piteouſly;
Her forceleſſe hands together oft ſhe ſmote,

With

With dolefull ſhriekes, that echoed in the ſkye:
Whoſe plaint ſuch ſighs did ſtraight accompany;
That in my doome was neuer man did ſee
A wight but halfe ſo woe-begone as ſhee.

I ſtood agaſt, beholding all her plight;
Tweene dread and dolour ſo diſtraind in hart,
That, while my haires vpſtarted with the ſight,
The teares outſtreamed for ſorrow of her ſmart:
But, when I ſaw no end that could appart
The deadly dole, which ſhee ſo ſore did make;
With dolefull voice then thus to her I ſpake:

Vnwrap thy woes! What euer wight thou bee,
And ſtint in time to ſpill thy ſelfe with plaint,
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I ſee
Thou canſt not dure with ſorrow thus attaint.
And with that word of ſorrow all forfaint,
She looked vp, and, proſtrate as ſhe lay,
With piteous ſound, lo thus ſhe gan to ſay!

Alas, I wretch whom thus thou ſeeſt diſtrain'd
With waſting woes that neuer ſhall aſſake,
Sorrow I am, in endleſſe torments pain'd

Among

Among the Furies in th' infernall lake:
Where *Pluto*, God of Hell ſo grizly black!
Doth hold his throne, and *Læthe's* deadly taſt
Doth reue remembrance of each thing forepaſt:

Whence come I am, the drery deſtiny
And luckleſſe lot for to bemone of thoſe,
Whom Fortune, in this maze of miſery,
Of wretched chance, moſt wofull *Mirors* choſe;
That when thou ſeeſt how lightly they did loſe
Their pomp, their power, and that they thought more ſure,
Thou mayſt ſoone deeme no earthly ioy may dure.

Whoſe rufull voice no ſooner had out-brayed
Thoſe wofull words, wherewith ſhe ſorrowed ſo:
But out, alas! ſhe ſhright and neuer ſtayed,
Fell downe, and all to daſht her ſelfe for wo.
The cold, pale dread my limmes gan ouergo;
And I ſo ſorrowed at her ſorrowes eft,
That what with griefe and feare my wits were reft.

I ſtretcht my ſelfe, and ſtraight my heart reuiues,
That dread and dolour earſt did ſo appale,
Like him that with the feruent feuer ſtriues,

When

When ſickneſſe ſeekes his caſtell-health to ſcale:
With gathred ſprites ſo forſt I feare t'auale.
And rearing her with anguiſh all foredone,
My ſp'rits return'd, and then I thus begon:

Sorrow, alas! ſith *Sorrow* is thy name,
And that to thee this drere doth well pertaine,
In vaine it were to ſeeke to ceaſe the ſame:
But as a man himſelfe with ſorrow ſlaine,
So I alas doe comfort thee in paine,
That here in ſorrow art foreſunke ſo deepe,
That at thy ſight I can but ſigh and weepe.

I had no ſooner ſpoken of a ſtike,
But that the ſtorme ſo rumbled in her breſt,
As *Eolus* could neuer rore the like,
And ſhowres downe rained from her eyes ſo faſt,
That all bedreint the place: till at the laſt
Well eaſed they the dolour of her mind,
As rage of raine doth ſwage the ſtormie wind.

For forth ſhe paſed in her fearfull tale:
Come, come, quoth ſhe, and ſee what I ſhall ſhow!
Come heare the plaining, and the bitter bale

Of worthy men, by Fortunes ouerthrow:
Come thou and ſee them rewing all in row.
They were but ſhades that erſt in mind thou rold:
Come, come with me, thine eyes ſhall them behold.

What could theſe words but make me more agaſt,
To heare her tell whereon I mus'd while ere?
So was I maz'd there with: till at the laſt,
Muſing vpon her words, and what they were,
All ſuddainly well leſſoned was my feare:
For to my mind returned how ſhe teld
Both what ſhe was, and where her wun ſhe held.

Whereby I knew that ſhe a Goddeſſe was,
And therewithall reſorted to my mind
My thought, that late preſented me the glas
Of brittle ſtate, of cares that here we find,
Of thouſand woes to ſilly men aſſign'd:
And how ſhe now bid me come and behold,
To ſee with eye that erſt in thought I rold.

Flat downe I fell, and with all reuerence
Adored her, perceiuing now that ſhee
A Goddeſſe ſent by godly prouidence,

In earthly ſhape, thus ſhew'd her ſelfe to me,
To waile and rue this worlds vncertainty :
And, while I honoured thus her Godheads might,
With plaining voice theſe words to me ſhe ſhright.

I ſhall thee guide firſt to the grieſly lake,
And thence vnto the blisfull place of reſt,
Where thou ſhalt ſee and heare the plaint they make,
That whilome here bare ſwinge among the beſt.
This ſhalt thou ſee, but great is the vnreſt
That thou muſt bide, before thou canſt attaine
Vnto the dreadfull place where theſe remaine.

And with theſe words as I vpraiſed ſtood,
And gan to follow her that ſtraight forth paſte,
Ere I was ware, into a deſert wood
We now were come: where hand in hand imbraſte
She led the way, and through the thicke ſo traſte,
As but I had bene guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortall wight.

But loe, while thus amid the deſert darke,
We paſſed on with ſteps and pace vnmeete,
A rumbling rore confus'd with howle and barke

Of Dogs, ſhooke all the ground vnder our feete,
And ſtrooke the din within our eares ſo deepe,
As halfe diſtraught vnto the ground I fell,
Beſought returne, and not to viſit hell.

But ſhe, forthwith vplifting mee a pace,
Remou'd my dread, and with a ſtedfaſt minde,
Bad me come on, for here was now the place,
The place where we our trauailes end ſhould finde.
Wherewith I roſe, and to the place aſſingde
Aſtond I ſtalkt, when ſtraight we approched neere
The dreadfull place, that you will dread to heare:

An hideous hole all vaſte, withouten ſhape,
Of endleſſe depth, orewhelm'd with ragged ſtone,
With ougly mouth, and grieſly iawes doth gape,
And to our ſight confounds it ſelfe in one.
Heere entred we, and yeeding forth, anone
A dreadfull lothly lake we might diſcerne
As blacke as pitch, that cleped is *Auerne*.

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbiſh growes,
With foule, black ſwelth in thickned lumps that lies,
Which vp in th' aire ſuch ſtinking vapors throwes

That ouer there, may flie no fowle but dies,
Choakt with the noyſome ſauours that ariſe.
Hither we come, whence forth we ſtill did pace,
In dreadfull feare amid the dreadful place.

And firſt, within the porch and iawes of hell,
State deepe *Remorſe* of conſcience, all beſprent
With teares: and to her ſelfe oft would ſhe tell
Her wretchedneſſe, and curſing neuer ſtent
To ſob and ſigh: but euer thus lament,
With thoughtfull care, as ſhe that all in vaine
Would weare, and waſte continually in paine.

Her eyes, vnſtedfaſt, rolling here and there,
Whurl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in feare,
Toſſed and tormented with tedious thought
Of thoſe deteſted crimes which ſhe had wrought:
With dreadfull cheere and lookes throwne to the ſkie,
Wiſhing for death, and yet ſhe could not die.

Next ſaw we *Dread*, all trembling how he ſhooke,
With foote vncertaine profered here and there,
Benum'd of ſpeech, and with a ghaſtly looke

Searcht

Searcht euery place, all pale and dead for feare!
His cap borne vp with ſtaring of his heare,
Soyn'd and amaz'd at his owne ſhade for dreed,
And fearing greater dangers then was need!

And next, within the entrie of this lake,
Sate fell *Reuenge* gnaſhing her teeth for ire,
Deuiſing meanes how ſhow ſhe may vengeance take,
Neuer in reſt till ſhe haue her deſire:
But frets within ſo farforth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines ſhe
To die by death, or veng'd by death to be.

When fell *Reuenge* with bloudie, foule pretence
Had ſhew'd her ſelfe as next in order ſet,
With trembling limbes we ſoftly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another ſight we met:
When from my heart a ſigh forthwith I fet,
Ruing, alas, vpon the wofull plight
Of *Miſerie*, that next appear'd in ſight.

His face was leane, and ſome deale pin'd away,
And eke his hands conſumed to the bone,
But what his bodie was I cannot ſay,

For on his carkas rayment had he none,
Saue clouts and patches pieced one by one,
With ſtaffe in hand, and ſcrip on ſhoulder caſt,
His chiefe defence againſt the winters blaſt.

His food, for moſt, was wilde fruits of the tree,
Vnleſſe ſometime ſome crums fell to his ſhare,
Which in his wallet long God wot kept he,
As one the which full daintily would fare.
His drinke the running ſtreame: his cup the bare
Of his palme cloſde, his bed the hard cold ground.
To this poore life was *Miſerie* ybound.

Whoſe wretched ſtate when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him and on his feeres,
In thoughtfull cares, forth then our pace we held:
And by and by, another ſhape appeeres
Of greedie *Care*, ſtill bruſhing vp the breers,
His knuckles knob'd, his fleſh deep dented in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned ſkin.

The morrow gray no ſooner hath begun
To ſpread his light, euen peeping in our eyes,
When he is vp and to his worke yrun.

But let the nights blacke, miſtie mantles riſe
And with foule darke neuer ſo much diſguiſe
The faire, bright day, yet ceaſeth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toile.

By him lay heauie *Sleepe*, coſin of *Death!*
Flat on the ground, and ſtill as any ſtone,
A very corps, ſaue yeelding forth a breath.
Small keepe tooke he whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom ſhe lifted vp into the throne
Of high renowne, but as a liuing death,
So dead aliue, of life he drew the breath.

The bodies reſt, the quiet of the hart,
The trauailes eaſe, the ſtill nights feree was he!
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reuer of ſight, and yet in whom we ſee
Things oft that tide, and oft that neuer bee;
Without reſpect eſteeming equally
King *Cræſus* pompe, and *Irus* pouertie!

And next in order ſad *Old Age* we found,
His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drouping cheere ſtill poring on the ground,

As on the place where nature him aſſign'd
To reſt, when that the ſiſters had vntwin'd
His vitall thred, and ended with their knife
The fleeting courſe of faſt declining life.

There heard we him with broke, and hollow plaint
Rew with himſelfe his end approching faſt,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment,
With ſweete remembrance of his pleaſures paſt,
And freſh delites of luſtie youth forewaſt.
Recounting which, how would he ſob and ſhreek?
And to be yong againe of *Ioue* beſeeke?

But, and the cruell fates ſo fixed be,
That time forepaſt cannot returne againe,
This one requeſt of *Ioue* yet prayed he:
That in ſuch withred plight, and wretched paine,
As *eld* (accompanied with lothſome traine)
Had brought on him, all were it woe and griefe,
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not ſo ſoone deſcend into the pit:
Where Death, when he the mortall corps hath ſlaine,
With wretchleſſe hand in graue doth couer it,

There-

Thereafter neuer to enioy againe
The gladſome light, but in the ground ylaine,
In depth of darkneſſe, waſte and weare to nought,
As he had nere into the world been brought.

But who had ſeene him, ſobbing how he ſtood
Vnto himſelfe, and how he would bemone
His youth forepaſt, as though it wrought him good
To talke of youth, all were his youth forgone,
He would haue muſde and maruail'd much whereon
This wretched Age ſhould life deſire to faine.
And knowes ful wel life doth but length his paine.

Crookebackt he was, tooth ſhaken, and blere eyde,
Went on three feete, and ſometime crept on foure,
With old, lame bones, that ratled in his ſide,
His ſcalpe all pil'd, and he with eld forlore:
His withred fiſt ſtill knocking at Deaths dore,
Fumbling and driueling as he drawes his breath.
For briefe, the ſhape and meſſenger of Death!

And faſt by him pale *Maladie* was plaſte,
Sore ſicke in bed, her colour all foregone,
Bereft of ſtomacke, ſauour, and of taſte,

Ne could ſhe brooke no meate but broths alone;
Her breath corrupt, her keepers euery one
Abhorring her, her ſickneſſe paſt recure,
Deteſting phyſicke, and all phyſickes cure.

But, oh the dolefull ſight that then we ſee!
We turn'd our looke, and on the other ſide
A grieſly ſhape of *Famine* mought we ſee,
With greedie lookes, and gaping mouth that cried,
And roar'd for meate as ſhe ſhould there haue died,
Her bodie thin, and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the caſe alone:

And that alas was gnawne on euery where,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refraine
From teares, to ſee how ſhe her armes could teare,
And with her teeth gnaſh on the bones in vaine:
When all for nought ſhe faine would ſo ſuſtaine
Her ſtaruen corps, that rather ſeem'd a ſhade,
Then any ſubſtance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom ſtonewall could not ſtay,
Her tearing nailes ſnatching at all ſhe ſaw:
With gaping iawes, that by no meanes ymay

Be

Be ſatisfi'd from hunger of her mawe,
But eates her ſelfe as ſhe that hath no law :
Gnawing, alas, her carcaſe all in vaine,
Where you may count each ſinew, bone, and veine.

On her while we thus firmely fixt our eyes,
That bled for ruth of ſuch a driery ſight,
Loe ſuddenly ſhe ſhrinkt in ſo huge wiſe,
As made hell gates to ſhiuer with the might ;
Wherewith a dart we ſaw how it did light
Right on her breſt, and therewithall pale *Death*
Enthrilling it to reaue her of her breath.

And by and by a dumb, dead corps we ſaw,
Heauie and cold, the ſhape of death aright,
That dants all earthly creatures to his law:
Againſt whoſe force in vaine it is to fight.
Ne Peeres, ne Princes, nor no mortall wight,
No Towne, ne Realmes, Cities, ne ſtrongeſt Tower,
But all perforce muſt yeeld vnto his power.

His dart anon out of the corps he tooke,
And in his hand (a dreadfull ſight to ſee)
With great triumph eftſoones the ſame he ſhooke,

That

That moſt of all my feares affrayed mee;
His bodie dight with nought but bones perdie,
The naked ſhape of man there ſaw I plaine,
All ſaue the fleſh, the ſinew, and the veine.

Laſtly ſtood *Warre* in glittering armes yclad,
With viſage grim, ſterne looks, and blackely hewed,
In his right hand a naked ſword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood embrued:
And in his left (that King and kingdomes rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithall
He raced townes, and threw downe towers and all.

Citiee he ſackt, and Realmes, that whilome flowred
In honor, glorie, and rule aboue the beſt,
He ouerwhelm'd, and all their fame deuoured,
Conſum'd, deſtroy'd, waſted and neuer ceaſt,
Till he their wealth, their name and all oppreſt:
His face forehew'd with wounds, and by his ſide
There hung his targ, with gaſhes deepe and wide.

In midſt of which, depainted there we found
Deadly Debate, all full of ſnakie heare,
That with a bloodie fillet was ybound,

Out

Out breathing nought but diſcord euery where.
And round about were portrai'd heere and there
The hugie hoſts, *Darius* and his power,
His Kings, Princes, his Peeres, and all his flower,

Whom great *Macedo* vanquiſht there in fight,
With deepe ſlaughter, deſpoiling all his pride,
Pierſt through his Realmes, and danted all his might.
Duke *Hannibal* beheld I there beſide,
In *Cannas* field, victor how he did ride,
And wofull *Romans* that in vain withſtood,
And Conſul *Paulus* couered all in blood.

Yet ſaw I more the fight at *Traſimene*,
And *Treberie* field, and eke when *Hannibal*
And worthie *Scipio*, laſt in armes were ſene
Before *Carthago* gate, to trie for all
The worlds Empire, to whom it ſhould befall.
There ſaw I *Pompey*, and *Cæſar* clad in armes,
Their hoſts allied and their ciuill harmes;

With Conquerers hands forbath'd in their owne blood,
And *Cæſar* weeping ouer *Pompeyes* head.
Yet ſaw I *Scilla* and *Marius* where they ſtood,

Their

Their great crueltie, and the deepe bloodſhead
Of friends: *Cyrus* I ſaw and his hoſt dead,
And how the Queene with great deſpite hath flong
His head in blood of them ſhe ouercome.

Xerxes the Perſian King yet ſaw I there,
With his huge hoſt that dranke the riuers drie,
Diſmounted hilles, and made the vales vprere,
His hoſt; and all yet ſaw I ſlaine perdie.
Thebes I ſaw all rac'd how it did lie
In heapes of ſtones, and *Tyrus* put to ſpoile,
With walles and towers flat euened with the ſoile.

But *Troy* alas (me thought) aboue them all,
It made mine eyes in very tears conſume:
When I beheld the wofull werd befall,
That by the wrathfull will of *God* was come:
And *Ioues* vnmoued ſentence and foredoome
On *Priam* King, and on his towne ſo bent,
I could not lin, but I muſt there lament.

And that the more, ſith deſt'ny was ſo ſterne
As force perforce, there might no force auaile,
But ſhe muſt fall: and by her fall we learne,

That

That cities, towers, wealth, world, and all ſhall quaile.
No manhood, might, nor nothing mought preuaile;
All were there preſt full many a Prince and Peere,
And many a Knight that ſold his death full dere.

Not worthie *Hector* worthieſt of them all,
Her hope, her ioy, his force is now for nought:
O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale,
The hugie horſe within thy walles is brought:
Thy turrets fall, thy Knights, that whilome fought
In armes amid the field, are ſlaine in bed,
Thy gods defil'd, and all thy honour dead.

The flames vpriſe, and cruelly they creepe
From wall to roofe, till all to cinders waſt!
Some fire the houſes where the wretches ſleepe,
Some ruſh in heere, ſome run in there as faſt!
In euery where or ſword or fire they taſt!
The wals are torne, the towers whurl'd to the ground,
There is no miſchiefe but may there be found!

Caſſandra yet there ſaw I how they haled
From *Pallas* houſe, with ſpercled treſſe vndone,
Her wriſts faſt bound, and with *Greekes* rout empaled:

And

And *Priam* eke in vaine how he did runne
To armes, whom *Pyrrhus* with deſpite hath done
To cruel death, and bath'd him in the baine
Of his ſonnes blood before the altar ſlaine.

But how can I deſcribe the dolefull ſight,
That in the ſhield ſo liuely faire did ſhine?
Sith in this world I thinke was neuer wight
Could haue ſet forth the halfe, not halfe ſo fine.
I can no more but tell how there is ſeene
Fair *Ilium* fall in burning-red gledes downe,
And on the ſoile great *Troy*, *Neptunus* towne.

Here-from, when ſcarce I could mine eyes withdraw
That fil'd with teares as doth the ſpringing well,
We paſſed on ſo far forth till we ſaw
Rude *Acheron*, a lothſome lake to tell,
That boyles and bubs vp ſwelth as blacke as hell,
Where grieſlie *Charon* at their fixed tide
Still ferries ghoſt vnto the farther ſide.

The aged God no ſooner *Sorrow* ſpied,
But haſting ſtraight vnto the bancke apace,
With hollow call vnto the rout he cried,

To

To ſwarue apart, and giue the Goddeſſe place.
Straight it was done, when to the ſhoare we pace,
Where, hand in hand as wee then linked faſt,
Within the boate wee are together plaſte.

And forth we lanch full fraughted to the brinke,
When, with th'vnwonted waight, the ruſty keele
Began to cracke, as if the ſame ſhould ſinke.
We hoiſe vp maſt and ſaile, that in a while
We fet the ſhoare, where ſcarſely we had while
For to arriue, but that we heard anone
A three-ſound barke confounded all in one.

We had not long forth paſt, but that we ſaw
Blacke *Cerberus*, the hideous hound of hell,
With briſtles reard, and with a three-mouth'd Iaw,
Foredinning th'aire with his horrible yell,
Out of the deepe, darke caue where he did dwell.
The Goddeſſe ſtraight he knew, and by and by
He ceaſt and couched, while that we paſt by.

Thence come we to the horrour and the hell,
The large, greate Kingdomes, and the dreadful raigne
Of *Pluto* in his throne where he did dwell,

The wide waſte, places, and the hugie plaine:
The wailings, ſhrikes, and ſundry ſorts of paine:
The ſighs, the ſobs, the deepe and deadly groane,
Earth, aire, and all reſounding plaint and moane!

Thence did we paſſe the three-fold emperie
To th' vtmoſt bounds, where *Radamanthus* raignes,
Where proud folke waile their woefull miſerie,
Where dreadfull din of thouſand dragging chaines,
And balefull ſhriekes of ghoſts in deadly paines
Tortur'd eternally, are heard moſt brim
Through ſilent ſhades of night ſo darke and dim.

From hence vpon our way we forward paſſe,
And through the groues and vncoth paths we goe,
Which leade vnto the *Cyclops* walles of braſſe:
And where that maine-broad flood for aye doth floe,
Which parts the gladſome fields from place of woe,
Whence none ſhall euer paſſe t' *Elizium* plaine,
Or from *Elizium* euer turne againe.

With *Sorrow* for my guide, as there I ſtood,
A troope of men, the moſt in armes bedight,
In tumult clufterd 'bout both ſides the flood:
'Mongſt

'Mongſt whom, who were ordaind t'eternall night,
Or who to bliſſefull peace and ſweet delight
I wot not well, it ſeem'd that they were all
Such as by deaths vntimely ſtroke did fall.

Some headleſſe were, ſome body, face and hands,
With ſhamefull wounds deſpoil'd in euery part:
Some ſtrangled, ſome that dide in captiue bands,
Some ſmothred, drown'd, ſome ſtricken thro' the hart
With fatall ſteele; all, drown'd in deadly ſmart,
Of haſtned death, with ſhriekes, ſobs, ſighs and teares,
Did tell the woes of their forepaſſed years.

We ſtaid vs ſtraight, and with a rufull feare,
Beheld this heauie ſight, while from mine eies
The vapored teares downe ſtilled here and there,
And *Sorrow* eke in far more wofull wiſe,
Tooke on with plaint, vp heauing to the ſkies
Her wretched hands, that with her cry the rout
Gan all in heapes to ſwarme vs round about.

Lo here (quoth *Sorrow*) Princes of renowne,
That whilome ſate on top of Fortunes wheele,
Now laid full low, like wretches whurled downe

Euen with one frowne, that ſtaid but with a ſmile.
And now behold the thing that thou erewhile
Saw only in thought, and what thou now ſhalt heare,
Recount the ſame to Keſar, King, and Peere.

Then firſt came *Henry* Duke of *Buckingham*,
His cloake of blacke all pild and quite forworne,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a Duke hath made him now her ſkorne.
With gaſtly lookes as one in maner lorne:
Oft ſpred his armes, ſtretcht hands he ioines as faſt
With rufull cheare, and vapored eyes vpcaſt.

His cloake he rent, his manly breſt he beat,
His haire all torne, about the place it lay,
My heart ſo molt to ſee his griefe ſo great,
As feelingly me thought it dropt away:
His eyes they whurld about withouten ſtay.
With ſtormy ſighes the place did ſo complaine,
As if his heart at each had burſt in twaine.

Thrice he began to tell his dolefull tale,
And thrice the ſighs did ſwallow vp his voice:
At each of which he ſhrieked ſo withall,

As

As though the heauens riued with the noiſe:
Till at the laſt recouering his voice,
Supping the teares that all his breſt beraind,
On cruell Fortune weeping thus he plaind.

Thomas Churchyard,

One of the Aſſiſtants in the *Mirror of Magiſtrates*; and, therefore, rang'd in order of Time, after Mr. *Sackville*; tho' he was known, as a Writer, ſome Years before Him. --- This Gentleman was born at *Shrewſbury*, liberally educated, and inherited ſome Fortune, Real and Perſonal; but, ſoon, laviſh'd away both in a Court-Attendance, without gaining any other Equivalent, but the Honour of being retained a Domeſtick in the Family of the Princely Lord *Surrey*, during which Time, he commenc'd Poet, and, on his Lordſhip's Death, turn'd Soldier; being in many Engagements, frequently wounded; twice a Priſoner, as often redeemed by the Charity of two noble Ladies; yet ſtill diſtreſs'd, and unrewarded. Neither of his Employments affording him a Patron, who knew, or wou'd do Juſtice to his Merit, and as unfortunate in his Amours as his Circumſtances. 'Tis true, he dedicated his Works to Sir *Chriſtopher Hatton*; but Addreſſes of that Nature don't always imply a Proviſion for their Authors. 'Tis conjectur'd that he died about the eleventh Year of Queen *Elizabeth*, and, according to Mr. *Wood*, was bury'd near *Skelton*, in the Chancel of St. *Margaret*'s Church, *Weſtminſter*. By ſuch of his Writings, as I have had an Opportunity to examine, He appears generally a Man of Senſe; and ſometimes a Poet, tho' Inven-

tion does not ſeem to be remarkably his Talent.--- His Language is tolerably pure, and his Numbers not wholly inharmonious. --- The Legend of *Jane Shore*, here annex'd, I think, has ſome Merit, and his Stanzas on the Poets, much more ; in thoſe the Stile is rich, the Turns elegant, and the Judgment ſuch, as intitles him to a much better Character than former Writers have condeſcended to allow him.

Jane Shore.

AMong the reſt, by Fortune ouerthrowne,
I am not leaſt, that moſt may waile her fate:
My fame and brute, abroad the world is blowne :
Who can forget, a thing thus done ſo late ?
My great miſchance, my fall, and heauie ſtate,
Is ſuch a marke, whereat each tongue doth ſhoot,
That my good name, is pluckt vp by the root.

This wandring world, bewitched me with wiles,
And won my wits, with wanton, ſugred ioyes :
In Fortunes frekes, who truſts her when ſhe ſmiles,
Shall find her falſe, and full of fickle toyes,
Her triumphes all, but fill our eares with noiſe,
Her flattring gifts, are pleaſures mixt with paine,
Yea, all her words, are thunders threatning raine.

The fond deſire, that we in glorie ſet,
Doth thirle our hearts, to hope in ſlipper hap:
A blaſt of pompe, is all the fruit we get,
And vnder that, lies hid a ſudden clap.
In ſeeking reſt, vnwares we fall in trap,
In groping flowres, with nettles ſtung we are,
In labring long, we reape the crop of care.

Oh darke deceit, with painted face for ſho,
Oh poiſned bait, that makes vs eager ſtill,
Oh fained friend, deceiuing people ſo,
Oh world, of thee, we cannot ſpeake too ill!
Yet fooles we are, that bend ſo to thy ſkill!
The plague and ſcourge, that thouſands daily feele,
Should warne the wiſe, to ſhun thy whirling wheele.

But who can ſtop, the ſtreame that runnes full ſwift?
Or quench the fire, that is kept in the ſtraw?
The thirſtie drinkes, there is no other ſhift,
Perforce is ſuch, that need obeyes no law.
Thus bound we are, in worldly yokes to draw,
And cannot ſtay, nor turne againe in time,
Nor learne of thoſe, that ſought too high to clime.

My ſelfe for proofe, loe heere I now appeare,
In womans weed, with weeping, watred eyes,
That bought her youth, and her delights full deare,
Whoſe loud reproch, doth ſouud vnto the ſkies,
And bids my corſe, out of the graue to riſe,
As one that may, no longer hide her face,
But needs muſt come, and ſhew her pitious caſe.

The ſheete of ſhame, wherein I ſhrowded was,
Did moue me oft, to plaine before this day,
And in mine eares did ring the trumpe of braſſe,
Which is defame, that doth each thing bewray,
Yea though full dead, and low in earth I lay,
I heard the voice, of me what people ſaid,
But then to ſpeake, alas, I was afraid!

And now a time, for me I ſee prepar'd,
I heare the liues, and falles of many wights:
My tale therefore, the better may be heard,
For at the torch, the little candle lights.
Where pageants be, ſmall things fill out the ſights.
Wherefore giue eare good *Churchyard!* do thy beſt,
My tragedie, to place among the reſt!

Becauſe

Becauſe the truth, ſhall witnes well with thee,
I will rehearſe, in order as it fell,
My life, my death, my dolefull deſtinie,
My wealth, my woe, my doing euery deale,
My bitter bliſſe, wherein I long did dwell:
A whole diſcourſe, by me *Shores* wife by name,
Now ſhalt thou heare, as thou hadſt ſeene the ſame.

Of noble blood, I cannot boaſt my birth,
For I was made out of the meaneſt mold,
Mine heritage, but ſeuen foot of th' earth,
Fortune ne gaue, to me the gifts of gold:
But I could brag, of nature, if I wold,
Who fil'd my face, with fauour freſh and faire,
Whoſe beautie ſhone, like *Phœbus* in the aire.

My ſhape, ſome ſaid, was ſeemely to each ſight,
My countenance, did ſhew a ſober grace,
Mine eyes in lookes, were neuer proued light,
My tongue in words was chaſt in euery caſe;
Mine eares were deafe, and would no louers place,
Saue that, alas, a Prince did blot my brow;
Loe, there the ſtrong, did make the weake to bow.

The

The maieſty, that Kings to people beare,
The ſtately port, the awfull cheere they ſhow,
Doth make the meane, to ſhrink and couch for feare,
Like as the hound, that doth his maſter know:
What then? ſince I, was made vnto the bow,
There is no cloke, can ſerue to hide my fault:
For I agreed, the fort he ſhould aſſault.

The Eagles force, ſubdues ech bird that flies,
What metall may, reſiſt the flaming fire?
Doth not the Sun, dazell the cleareſt eies,
And melt the ice, and make the froſt retire?
Who can withſtand, a puiſſant Kings deſire?
The ſtiffeſt ſtones, are pierced through with tooles,
The wiſeſt are, with Princes made but fooles.

If kinde had wrought my forme in common frames,
And ſet me forth, in colours blacke and browne,
Or beautie had, been parcht in *Phœbus* flames,
Or ſhameſaſt waies, had pluckt my fethers downe,
Then had I kept, my fame and good renowne:
For natures gifts, were cauſe of all my griefe.
A pleaſant prey, entiſeth many a thiefe.

Thus

Thus woe to thee, that wrought my peacocks pride,
By clothing me with natures tapeſtry:
Woe worth the hew, wherein my face was dide,
Which made me thinke, I pleaſed euery eye.
Like as the ſtarres, make men behold the ſkie,
So beauties ſhew, doth make the wiſe full fond,
And brings free harts, full oft to endleſſe bond.

But cleare from blame, my frends can not be found,
Before my time, my youth they did abuſe:
In mariage, a prentiſe was I bound.
Then that meere loue, I knew not how to vſe.
But, wel alway! that cannot me excuſe,
The harme is mine, though they deuiſde my care,
And I muſt ſmart, and ſit in ſlandrous ſnare.

Yet giue me leaue, to pleade my cauſe at large!
If that the horſe, do run beyond his race,
Or any thing that keepers haue in charge,
Do breake their courſe, where Rulers may take place:
Or meat be ſet, before the hungries face,
Who is in fault? th' offender yea or no,
Or they that are, the cauſe of all this wo?

Note

Note well what ſtrife, this forced mariage makes,
What lothed liues, do come where loue doth lacke,
What ſcratching breers, do grow vpon ſuch brakes,
What common weales, by it are brought to wracke,
What hauie loade, is put on patients backe,
What ſtrange delights, this branch of vice doth breed,
And marke what graine, ſprings out of ſuch a ſeed!

Compell the hauke, to ſit that is vnman'd,
Or make the hound, vntaught to draw the Deere,
Or bring the free, againſt his will in band,
Or moue the ſad, a pleaſant tale to heere,
Your time is loſt, and you no whit the neere!
So loue ne learnes, of force the knot to knit;
She ſerues but thoſe, that feele ſweet fancies fit.

The leſſe defame, redounds to my diſpraiſe,
I was entiſt, by traines, and trapt by truſt:
Though in my powre, remained yeas and nayes,
Vnto my friends, yet needs conſent I muſt,
In euery thing, yea lawfull or vniuſt.
They brake the boughes, and ſhakte the tree by ſleight,
And bent the wand, that might haue growne full ſtreight.

What

What helpe in this, the pale thus broken downe,
The Deere muſt needs, in danger run aſtray:
At me therefore, why ſhould the world ſo frowne?
My weakneſſe made my youth a Princes prey.
Though wiſdome ſhould the courſe of nature ſtay,
Yet trie my caſe, who liſt, and they ſhall proue,
The ripeſt wits, are ſooneſt thralles to loue.

What need I more, to cleare my ſelfe ſo much?
A King me wan, and had me at his call,
His royall ſtate, his princely grace was ſuch,
The hope of will, that women ſeeke for all,
The eaſe and wealth, the gifts, which were not ſmall,
Beſieged me ſo ſtrongly round about,
My powre was weake, I could not hold him out.

Duke *Hanniball*, in all his conqueſt great,
Or *Cæſar* yet, whoſe triumphs did exceed,
Of all their ſpoiles, which made them toile and ſweat,
Were not ſo glad, to haue ſo rich a meed,
As was this Prince, when I to him agreed,
And yeelded me a priſner willingly,
As one that knew no way away to flie.

The Nightingale, for all his merry voyce,
Nor yet the Larke, that ſtill delights to ſing,
Did neuer make, the hearers ſo reioyce,
As I with words, haue made this worthie King:
I neuer iar'd, in tune was euery ſtring,
I tempred ſo, my tongue to pleaſe his eare,
That what I ſaid, was currant euery where.

I ioyn'd my talke, my geſtures and my grace,
In wittie frames, that long might laſt and ſtand,
So that I brought the King in ſuch a caſe,
That to his death, I was his chiefeſt hand.
I gouern'd him, that ruled all this Land:
I bare the ſword, though he did weare the Crowne,
I ſtrake the ſtroke, that threw the mightie downe.

If *iuſtice* ſaid, that iudgement was but death,
With my ſwete words, I could the King perſwade,
And make him pauſe, and take therein a breath,
Till I with ſuite, the faultors peace hath made:
I knew what way, to vſe him in his trade;
I had the art, to make the Lion meeke:
There was no point, wherein I was to ſeeke.

If I did frowne, who then did looke awrie?
If I did ſmile, who would not laugh outright?
If I but ſpeake, who durſt my words denie?
If I purſude, who would forſake the flight?
I meane, my powre, was knowne to euery wight.
On ſuch a height, good hap had built my bowre,
As though my ſweete, ſhould nere haue turnd to ſowre.

My huſband then, as one that knew his good,
Refuſde to keepe a Princes Concubine,
Forſeeing th'end, and miſchiefe as it ſtood,
Againſt the King did neuer much repine:
He ſaw the grape, whereof he dranke the wine.
Though inward thought, his heart did ſtill torment,
Yet outwardly, he ſeemd he was content.

To purchaſe praiſe, and win the peoples zeale,
Yea rather bent of kinde to do ſome good,
I euer did vphold the common weale,
I had delight to ſaue the guiltleſſe blood:
Each ſuters cauſe, when that I vnderſtood,
I did prefer as it had bene mine owne,
And help them vp, that might haue been orethrowne.

My

My powre was preſt to right the poore mans wrong,
My hands were free to giue where need required:
To watch for grace, I neuer thought it long,
To do men good, I need not bee deſired.
Nor yet, with gifts my heart was neuer hired.
But, when the ball, was at my foote to guide,
I plaid to thoſe, that Fortune did abide.

My want was wealth, my woe was eaſe at will,
My robes were rich, and brauer then the ſunne:
My Fortune then was far aboue my ſkill,
My ſtate was great, my glaſſe did euer runne.
My fatall threed, ſo happely was ſpunne,
That then I ſate, in earthly pleaſures clad,
And, for the time, a Goddeſſe place I had.

But I had not ſo ſoone this life poſſeſt,
But my good hap began to ſlip aſide:
And Fortune then did me ſo ſore moleſt,
That, vnto plaints, was turned all my pride.
It booted not to row againſt the tide:
Mine oares were weake, my heart and ſtrength did faile,
The winde was rough, I durſt not beare a ſaile.

What

What ſteps of ſtrife belong to high eſtate ?
The climing vp is doubtfull to endure ;
The ſeat it ſelfe doth purchaſe priuie hate,
And honors fame is fickle and vnſure,
And all ſhe brings is flowres that be vnpure :
Which fall as faſt, as they do ſprout and ſpring,
And cannot laſt, they are ſo vaine a thing.

We count no care to catch that we do wiſh,
But what we win is long to vs unknowen :
Till preſent paine be ſerued in our diſh,
We ſcarce perceiue whereon our griefe hath growen :
What graine proues well, that is ſo raſhly ſowen ?
If that a meane did meaſure all our deeds,
In ſteed of corne, we ſhould not gather weeds.

The ſetled mind is free from Fortunes power,
They need not feare who looke not vp aloft :
But they that climbe, are carefull euery hower,
For, when they fall, they light not very ſoft.
Examples haue the wiſeſt warned oft,
That, where the trees the ſmalleſt branches here,
The ſtormes do blow, and haue moſt rigour there.

Where is it ſtrong, but neere the ground and roote?
Where is it weake, but on the higheſt ſprayes?
Where may a man ſo ſurely ſet his foote,
But on thoſe bowes that growen low alwayes?
The little twigs, are but vnſtedfaſt ſtayes,
If they breake not, they bend with euery blaſt;
Who truſts to them ſhall neuer ſtand full faſt.

The winde is great vpon the higheſt hilles;
The quiet life is in the dale below:
Who treads on ice ſhall ſlide againſt their willes,
They want not cares, that curious arts would know.
Who liues at eaſe, and can content him ſo,
Is perfect wiſe, and ſets vs all to ſchoole:
Who hates this lore, may well be call'd a foole.

What greater griefe may come to any life,
Then, after ſweete, to taſte the bitter ſowre?
Or, after peace, to fall at warre and ſtrife,
Or, after mirth, to haue a cauſe to lowre?
Vnder ſuch props falſe Fortune builds her bowre,
On ſudden change her flittering frames be ſet,
Where is no way for to eſcape the net.

The

The haſtie ſmart, that Fortune ſends in ſpite,
Is hard to brooke, where gladneſſe we embrace:
She threatens not, but ſuddenly doth ſmite;
Where ioy is moſt, there doth ſhe ſorow place.
But ſure, I thinke, this is too ſtrange a caſe,
For vs to feele, ſuch griefe amid our game,
And know not why, vntill we taſte the ſame.

As erſt I ſaid, my bliſſe was turn'd to bale,
I had good cauſe to weepe and wring my hands,
And ſhew ſad cheare, with countenance full pale:
For I was brought in ſorowes wofull bands.
A pirat came, and ſet my ſhip on ſands.
What ſhould I hide, or colour care and noy?
King *Edward* di'd, in whom was all my ioy.

And, when the earth receiued had his corſe,
And that in tombe this worthie Prince was laid,
The world on me began to ſhew his force;
Of troubles then, my part I long aſſai'd:
For they, of whom I neuer was afrai'd,
Vndid me moſt, and wrought me ſuch deſpite,
That they bereft me of my pleaſure quite.

As long as life remain'd in *Edwards* breſt,
Who was but I? who had ſuch friends at call?
His bodie was no ſooner put in cheſt,
But well was he that could procure my fall:
His brother was mine enemie moſt of all:
Protector then, whoſe vice did ſtill abound,
From ill to worſe, till death did him confound.

He falſely fain'd, that I of counſell was
To poiſon him; which thing I neuer ment:
But he could ſet thereon a face of braſſe,
To bring to paſſe his leaud and falſe intent.
To ſuch miſchiefe this tyrants heart was bent,
To God, ne man, he neuer ſtood in awe,
For, in his wrath, he made his will a law.

Lord *Haſtings* blood for vengeance on him cries,
And many moe, that were too long to name:
But, moſt of all, and in moſt wofull wiſe,
I had good cauſe this wretched man to blame;
Before the world I ſuffred open ſhame:
Where people were as thicke as is the ſand,
I penance tooke, with taper in my hand.

Each eye did ſtare, and looke me in the face,
As I paſt by, the rumours on me ran;
But patience then had lent me ſuch a grace,
My quiet lookes were prais'd of euery man:
The ſhamefaſt blood brought me ſuch colour than,
That thouſands ſaid, who ſaw my ſober cheere,
It is great ruth to ſee this woman heere.

But what prevail'd the peoples pitie there?
This raging wolfe would ſpare no guiltleſſe blood.
Oh wicked wombe that ſuch ill fruit did beare!
O curſed earth that yeeldeth forth ſuch mud!
The hell conſume all things that did thee good!
The heauens ſhut, their gates againſt thy ſpreete!
The world tread downe thy glorie vnder feete!

I aſke of God a vengeance on thy bones,
Thy ſtinking corps corrupts the aire I know:
Thy ſhamefull death no earthly wight bemones,
For, in thy life, thy workes were hated ſo,
That euery man did wiſh thy ouerthro:
Wherefore I may, though partiall now I am,
Curſe euery cauſe whereof thy bodie came.

Woe worth the man that fathered ſuch a child!
Woe worth the houre wherein thou waſt begate!
Woe worth the breſts that haue the world beguil'd,
To nouriſh thee, that all the world did hate!
Woe worth the gods that gaue thee ſuch a fate,
To liue ſo long, that death deſeru'd ſo oft!
Woe worth the chance that ſet thee vp aloft!

Ye Princes all, and Rulers euery one,
In puniſhment, beware of hatreds ire!
Before yee ſcourge, take heed, looke well thereon:
In wroths ill will if malice kindle fire,
Your hearts will burne in ſuch a hot deſire,
That, in thoſe flames, the ſmoke ſhall dim your ſight,
Yee ſhall forget to ioyne your iuſtice right.

You ſhould not iudge till things be well diſcerned,
Your charge is ſtill to maintaine vpright lawes:
In conſcience rules ye ſhould be throughly learned,
Where clemencie bids wrath and raſhnes pauſe:
And, further ſaith, ſtrike not without a cauſe!
And, when ye ſmite, do it for iuſtice ſake,
Then, in good part, each man your ſcourge wil take.

If that ſuch zeale had mou'd this tyrants mind,
To make my plague a warrant for the reſt,
I had ſmall cauſe ſuch fault in him to find,
Such puniſhment is vſed for the beſt:
But by ill will and powre I was oppreſt;
He ſpoil'd my goods, and left me bare and poore,
And cauſed me to beg from dore to doore.

What fall was this, to come from Princes fare,
To watch for crums among the blind and lame?
When almes were delt, I had a hungrie ſhare,
Becauſe I knew not how to aſke for ſhame;
Till force and need had brought me in ſuch frame,
That ſtarue I muſt, or learne to beg an almes,
With booke in hand to ſay S. *Davids* Pſalmes.

Where I was wont the golden chaines to weare,
A paire of beads about my necke was wound,
A linnen cloth was lapt about my heare,
A ragged gowne that trayled on the ground,
A diſh that clapt, and gaue a heauie ſound,
A ſtaying ſtaffe, and wallet therewithall,
I bare about, as witneſſe of my fall.

I had no houſe wherein to hide my head,
The open ſtreete my lodging was perforce:
Full oft I went all hungrie to my bed,
My fleſh conſum'd, I looked like a corſe.
Yet, in that plight, who had on me remorſe?
O God thou know'ſt my friends forſooke me then,
Not one holpe me, that ſuccourd many a man.

They froun'd on me, that faun'd on me before,
And fled from me that followed me full faſt:
They hated me by whom I ſet much ſtore,
They knew full well my fortune did not laſt.
In euery place I was condemn'd and caſt;
To pleade my cauſe at barre it was no boote,
For euery man did tread me vnder foote.

Thus long I liu'd, all wearie of my life,
Till death approcht, and rid me from that woe:
Example take, by me, both maid and wife,
Beware, take heed, fall not to follie ſo!
A mirour make, by my great ouerthro,
Defie the world, and all his wanton waies,
Beware by me, that ſpent ſo ill her daies!

On

On the Engliſh *Poets.*

IF Sloth, and Tract of Time,
(That wears eche Thing away)
Should ruſt, and canker worthy artes,
Good works would ſoen decay.
If ſuch, as preſent are,
For-goe the people paſt;
Our ſelues ſhould ſoen in ſilence ſlepe,
And loes renom at laſt.
No ſoyll nor land ſo rude,
But ſom wiſe men can ſho:
Than ſhould the learned pas unknowne,
Whoes pen and ſkill did ſloe?
God ſheeld our ſloth wear ſuch,
Or world ſo ſimple now:
That knowledge ſcapt without reward,
Which ſercheth vertue thro,
And paints forth vyce aright,
And blames abues in men:
And ſhos what lief deſarues rebuke,
And who the prays of pen.
You ſee howe forrayn realms,
Aduance their Poets all:

And

And ours are drowned in the duſt,
Or flong againſt the wall.
In *Fraunce* did *Marrot* raigne,
And, neighbour thear-vnto;
Was *Petrark*, marching full with *Dantte*.
Who erſt did wonders do
Among the noble *Grekes*,
Was *Homere* full of ſkill:
And, where that *Ouid* noriſht was,
The Soyll did floriſh ſtill
With letters hie of ſtyle:
But *Virgill* wan the bayes,
And paſt them all for deep engyen;
And made them all to gaes
Upon the bookes he made.
Thus eche of them you ſee
Wan prayſe and fame, and honor had;
Eche one in their degree!
I pray you then my friends,
Diſdaine not for to vewe
The works and ſugred verſes fine,
Of our ra'er poetes newe!
Whoes barb'rous language rued,
Perhaps ye may miſlike:

But

But blame them not that ruedly playe
If they the ball do ſtrike.
Nor ſkorne your mother-tunge,
O babes of *Engliſhe*-breed!
I haue of other language ſeen;
And you, at full, may reed
Fine verſes, trimly wrought,
And coucht in comly ſort;
But neuer I, nor you, I troe,
In ſentence plaine, and ſhort,
Did yet beholde with eye,
In any forraine tonge,
A higher verſe, a ſtaetlyer ſtyle,
That may be read, or ſung,
Than is this daye, in deede,
Our *Engliſhe* verſe and ryme;
The grace wherof doth touch the Gods,
And reach the cloudes ſometime!
Thorow earth and waters deepe,
The pen, by ſkill, doth paſſe;
And featly nyps the worldes abuſe,
And ſhoes vs in a glaſſe,
The vertu and the vice,
Of evry wyght alyue:

The hony-combe that bee doth make,
Is not ſo ſweete in hyue,
As are the golden leues,
That drop from poets head;
Which do ſurmount our common talke
As farre as gold doth lead.
The flowre is ſifted cleane,
The bran is caſt aſide:
And ſo good corne is known from chaffe,
And each fine graine is ſpide.
Piers plowman, was full plaine.
And *Chauſers* ſpreet was great:
Earle *Surry* had a goodly vayne,
Lord *Vaux* the marke did beat.
And *Phaer* did hit the pricke,
In thinges he did tranſlate:
And *Edwards* had a ſpecial gift:
And diuers men of late,
Have helpt our *Enliſhe*-toung,
That firſt was baes and brute.
Oh ſhall I leaue out *Skelton*'s name,
The bloſſome of my frute!
The tree wheron in deed,
My branchis all might groe!

Nay

Nay *Skelton* wore the Lawrell-wreath,
And paſt in ſchoels ye knoe?
A poet for his arte,
Whoes iudgment ſuer was hie,
And had great practies of the pen:
His works they will not lie.
His terms to taunts did lean,
His talke was as he wraet:
Full quick of witte, right ſharp of words,
And ſkilful of the ſtaet!
Of reaſon riep and good,
And, to the haetfull mynd,
That did diſdain his doings ſtill,
A ſkorner of his kynd!
Moſt pleaſant euery way,
As poets ought to be:
And ſeldom out of Princis grace,
And great with eche degre!
Thus haue you heard at full,
What *Skelton* was in deed:
A further knowledge ſhall you haue,
If you his bookes do reed.
I haue of meer good will,
Theſe verſes written heer,

To

To honour vertue as I ought,
And make his fame apeer,
That wan the Garland gay,
Of lawrel leaues but laet.
Small is my pain, great is his prayes,
That did ſuch honour gaet!

John Higgins,

The Writer of a large Addition to the *Mirror of Magiſtrates*, and Contemporary with Thoſe who firſt began the Deſign. --- But, as to his Birth, Fortune, or other Contingencies, Time has not left us the leaſt Remains. --- 'Tis true he has no great Claim on Poſterity for Acknowledgments, yet as his Induction, with that of Mr. *Sackvil*'s will give the Reader a View of this Work, ſo often quoted; it appear'd neceſſary to annex it; and ſo much the rather as 'tis the beſt of his Performances.

Second Induction to the Mirror of Magiſtrates.

WHen Sommer ſweete, with all her pleaſures, paſt,
And leaues began to leaue the ſhadie tree,
The winter cold encreaſed on full faſt,
And time of yeare to ſadnes moued me:
For moiſtie blaſts not halfe ſo mirthfull be,
As ſweet *Aurora* brings in ſpring-time faire,
Our ioyes they dimme, as winter damps the aire.

The

The nights began to grow to length apace,
Sir *Phœbus* to th' Antarctique gan to fare :
From *Libraes* lance to th'Crab he tooke his race,
Beneath the line, to lend of light a ſhare.
For then with vs the daies more darkiſh are,
More ſhort, cold, moiſt, and ſtormie cloudie clit,
For ſadnes more then mirths or pleaſures fit.

Deuiſing then what bookes were beſt to reade,
Both for that time, and ſentence graue alſo,
For conference of friend to ſtand in ſtead ;
When I my faithfull friend was parted fro,
I gate me ſtraight the Printers ſhops vnto,
To ſeeke ſome worke of price I ſurely ment,
That might alone my carefull mind content.

Amongſt the reſt, I found a booke ſo ſad,
As time of yeare or ſadneſſe could require :
The *Mirour* nam'd for *Magiſtrates* he had,
So finely pen'd, as heart could well deſire :
Which, when I read, ſo ſet my heart on fire,
Eftſoones it me conſtrain'd to take the paine,
Not left with once, to reade it once againe.

And

And as againe I view'd this worke with heed,
And marked plaine each partie paint his fall:
Me thought in mind, I ſaw thoſe men indeed,
Eke how they came in order Princely all;
Declaring well: This life is but a thrall,
Sith thoſe, on whom for Fortunes gifts we ſtare,
Oft ſooneſt ſinke in greateſt ſeas of care.

For ſome, perdie, were Kings of high eſtate,
And ſome were Dukes, and came of regall race:
Some Princes, Lords, and Iudges great that Sate
In counſell ſtill, decreeing euery caſe:
Some other Knights that vices did embrace,
Some Gentlemen, ſome poore exalted hie:
Yet euery one had plai'd his tragedie.

A *Mirrour* well it might be call'd, a glaſſe
As clear as any cryſtall vnder Sun:
In each reſpect the Tragedies ſo paſſe,
Their names ſhall liue that ſuch a worke begun.
For why, with ſuch *Decorum* is it done,
That *Momus* ſpight with more then *Argus* eies,
Can neuer watch to keep it from the wiſe.

Examples

Examples there for all eſtates you find,
For Iudge (I ſay) what iuſtice he ſhould vſe:
The noble man to beare a noble mind,
And not himſelfe ambitiouſly abuſe;
The Gentleman vngentleneſſe refuſe:
The rich and poore, and eu'ry one may ſee,
Which way to loue, and liue in due degree.

I wiſh them often well to reade it than,
And marke the cauſes why thoſe Princes fell:
But let me end my tale that I began.
When I had read theſe Tragedies full well,
And paſt the winter euenings long to tell,
One night at laſt I thought to leaue this vſe,
To take ſome eaſe before I chang'd my Muſe.

Wherefore away from reading I me gate,
My heauie head waxt dull for want of reſt:
I laid me downe, the night was waxed late,
For lacke of ſleepe mine eyes were ſore oppreſt:
Yet fancie ſtill of all their deaths encreaſt,
Me thought my mind from them I could not take,
So worthie wights, as cauſed me to wake.

At laſt appeared, clad in purple blacke,
Sweet *Somnus*, reſt which comforts each aliue;
By eaſe of mind, that weares away all wracke,
That noyſome night from wearie wits doth driue,
Of labours long the pleaſures we atchieue.
Whereat I ioy'd, ſith, after labours paſt,
I might enioy ſweet *Somnus* ſleepe at laſt.

But he, by whom I thought my ſelfe at reſt,
Reuiued all my fancies fond before:
I, more deſirous, humblie did requeſt
Him ſhew th' vnhappie *Albion* Princes yore:
For well I wiſt, that he could tell me more,
Sith vnto diuers, *Somnus* erſt had told
What things were done in elder times of old.

Then ſtraight he forth his ſeruant *Morpheus* call'd,
On *Higgins* heere thou muſt (quoth he) attend;
The *Britaine* Peeres to bring (whom Fortune thral'd)
From *Lethean* lake, and th'ancient ſhapes them lend;
That they may ſhew why, how, they tooke their end.
I wil (quoth *Morpheus*) ſhew him what they were;
And ſo me thought I ſaw them ſtraight appeare.

One

One after one, they came in ſtrange attire,
But ſome with wounds and blood were ſo diſguis'd,
You ſcarcely could by reaſons aid aſpire,
To know what warre ſuch ſundrie deaths deuis'd;
And ſeuerally thoſe Princes were ſurpris'd.
Of former ſtate, theſe States gaue ample ſhow,
Which did relate their liues and ouerthrow.

Of ſome the faces bold, and bodies were
Diſtain'd with *woad*, and *Turkiſh* beards they had:
On th'ouer lips mutchatoes long of haire,
And while they ſeem'd, as men deſpairing, mad;
Their lookes might make a conſtant heart full ſad:
And yet I could not ſo forſake the view,
Nor preſence, ere their minds I likewiſe knew.

For *Morpheus* bad them each in order tell
Their names and liues, their haps and hapleſſe daies,
And by what meanes from Fortunes wheele they fell,
Which did them erſt vnto ſuch honors raiſe.
Wherewith the firſt not making moe delaies,
A noble Prince, broad wounded breſt that bare,
Drew neere, to tell the cauſe of all his care.

Which when me thought to ſpeak he might be bold,
Deepe from his breſt he threw an vnquoth ſound :
I was amaz'd his geſtures to behold ;
And blood that freſhly trickled from his wound:
While echo ſo did half his words confound,
That ſcarce a while the ſenſe might plaine appeare :
At laſt, me thought, he ſpake as you ſhall heare.

As there were many others concern'd in this Work; *Baldwin*, *Ferrers*, *Cauil*, *Phaer*, I thought it proper to mention their Names ; but, except what belongs to *Draiton* and *Niccols* (who muſt be treated of in their Place) if I add any more, it muſt be to their Diſadvantage. --- 'Tis true, the Beginning of the Tale of *Michael Joſeph* the Black-Smith, ſet up for a Prince of the Blood, by Lord *Audley*; has ſomething in it like Merit, and therefore 'tis added to give Mr. *Cauil*, his Pittance of Praiſe.

The Prologue of Michael Joſeph *the Black-Smith.*

WHO is more bold then is the *Bayard* blind ?
Where is more craft then in the clouted ſhone?
Who catch more harme then do the bold in mind ?
Where is more guile then where miſtruſt is none ?
No plaiſters helpe before the griefe be knowne,
So ſeemes by me who could no wiſdome leare,
Vntill ſuch time I bought my wit too deare.

Who

Who being boyſtrous, ſtout, and brainleſſe bold,
Puft vp with pride, with fire and furies fret,
Incenſt with tales ſo rude and plainly told,
Wherein deceit with double knot was knit,
I trapped was as ſilly fiſh in net,
Who, ſwift in ſwimming, careleſſe of deceit,
Is caught in gin wherein is laid no bait.

Such force and vertue hath this dolefull plaint,
Set forth with ſighes and teares of Crocodile,
Who ſeemes in ſight as ſimple as a Saint,
Hath laid a baite the wareleſſe to beguile,
And, as they weepe, they worke deceit the while,
Whoſe rufull cheere the rulers ſo relent,
To worke in haſte that they at laſt repent.

Take heed therefore yee Rulers of the Land,
Be blind in ſight, and ſtop your other eare:
In ſentence ſlow, till ſkill the truth hath ſcand,
In all your doomes both loue and hate forbeare,
So ſhall your iudgement iuſt and right appeare.
It was a ſouthfaſt ſentence long agoe,
That haſtie men ſhall neuer lacke much woe.

Is it not truth? *Baldwine* what ſaieſt thou?
Say on thy mind: I pray thee muſe no more:
Me thinke thou ſtar'ſt and look'ſt I wot not how,
As though thou neuer ſaw'ſt a man before:
Belike thou muſeſt why I teach this lore,
Elſe what I am, that heere ſo boldie dare,
Among the preaſe of Princes to compare.

Though I be bold, I pray thee blame not mee,
Like as men ſow, ſuch corne needs muſt they reape,
And nature planted ſo in each degree,
That Crabs like Crabs will kindly crawle and creepe:
The ſuttle Fox vnlike the ſilly ſheepe.
It is according to my education,
Forward to preaſe in rout and congregation.

Behold my coate burnt with the ſparkes of fire,
My leather apron fild with horſe ſhooe nailes,
Behold my hammer and my pinſers here,
Behold my lookes, a marke that ſeldome failes:
My cheekes declare I was not fed with quailes,
My face, my cloathes, my tooles with all my faſhion,
Declare full well a Prince of rude creation.

A Prince I ſaid, a Prince I ſay againe,
Though not by birth, by crafty vſurpation.
Who doubts but ſome men princehood do obtaine,
By open force, and wrongfull domination?
Yet while they rule are had in reputation.
Euen ſo by me, the while I wrought my feate,
I was a Prince, at leaſt in my conceite.

I dare the bolder take on me the name,
Becauſe of him whom here I leade in hand,
Tychet Lord *Awdley* one of birth and fame,
Who with his ſtrength and power ſeru'd in my band,
I was a Prince while thus I was ſo mand:
His Butterfly ſtill vnderneath my ſhield
Diſplaied was, from *Welles*, to *Blakeheath* field.

But now behold he doth bewaile the ſame:
Thus after-wits their raſhnes do depraue.
Behold! diſmaid he dare not ſpeake for ſhame:
He lookes like one that late came from the graue,
Or one that came forth of *Trophonius'* caue,
For that in wit he had ſo litle pith,
As he a Lord to ſerue a traytour-Smith.

Such is the courage of the noble hart,
Which doth deſpiſe the vile and baſer ſort,
He may not touch what ſauours of the cart,
Him liſteth not with each Iack-lout to ſport,
He lets him paſſe for pairing of his port:
The iolly Eagles catch not litle flees,
The courtly ſilkes match ſeeld with homely frees.

But ſurely, *Baldwine*, if I were allow'd
To ſay the troth, I could ſomewhat declare:
But clerkes will ſay, this Smith doth waxe too proud,
Thus in precepts of wiſdome to compare.
But Smiths muſt ſpeake what Clerkes for feare ne dare.
It is a thing that all men may lament,
When Clerkes keepe cloſe the truth leſt they be ſhent.

The Hoſtler, Barbar, Miller and the Smith,
Heare of the ſawes of ſuch as wiſdome ken,
And learne ſome wit, although they want the pith,
That Clerkes pretend: and yet, both now and then,
The greateſt Clerkes proue not the wiſeſt men:
It is not right that men forbid ſhould bee
To ſpeake the truth, all were he bond or free.

And

And, for becauſe I vs'd to fret and ſome,
Not paſſing greatly whom I ſhould diſpleaſe,
I dare be bold a while to play the mome,
Out of my ſacke ſome others faults to leaſe,
And let mine owne behinde my back to peaſe.
For he that hath his owne before his eie,
Shall not ſo quicke anothers fault eſpie.

I ſay was neuer no ſuch wofull caſe,
As is when honor doth it ſelfe abuſe:
The noble man that vertue doth embrace,
Repreſſeth pride, and humblenes doth vſe,
By wiſdome workes; and raſhneſſe doth refuſe.
His wanton will and luſt that bridle can,
Indeed is gentle both to God and man.

But, where the Nobles want both wit and grace,
Regard no rede, care not but for their luſt,
Oppreſſe the poore, ſet will in reaſons place,
And in their words and doomes be found vniuſt,
Wealth goeth to wracke till all lie in the duſt:
There Fortune frownes, and ſpite begins to grow,
Till high, and low, and all be ouerthrow.

Then

Then, ſith that vertue hath ſo good reward,
And after vice ſo duely waiteth ſhame,
How hap'th that Princes haue no more regard,
Their tender youth with vertue to inflame?
For lacke whereof their wit and will is lame,
Infect with folly, prone to luſt and pride,
Not knowing how themſelues or theirs to guide!

Whereby it hapneth to the wanton wight,
As to a ſhip vpon the ſtormie ſeas,
Which lacking ſterne to guide it ſelfe aright,
From ſhore to ſhore the winde and tide to teaſe,
Finding no place to reſt or take his eaſe,
Till at the laſt it ſinke vpon the ſand:
So fare they all that haue no vertues ſcand.

The plowman firſt his land doth dreſſe and tourne,
And makes it apt, or ere the ſeed he ſow,
Whereby he is full like to reape good corne,
Where otherwiſe no ſeed but weed would grow:
By which enſample men may eaſely know,
When youth haue wealth before they can well vſe it,
It is no wonder though they do abuſe it.

How

How can he rule well in a commonwealth,
Which knoweth not himſelfe in rule to frame?
How ſhould he rule himſelfe in ghoſtly health,
Which neuer learn'd one leſſon for the ſame?
If ſuch catch harme their parents are too blame:
For needs muſt they be blind, and blindly led,
Where no good leſſon can be taught or read.

Some thinke their youth diſcreet and wiſely taught,
That brag, and boaſt, and weare their feather braue,
Can roiſt and rout, both loure and looke aloft,
Can ſweare and ſtare, and call their fellowes knaue,
Can pill and poll, and catch before they craue,
Can card and dice, both cog and foiſt at fare,
Play on vnthriftie, till their purſe be bare.

Some teach their youth to pipe, to ſing and dance,
To hauke, to hunt, to chooſe and kill their game,
To wind their horne, and with their horſe to praunce,
To play at tenis, ſet the lute in frame,
Run at the ring, and vſe ſuch other game:
Which feats, although they be not all vnfit,
Yet cannot they the marke of vertue hit.

For

For noble youth there is nothing ſo meete
As learning is, to know the good from ill:
To know the tongues and perfectly endite,
And of the lawes to haue a perfect ſkill,
Things to reforme as right and iuſtice will:
For honour is ordeined for no cauſe,
But to ſee right maintained by the lawes.

It ſpites my heart to heare when noble men
Cannot diſcloſe their ſecrets to their frend,
In ſauegard ſure, with paper, inke, and pen,
But firſt they muſt a ſecretary find,
To whom they ſhew the bottome of their mind:
And be he falſe or true, a blab or cloſe,
To him they muſt their counſaile needs diſcloſe.

And, where they rule that haue of law no ſkill,
There is no boote, they needes muſt ſeeke for ayd:
Then rul'd are they, and rule as others will,
As he that on a ſtage his part hath plaid:
But he was taught, nought hath he done or ſaid.
Such youth therfore ſeek ſcience of the ſage,
As thinke to rule when that ye come to age.

William

William Warner,

An Author only unhappy in the Choice of his Subject, and Meaſure of his Verſe. His Poem is an Epitome of the *Britiſh* Hiſtory, and wrote with great Learning, Senſe, and Spirit. --- In ſome Places fine to an extraordinary Degree, as I think, will eminently appear in the enſuing Epiſode. A Tale full of beautiful Incidents, in the Romantick Taſte, extreamly affecting, rich in Ornament, wonderfully various in Stile; and, in ſhort, one of the moſt beautiful Paſtorals I ever met with. --- What were the Circumſtances, and Accidents of his Life, we have hardly light enough to Conjecture, any more than, by his Dedication, it appears he was in the Service of the Lord *Hunſdon*, and acknowledges very gratefully both Father and Son for his Patrons, and Benefactors.

THE *Brutons* thus departed hence, ſeven Kingdomes here begonne:
Where diuerſly in divers Broyles the *Saxons* loſt and wonne.
King *Edell* and King *Adelbright* in *Diria* joyntly rayne:
In loyall concorde, during life, theſe Kingly friends remayne.
When *Adelbright* ſhould leave his life, to *Edell* thus he ſaies.
By thoſe, ſame Bonds of happy love, that held us friends alwaies,

By

By our by-parted Crowne, of which the Moyetie is Myne,
By God, to whom my Soule muſt paſſe, and ſo in Tyme may thyne,
I pray thee, nay, Conjure thee too, to nouriſh as thyne owne
Thy Neice, my Daughter *Argentile*, till ſhe to age be growne,
And then, as thou recieveſt it, reſigne to her my Throne.
A promiſe had for this Bequeſt, the Teſtator he dyes
But all that *Edell* undertooke, he afterward denyes.
Yet well he foſters for a Tyme the Damſell, that was growne
The fayreſt Lady under Heaven: whoſe Beautie being knowne,
A many Princes ſeeke her love, but none might her obtaine:
For *Grippel-Edell* to himſelfe, her Kingdome ſought to gaine,
By chance one *Curan*, Son unto a Prince in *Danſke* did ſee
The Mayde, with whom he fell in loue as much as one might bee.
Unhappie Youth! what ſhould he do? his Saint was kept in Mewe,
Nor he, nor any Noble-man admitted to her vewe.

One

One while in Melancholy fits he pynes himſelfe away,
Anon he thought by force of Armes to winne her if he may,
And ſtill againſt the Kings reſtraint did ſecretly invay.
At length the high controller Love, whom none may diſobay,
Imbaſed him from Lordlyneſs, unto a Kitchin-drudge:
That ſo, at leaſt, of Life or Death ſhe might become his Judge.
Acceſſe ſo had to ſee, and ſpeak, he did his love bewray
And telles his Birth: her Anſwer was; ſhe Huſbandles would ſtay.
Mean while, the King did beat his Braines his Bootie to achiue,
Not caring what became of her, ſo he by her might thrive:
At laſt his reſolution was ſome Peſſant ſhould her wiue.
And, which was working to his wiſh, he did obſerve with joye
How *Curan*, whom he thought a Drudge, ſcapt many an amorous Toye.
The King, perceiving ſuch his vayne, promotes his Vaſſal ſtill,
Leaſt that the baceneſſe of the Man ſhould let perhaps his Will. Aſſured

Aſſured therefore of his Love, but not ſuſpecting who
The Lover was, the King himſelf in his behalfe did woe.
The Lady, reſolute from loue, unkindly takes that hee
Should barre the Noble, and unto ſo baſe a Match agree:
And therefore, ſhifting out of Doores, departed thence by ſtealth,
Preferring Povertie before a Dangerous life in Wealth.
When *Curan* heard of her eſcape, the anguiſh in his Harte
Was more then much; and, after her, from Court he did departe:
Forgetfull of himſelf, his Birth, his Countrie, Friends, and all;
And only minding whom he miſt; the foundreſſe of his Thrall!
Nor meanes he, after to frequent or Court, or ſtately Townes,
But ſollitarily to live, amongſt the Countrie Grownes.
A brace of years he lived thus; well pleaſed ſo to live!
And ſhepheard-like to feede a Flocke, himſelf did wholly give.
So waſting love, by Worke, and want, grewe almoſt to the Waene:
But then began a ſecond Love, the worſer of the twaine!

A Countrie-Wench, a Neatheards Mayd, where *Curan* kept his ſheepe
Did feed her Droue: and now on her was all the Shepheards keepe.
He borrowed, on the working Daies, his holly Ruſſets oft:
And of the Bacons fat, to make his Starttups blacke and ſoft:
And leaſt his Tar-Box ſhould offend he left it at the Folde:
Sweete Growte, or Whigge, his Bottle had as much as it would holde:
A Sheeue of Bread as brown as Nut, and Cheeſe as white as Snowe,
And Wyldings, or the Seaſons Fruite, he did in Scrippe beſtowe:
And, whilſt his py-bald Curre did ſleepe, and Sheephooke lay him by,
On hollowe Quilles of oten-ſtrawe he pyped Melodie.
But, when he ſpyed her his Saint, he wipte his Greaſie Shòoes,
And clear'd the drivell from his Beard, and thus the Shepheard woes.

I have, ſweete Wench, a peece of Cheeſe as good as
Tooth may chawe:
And Bread, and Wyldings, ſouling well: (and there-
withall did drawe
His Lardrie:) and, in eating, See yon crumpled Ewe,
quoth hee,
Did twinne this fall, faith thou art too elviſh, and to°
coye:
Am I, I pray thee, beggerlie, that ſuch a Flock enioye:
I wis I am not: yet that thou doeſt hold me in diſdaine
Is brimme abroade, and made a gibe to all that keep
this Plaine.
There be as quaint, at leaſt that think themſelves as
quaint, that craue
The match, which thou (I wot not why) mayſt, but
miſlik'ſt to have.
How wouldeſt thou match: (for well I wot, thou art
a female) I,
I know not her that, willingly, with Mayden-head
would dye.
The Plowmans Labour hath no end, and he a Churle
will proue:
The Craftsman hath more work in hand, then fitteth
unto loue:

The Merchant, trafficking abroade, ſuſpects his wife at home:
A Youth will play the Wanton, and an old Man prove a Mome:
Then chuſe a Shepherd: with the Sunne he doth his Flock unfold,
And all the Day on Hill or Plaine, he merrie chat can hold;
And with the Sunne doth folde againe: then, jogging home betyme,
He turnes a Crabb, or tunes a Rounde, or ſings ſome merrie ryme;
Nor lackes he gleefull Tales to tell, whilſt that the Bole doth trot:
And ſitteth ſinging Care-away, till he to Bed hath got.
There ſleeps he ſoundly all the Night, forgetting Morrow-Cares,
Nor feares he blaſting of his Corne, or uttring of his wares,
Or ſtormes by Seae, or ſtirres on Land, or cracke of Credit loſt,
Nor ſpending franklier then his Flocke ſhall ſtill defray the coſt.

Well wot I, ſooth they ſay, that ſay: more quiet Nights and daies
The Shepherd ſleepes and wakes then he whoſe Cattel he doth graize.
Believe me Laſſe, a King is but a Man, and ſo am I:
Content is worth a Monarchie, and Miſchiefs hit the hye.
As late it did a King and his, not dying farre from hence:
Who left a Daughter (ſave thy ſelfe) for faire, a matchleſs Wench.
Here did he pauſe, as if his Tongue had made his Harte offence.
The Neatreſſe, longing for the reſt, did egge him on to tell
How faire ſhe was, and who ſhe was. She bore (quoth he) the Bell
For Beautie: though I clowniſh am, I know what Beautie is,
Or did I not, yet ſeeing thee, I ſenceles were to mis.
Suppoſe her Beautie *Hellen*'s-like, or *Hellen*'s ſomewhat leſs,
And every ſtarre conſorting to a puer complection geſſe.
Her ſtature comely tall, her gate well graced, and her wit
To marvell at, not meddle with, as matchles I omit.

I knew the Lady very well, but worthleſs of ſuch prais,
The Neatreſſe ſayd: and muſe I doe, a Shepeard thus ſhould blaze
The coate of Beautie. Credit me thy latter ſpeach bewraies
Thy clowniſh ſhape, a coyned ſhew. But wherefore doſt thou weep?
(The ſhepeard wept, and ſhe was woe, and both did ſilence keep.)
In troth, quoth he, I am not ſuch as, ſeeming, I profeſſe:
But then for her, and now for thee, I from my ſelf digreſſe.
Her loued I, (wretch that I am, a Recreant to bee)
I loued her, that hated loue: but now I dye for thee.
At *Kirkland* is my Fathers Court, and *Curan* is my Name,
In *Edels* Court ſometymes in pompe, till Loue contrould the ſame:
But now. What now? dear Hart! how now? what ayleſt thou to weepe?
(The Damſell wept, and he was woe, and both did ſilence keep.)

I graunt, quoth ſhe, it was too much, that you did
loue ſo much:
But whom your former could not moue, your ſecond
loue doth touch.
Thy twiſe-beloued *Argentile*, ſubmitteth her to thee:
And for thy double loue preſents her ſelfe a ſingle
fee:
In Paſſion, not in Perſon chaung'd, and I my Lord
am ſhee.
They ſweetly ſurfeiting in joye and ſilent for a ſpace,
Whereas the extaſie had end, did tenderly imbrace:
And for their Wedding, and their Wiſh, got fitting
tyme and place.

G. Gaſcoigne,

A Gentleman of *Gray's-Inn*, intended by his Parents to practiſe the Laws; but as it appears, miſled by his Pleaſure into Poetry; or by Poetry into Pleaſure; He afterwards follow'd the Wars in *Flanders*, and, in his Winter Quarters, wrote his Poem call'd, *The Fruits of Warre*, The Lord *Gray* of *Wilton*, was his Patron; and from whom, He profeſſes to have received many ſignal Favours; His Verſe is by far the ſmoothest of any of his Time; and in that lies his principal Merit: Scarce any one of his Deſigns being regularly conducted; or uniform in Stile, and Manner. Upon the Whole, I think, He neither deſerves to be ſlighted, as he is by *Winſtanly*, and *Philips*; nor greatly to be prais'd; as will beſt appear

pear from the following Paſſages. --- In my humble Opinion ſome of the moſt ſhiniug of his Works.

The Araignment of a Louer.

AT *Beautye*'s Barre as I dyd ſtande,
When falſe *Suſpect* accuſed mee,
George (quod the *Judge*) holde vp thy Hande,
Thou art arraignde of Flatterye:
Tell therefore howe wylt thou bee tryde?
Whoſe Judgment here wylt thou abyde?

My Lorde (quod I) this Lady here,
Whom I eſteeme aboue the reſt,
Doth know my Guilt if any were:
Wherefore her Doome doth pleaſe me beſt,
Let her be Judge and Jurour both,
To trye me guyltleſſe by mine Oath!

Quoth *Beauty*, no, it fitteth not,
A Prince her ſelfe to iudge the Cauſe:
Wyll is our Juſtice well you wot,
Appoynted to diſcuſſe our Lawes:
If you wil guiltleſſe ſeeme to goe,
God and your Countrey quitte you ſo!

Then

Then *Craft*, the *Cryer* calde a queſt,
Of whom was *Falſhoode* formoſt feere :
A packe of Pickthankes were the reſt,
Which came falſe Witnes for to beare.
The Jury ſuch, the Judge vniuſt,
Sentence was ſayd I ſhould be truſt.

Jelous the Jayler bound me faſt,
To heare the Verdite of the bill :
George (quoth the Judge) now thou art caſt,
Thou muſt goe hence to heauy Hill.
And there be hangd all but the head,
God reſt thy ſoule when thou art dead!

Downe fell I then vpon my Knee,
All flatte before Dame *Beauties* face,
And cryed ; good Ladye pardon mee,
Who here appeale vnto your Grace,
You know if I have beene vntrue,
It was in too much prayſing you.

And,

And, though this Judge doe make ſuch Haſte,
To ſhed with Shame my guyltleſſe Blood:
Yet let your Pittie firſt bee plaſte,
To ſaue the Man that meant you good,
So ſhall you ſhewe your ſelfe a Queene,
And I maye bee your Seruant ſeene!

(Quod *Beautie*) well: becauſe I gueſſe,
What thou doeſt meane hence foorth to bee,
Although thy Faultes deſerue no leſſe,
Than Juſtice here hath iudged thee,
Wylt thou be bounde to ſtynt all Strife,
And be true Priſoner all thy Lyfe?

Yea Madame (quod I) that I ſhall,
Loe *Fayth* and *Trueth* my ſuerties:
Why then (quod ſhe) come when I call,
I aſke no better Warrantiſe.
Thus am I *Beauties* bounden Thrall,
At her commaunde when ſhe doth call.

From

From his Dan Bartholomew, *&c.*

AND now (wyth care) I can record thoſe dayes,
And call to mind the quiet Life I led,
Before I firſt beheld thy golden Rayes,
When thine Untruth yet troubled not my Head.
Remember thou, as I cannot forget,
How I had laid both Loue and Luſt aſide,
And how I had my fixed Fancie ſet
In conſtant Vow for euer to abide.
The bitter Proofe of Pangs in Pleaſure paſt,
The coſtly Taſt of Hony, mixt with Gall,
The painted Heauen, which turnd to Hell at laſt,
TheFreedome faind, which brought me but to Thrall,
The lingring Sute, well fed wyth freſh Delayes,
The waſted Vowes which fled wyth euery Wind,
The reſtleſſe Nights to purchaſe pleaſing Dayes,
The toiling Daies to pleaſe my reſtleſſe Mind.
All theſe (wyth mo) had bruſed ſo my Breſt,
And graft ſuch Griefe within my groaning Hart,
That had I left dame *Fanſie* and the reſt,
To greener Yeers, which might indure the Smart.

From

From the ſame.

O louing Youths! thys glaſſe was made for you,
And in the ſame you may your Selues behold,
Beleeue me now not one in all your crew,
Which (where he loues) hath courage to be bold,
Your *Creſſides* Climes are alwayes vncontrold.
You dare not ſay the Sunne is cleare and bright,
You dare not ſweare that darkeſome is the night!

Terence was wiſe who taught by *Pamphilus*,
How Courage quailes where Loue beblinds the Senſe,
Though Proofe oft times makes Louers quarellous,
Yet ſmall Excuſe ſerues *Loue* for iuſt Defenſe.
Theſe *Curtiſans* haue Power by Pretenſe,
To make a Swan of that whych was a Crow,
As though blacke Pitch were turned into Snow.

From the Fruits of War.

THE Poets olde, in their fond Fable faine
That mighty *Mars* is *God* of war and ſtrife,
Theſe Aſtronomers thinke, where *Mars* doth raygne,
That all Debate and Diſcord muſt be rife;
Some thinke *Bellona* Goddes of that Life:

So

So that ſome One and ſome Another iudge
To be the cauſe of euery greeuous Grudge.

Among the Reſt that Paynter had ſome Skil,
Who thus in armes did once ſet out the ſame,
A field of *Geules*, and, on a Golden-Hil,
A ſtately Towne conſumed all with Flame,
On Cheafe of *Sable* (taken from the dame)
A ſucking Babe (oh) borne to byde Miſchaunce !
Begoarde with Blood, and peerced with a Launce.

On high the Helme, I beare it wel in minde,
The Wreath was Siluer poudred all with ſhot,
About the which (*goutte de ſang*) did twinde,
A roll of *Sable*, black and foule beblot !
The Creſt two hands, which may not be forgot ;
For in the Right, a trenchant Blade did ſtand ;
And in the Left a fiery burning Brand.

Thus Poets, Paynters, and Aſtronomers,
Haue geuen their Geſſe this Subject to define,
Yet are thoſe Three, and with them Trauellers,
Not beſt betruſt among the Worthyes nine ;
Their words and works are deemed not deuine.

But

But why? *God* knowes: (my Matter not ſo marre.)
Vnleſſe it be becauſe they fayne too farre.

Wel then, let ſee what ſayth the common Voyce,
Theſe old ſayd ſawes, of *Warre* what can they ſay:
Who liſt to harken to their whiſpring Noyce,
May heare them talke and tattle Day by Day,
That Princes Pride is cauſe of Warre alway.
Plenty brings Pride, Pride Plea, Plea Pine, Pine Peace,
Peace Plentie, and ſo (ſay they) they neuer ceaſe.

Then what is *Warre:* define it right at laſt,
And let vs ſet all old ſayd Saws aſide;
Let Poets lie, let Painters faine as faſt,
Aſtronomers let marke how ſtarres doo glide,
And let theſe Trauellers tell wonders wide!
But let vs tell by truſty proofe of Truth,
What thing is *Warre* which raiſeth all thys Ruth!

And for my part my fanſie for to wright,
I ſay that *Warre* is euen the Scourge of *God*,
Tormenting ſuch as dwell in princely Plight,
Yet not regard the Teaching of his Rod,
Whoſe Deedes and Dueties oftentimes are odde,

Who range at random ieſting at the iuſt,
As though they raignd to do euen what they luſt.

Whome neyther Plague can pull into Remorce,
Nor Dearth can draw to mend that is amis,
Wythin thoſe Hearts no Pitie findeth Force,
Nor Right can rule to iudge what Reaſon is.
Whom Sickneſſe ſalueth not, nor Bale brings Blis:
Yet can high *Joue* by waſt of bloodie *Warre*,
Send Schoolemaiſters to teach them what they are.

Then ſince the Caſe ſo plaine by Proofe doth ſtand,
That *Warre* is ſuch, and ſuch always it was,
How chanceth then that Many take in Hand
To ioy in *Warre*, whyle greater Pleaſures paſſe?
Who count the quiet *Burgher* but an Aſſe,
That liues at Eaſe contented wyth his owne,
Whiles they ſeeke more and yet are ouerthrowne.

If *Mars* mooue *Warre*, as Star-conners can tell,
And Poets eeke in Fables vſe to faine,
Or if *Bellona* cauſe Mens Hearts to ſwell
By deadly Grudge, by Rancor or Diſdaine,
Then what Delight may in that life remaine?

Where

Where Anger, Wrath, Teene, Miſchiefe and Debate,
Do ſtill vphold the Pillars of the State?

If Painters Craft haue truly *Warre* diſplaide,
Then is it wore (and bad it is at beſt)
Where Townes deſtroid and Fields with Blood beraide,
Yong Children ſlaine, old Widows foule oppreſt,
Maids rauiſhed, both Men and Wiues diſtreſt:
Short Tale to make, where Sword and cindring Flame
Conſume as much as Earth and Aire may frame.

If *Pride* make *Warre* (as common People prate)
Then is it good (no doubt) as good may bee;
For Pride is roote of Ill in euery State,
The Sowrſe of Sinne! the very Feend his Fee!
The Head of Hell, the Bough, the Branch, the Tree,
From whych doo ſpring and ſprout ſuch fleſhly Seed,
As nothing elſe but Mone and Miſchiefe breeds!

But if *Warre* be (as I haue ſaid before)
God's Scourge which doth both Prince and People tame,
Then warne the wiſer Sort by learned Lore,
To flee from that which bringeth naught but blame,
And let Men count it Grief and not a Game,

To feele the Burden of *God*'s mightie Hand,
When he concludes in Judgement for to ſtand.

Oh *Prince* be pleas'd with thine owne Dyademe,
Confine thy Countreys with their common Bounds!
Enlarge no Land, ne ſtretch thou on thy Streame!
Penne vp thy Pleaſure in Repentance Pounds,
Leaſt thine own Sword be cauſe of al thy Wounds.
Clayme nought by *Warre* where Title is not good!
It is *God*'s ſcourge, then *Prince* beware thy blood!

Oh Dukes, oh Earls, oh Barons, Knights and 'Squiers!
Keepe you content with that which is your owne!
Let *Bravery* neuer bring you in his Briers!
Seeke not to mowe where you no Seed haue ſowne!
Let not your Neighbors Houſe be ouerthrowne,
To make your Garden ſtraight, round, euen and ſquare;
For that is *Warre* (*God*'s ſcourge) then Lords beware!

Oh Biſhops, Deacons, Prelates, Prieſts and all,
Striue not for Tythes, for Glebeland, nor for Fees,
For polling *Peter-pence*, for Popiſh-pall,
For proud Pluralities, nor new Degrees;
And though you thinke it lubberlike to leeſe,

Yet

Yet ſhould you lend that one halfe of your Cote,
Then Prieſtes leaue *Warre*, and learne to ſing that note!

Oh lawleſſe Lawyers ſtop your too long Noſe,
Wherewith you ſmel your needy Neighbour's Lacke,
Which can pretend a little to ſuppoſe,
And in your Rules vplandiſh Louts can racke
Til you haue brought their Wealth vnto the wrack!
This is playne *Warre* although you terme it Strife:
Which *God* wil ſcourge, then Lawyers leaue this life!

Oh Merchants make more Conſcience in an Oath,
Sell not your Silkes by Danger nor Deceite,
Breake not your Bankes with Coyne and Credit both,
Heape not your Hoords by Wylines of Weight,
Set not to Sale your Suttleties by Slight,
Breede no Debate by bargayning for Dayes!
For *God* wil ſcourge ſuch guyles ten thouſand wayes!

Oh Countrey Clownes, your Cloſes ſee you keepe,
With Hedge and Ditch, and marke your Meade with Meares,
Let not dame *Flattery* in your boſome creepe,
To tel a Fittone in your Landlords Eares,
And ſay the Ground is his as playne appeares,

Where you but ſet the Bounders forth too farre:
Ply you the Plough and be no cauſe of *Warre!*

Oh common People clayme nothing but Right
And ceaſe to ſeeke that you haue neuer loſt,
Strive not for Trifles: make not all your Might
To put your Neighbors Purſe to needles Coſt,
When your owne Gilt is ſpent, then farewel Froſt!
The Lawyer gaynes and leades a lordly Life,
Whiles you leeſe all and beg to ſtint your Strife.

Knew Kings and Princes what a Pain it were
To win mo Realms then any Wit can weeld,
To pine in Hope, to fret as faſt for Feare,
To ſee their Subiects murdred in the Field,
To loſe at laſt, and then Themſelues to yield,
To breake ſound Sleepe with Carke and inward Care,
They would loue Peace, and bid *Warre* well to fare!

His Works are bound altogether in Quarto; and contain Poems, which he calls *Flowers*, *Herbs*, and *Weeds:* The Hiſtory of *Dan Bartholemew* of *Bath*, The Tale of *Ferdinando Jeronimi:* The *Steel-Glaſs*; a Satire in Blank Verſe, and, according to *Langbane*, &c. The *Glaſs of Government*, a Tragi-Comedy, (but not in my Edition.) The Complaint of *Philomene*; *The Suppoſes*, a Comedy; *Jocaſta*, a Tragedy, from

from the *Greek*. ---- In this he was aſſiſted by one Mr. *Francis Kinwelmarſh*: And the Pleaſures of *Kenelworth-Caſtle*, an Entertainment for the Queen.

Thomas Naſh,

Deſcended from a Family in *Hertfordſhire*; but born at *Leoſtoff* in *Suffolk*. He received his Education at St. *John*'s College, *Cambridge*, and was deſign'd for Holy Orders; But whether ever preferr'd, or honour'd with any great Man's Patronange is no where determin'd. --- I am inclin'd to think the Contrary, becauſe good Fortune is ſeldom without the Evidence of Flattery, or Envy: Whereas Diſtreſs, and Obſcurity are almoſt inſeparable Companions.--- This is farther confirm'd by ſome Lines, vehemently paſſionate, in a Performance of his, call'd, *Piers Pennileſs*; which, to ſay nothing of the Poetry, are the ſtrongeſt Picture of Rage, and Deſpair that I ever met with.

WHY is't [illegible] to deſpair and die,
When Life is my true Happineſs' Diſeaſe?
My Soul! my Soul! thy Safety makes me fly
The faulty Means that might my Pain appeaſe,
Divines, and dying Men may talk of Hell;
But, in my Heart, her ſeveral Torments dwell!

Ah worthleſs Wit to train me to this Woe!
Deceitful Arts that Nouriſh Diſcontent!
Ill Thrive the Folly that bewitch'd me ſo!

Vain Thoughts adieu; for now I will repent!
And yet my Wants perſuade me to proceed;
Since none take Pity of a Schollar's Need!

Forgive me *God* altho' I curſe my Birth,
And ban the Air wherein I breathe a Wretch!
Since Miſery hath daunted all my Mirth
And I am quite undone thro' Promiſe-Breach
O Friends! no Friends, that then ungently frown,
When changing Fortune caſts us headlong down!

Without Redreſs complains my careleſs Verſe.
And *Midas* Ears relent not at my Moan!
In ſome far Land will I my Griefs rehearſe
Mongſt them that will be mov'd when I ſhall groan!
England adieu! the Soil that nought me forth!
Adieu unkin'd where Skill is nothing worth!

His Works are various, both in Verſe and Proſe; tho' all Biting, and Satirical. --- By ſome he is call'd the *Engliſh Aretine*; By others, a Buffoon in Print. --- But that he had a ſufficient Quantity of Spleen, at leaſt, is apparent by the following Lines, occaſion'd by a Controverſy with Doctor *Gabriel Harvey* of *Saffron-Walden*.

Were

Were there no Wars, poor Men ſhould have no Peace;
Unceſſant Wars with Waſps, and Drones I cry!
He that begins, oft knows not how to ceaſe;
He hath begun; I'll follow till I die!

I'll hear no Truce, Wronge gets no Grave in me!
Abuſe Pell Mell, incounter with Abuſe!
Write he again, I'll write eternally!
Who feeds Revenge, hath found an endleſs Muſe!

If Death ere made his black Dart of a Pen,
My Pen his ſpecial Bayly ſhall become:
Somewhat Ile be reputed of 'mongſt Men,
By ſtriking of this Dunce or dead or dumb:
Await the World the Tragedy of Wrath!
What next I paint ſhall tread no common Path!

As I have not been able to meet with his Poems myſelf, I beg Leave to inſert his Character, as it ſeems impartially ſumm'd up, ſoon after his Death, in an old Comedy, call'd, *The Return* from *Parnaſſus, or a Scourge for Simony.*

Let all his Faults ſleep in his mournful Cheſt,
And there for ever with his Aſhes reſt!
His Style was Witty; tho' he had ſome Gall:
Something he might have mended --- ſo may all?

George Turberville,

A Gentleman of an antient Family in *Dorſetſhire*, educated at *Oxford*, choſen perpetual Fellow of *New College*, and, afterwards Secretary to an Embaſſy to *Ruſſia*.-- Sir *John Harrington* Complements him in one of his Epigrams; but, by others, he is barely mention'd, as one of the Poetical Hive, that ſwarm'd, ſo profuſely in the Reign of Q. *Elizabeth*. --- Some of the very beſt of his Poems, I mean ſuch as I think ſo, are here inſerted; that if he deſerves a Character, his Merit may be remember'd as well as his Name.

The Speech of Reaſon againſt Love.

AT length, when *Reaſon* ſaw
Me ſotted ſo in Loue,
As I ne would, ne might at all
My Fanſie thence remoue:
Shee caus'd her Trumpe be blowne
To cyte her Servants all
Into the Place, by whoſe Aduiſe
I might be rid from Thrall.
Then *Plato* firſt appearde,
With Sage and ſolemne Sawes:
And in his Hand a golden Booke
Of good and *Greekiſh* Lawes;

Whoſe Honie-Mouth ſuch wiſe,
And weightie Wordes did tell:
Gainſt thee and all thy Troupe at once
As *Reaſon* lykte it well.
When *Plato's* Tale was done,
Then *Tullie* preſt in Place:
Whoſe filed Tongue with ſugred Talke,
Would good a ſimple Caſe.
With open Mouth I heard
And Jawes yſtreched wyde,
How He gainſt *Venus* Dearlings all,
And *Cupid*'s Captiues cryde.
Then *Plutarch* gan to preache
And by Examples proue,
That thouſand Miſchiefes were procurde
By meane of guilefull Loue.
Whole Cities brought to Spoyle,
And Realmes to ſhamefull Sack:
Where Kings and Rulers good Aduice
By means of Loue did lack?
Next *Plutarch*, *Senec* came,
Seuere in all his Sawes!
Who cleane defide your wanton Tricks,
And ſcornd your childiſh Lawes.

I neede not name the Reſt
That ſtoode as then in Place:
But Thouſahdes more there were that ſought
Your Godhead to deface.
When all the Hall was huſht,
And Sages all had done:
Then *Reaſon* that, in Judgement, ſate
Her ſkilfull Talke begonne.
Gramercie Friends (quoth ſhe)
Your Counſell likes me well:
But now lend Eare to *Reaſons* Wordes
And liſten what I tell!
What Madneſſe may be more
Than ſuch a Lorde to haue,
Who makes the Chiefetaine of his Bande
A rude and Raſkall-Slaue?
Who woonted is to yeelde
In Recompence of Paine?
A ragged Recompence *God* wote!
That turnes to meere Diſdaine?
Who gladly would enſue
A Conduct that is blinde?
Or thrall himſelfe to ſuch a one
As ſhewes himſelf vnkinde?

What

What Ploughman would be glad
To ſowe his Seede for Gaine,
And reape when Harueſt-time comes on
But Trauaile for his Paine?
What Madman might endure
To watch and warde for nought:
To ride, to runne, and laſt to looſe
The Recompence he ſought?
To waſte the Day in Wo,
And reſtleſſe Night in Care,
And haue, in ſtead of better Foode,
But ſobbing for his Fare?
To bleare his Eies with Brine,
And ſalted Teares yſhead:
To force his fainting Fleſh to fade,
His Colour pale and dead?
And to foredoe with Carke
His wretched, witherd Hart?
And ſo to breede his bitter Bale
And hatch his deadly Smart?
I ſpeake it to this Fine,
That plainely might appere,
Cupidos Craft, and guilefull Guiſe
To him that ſtandeth here,

Whoſe Eies, with Fanſies miſt
And Error's Clowdes are dim,
By means that hee in *Venus* Lake
And *Cupids* Goulfe doth ſwim;
And hath, by ſodaine Sight
Of vnacquainted Shape,
So fixt his Hart, as Hope is paſt
For euer to eſcape.
Unleſſe to theſe my Wordes,
A liſtning Eare hee lende:
Which oft are wont the Louers Minde
And Fanſie to offende.
But he that would his Health,
Sowre Sirops muſt aſſay:
For ev'ry Griefe hath Cure againe
By cleane repugnant Way.
And who ſo mindes to quite,
And rid himſelfe from Wo,
Muſt ſeeke, in Time, for to remooue
The Thing that hurtes him ſo.
For, longer that it laſtes,
It Frets the farder in,
Untill it growe to cureleſſe Maine.
By paſſing Fell and Skin.

The

The Pyne, that beares his Head
Up to the haughtie Skie,
Would well haue beene remooued at firſt
As daylie Proofe doth trie:
Which, now, no force of man
Nor Engine may ſubvert:
So wyde the creeping Rootes are run
By Natures ſubtile Art:
So Loue, by ſlender Sleight
And little paine at furſt,
Would haue beene ſtopt, but hardly now
Thou thou wouldſt doe thy wurſt.
The wanted Saw is true,
Shun Loue, and Loue will flee,
But follow Loue and, ſpite thy noſe,
Then Loue will follow thee.
And, though ſuch grafted Thoughts,
On ſodaine, may not die,
Ne be forgone; yet Proceſſe ſhall
Their farther Growth deſtrie.
No Giaunt for his Lyfe
Can cleaue a knarrie Oke,
Though he would ſeeke to doe his wurſt
And vtmoſt at a Stroke:

But let the meaneſt Man
Haue Space to fell him downe,
And he will make him bende his Head
And bring his Boughes to Grownde.
No Force of falling Showre
Can pierce the Marble-Stone,
As will the often Drops of Raine
That from the Gutters gone:
Wherefore, thou retchleſſe Man!
My Counſell with thee mo
Is, that thou Peecemeale doe expell
The Loue that paines thee ſo.
Renounce the Place where ſhee
Doth make Soiourn and Stay:
Force not hir trayning, truthleſſe Eies,
But turne thy Face away!
Thinke that the hurtfull Hooke
Is coverde with ſuch Baite:
And that in ſuch a pleaſant Plot
The Serpent lurkes in waite.
Weigh well her ſcornefull Cheere,
And thinke ſhee ſeekes thy Spoyle:
And though thy Conqueſt were atchivde,
May not acquite thy Toyle:

Not

Not ydle ſee thou bee,
Take aye ſome Charge in Hande:
And quickly ſhalt thou quench the Flame
Of careleſſe *Cupid*'s Brande.
For what (I pray you) bred
Ægiſtus foule Defame?
And made him ſpoken of ſo yll?
What put him to the ſhame?
What forſte the Foole to loue?
This beaſtly, ydle Lyfe
Was Cauſe that he beſotted was
Of *Agamemnons* Wyfe.
If he had fought in Field,
Encountring with his Foe;
On ſtately Steede, or elſe on Foote
With Glaue had giuen the Bloe:
If he, that Lecher lewde!
Had warlick Walles aſſailde
With Cannon ſhot, or bownſing Ramme
His fenced Enemies quailde:
He had not felt ſuch Force
Of vile and beaſtly Sin;
Cupidos Shafts had fallen ſhort,
If he had buſie bin.

What

What *Myrrha* made to loue?
Or *Byblis* to deſire,
To quench the Heate of hungrie Luſt
And Flames of filthy Fire?
What *Canace* enforcde
To frie with frantick Brandes,
In ſort as vp to yeelde hir ſelfe
Unto hir Brothers Handes?
And other Thouſand mo
Of whome the Poets wright?
Nought elſe (good Fayth!) but for they had
In ydle Thoughts Delight.
They ſpent their youthfull Yeares
In foule, and filthie Trade,
They buſied not their ydle Braines
But *God* of Pleaſure made.
Wherefore if thou (I ſay)
Doſt couet to auoyde
That Bedlam-Boyes deceitfull Bowe
That Others hath anoyde:
Eſchewe the ydle Lyfe,
Flee, flee from doing nought!
For neuer was their ydle Braine
But bred an ydle Thought.

And

And, when thoſe Stormes are paſt
And Clowdes remov'd away:
I know thou wilt on (*Reaſon*) thinke
And minde the Wordes I ſay.
Which are: that *Loue* is Roote,
And onely Crop of Care,
The Bodies Foe, the Harts annoy:
And Cauſe of Pleaſures rare!
The Sickneſſe of the Minde!
The Fountaine of Vnreſt!
The Goulfe of Guile, the Pit of Paine!
Of Grief the hollow Cheſt!
A fierie Froſt, a Flame
That frozen is with Iſe!
A heauie Burden light to beare,
A Vertue fraught with Vice!
It is a warlike Peace,
A Safetie ſet in Dred,
A deepe Diſpaire annext to Hope,
A Famine that is fed,
Sweete Poyſon for his Taſte,
A Porte *Charybdis*-leeke,
A *Scylla* for his Safetie Thought,
A Lyon that is meeke

And (by my Crowne I ſwear)
The longer thou doſt loue,
The longer ſhalt thou liue a Thrall
As Tract of Time will proue.
Wherefore retire in Haſte
And ſpeed thee Home againe,
And pardon'd ſhall thy Treſpaſſe bee,
And thou exempt from Paine.
Take *Reaſon* for thy Guide
As thou haſt done of yore:
And Spite of *Loue* thou ſhalt not loue
Ne be a Thrall no more.
Repaire to *Plato's* Schoole,
And *Tullies* true Aduice:
Let *Plutarch* be and *Seneca*
Thy Teachers to be wiſe.

That Louers ought to ſhunne no paines to attaine their Loue.

IF Merchaunts, in their warped Keales
Commit themſelues to Waue,
And dreadfull Daunger of the Goulfe,
In Tempeſt that doth raue,
To fet from farre, and Forraine Lands
Such Ware as is to ſell,

And is not in their Natiue Soile
Where they themſelues doe dwell:
If Souldiars ſerue in Perill's place
And dread of Cannon Shot,
Ech Day in Daunger of their Liues,
And Countrie, Loſſe God wot,
Whoſe Muſick is the Dreadfull Drumme
And dolefull Trumpets Sounde,
Who haue, in ſtead of better Bed,
The colde, and ſtonie Grounde,
And all t'attaine the Spoile with Speede
Of ſuch as do withſtande,
Which ſlender is ſometime we ſee
When ſo it comes to Hande:
If they for Lucre light ſuſtaine
Such Perill as enſues,
Then thoſe that ſerue the Lorde of *Loue*
No Trauaile ought refuſe.
But, lauiſh of their liuely Breath
All Tempeſt to abide,
To maintaine *Loue* and all his Lawes,
What Fortune ſo betide.
And not to ſhrink at erie Shoure
Or ſtormie Flawe that lights,

Ne yet to yeeld themſelues as Thrall
To ſuch as with them fights.
Such are not fit for *Cupids* Campe,
They ought no Wages win
Which faint before the Clange of Trump
Or Battels Broyle begin.
They muſt not make account of Hurt,
For *Cupid* hath in Store
Continually within his Campe
A Salue for erie Sore.
Then Enſigne-Bearer is ſo ſtoute,
Ecleaped *Hope* by name,
As if they follow his Aduiſe
Eche Thing ſhall be in Frame.
But if, for want of Courage ſtoute,
The Banner be bereft,
If *Hope* by hap be ſtricken downe,
And no good Hope yleft:
Tis Time with Trump to blow Retreate,
The Field muſt needs be woon:
So *Cupid* once be Captiue tane
His Souldiers are vndoen.
Wherefore, what ſo they are that Loue
As waged Men doe ſerue;

Muſt ſhun no Daunger drift at all,
Ne from no Perill ſwerue,
Keepe Watch and Warde the wakefull Night
And neuer yeelde to Reſt:
For feare, leſt thou, a waiting naught,
On ſodaine be oppreſt.
Though Hunger gripe thy emptie Maw,
Endure it for a while,
Till Time do ſerue with good Repaſt
Such Famine to beguile.
Be not with chilly Colde diſmaide,
Let Snow nor Iſe procure
Thy luſtfull Limmes from painfull plight
Thy Ladie to allure.
That is the Spoyle that *Cupid* giues,
That is the onely Wight
Whereat his Thralls are woont to roue,
With Arrowes from their Sight.
My ſelfe, as one among the moe,
Shall neuer ſpare to ſpend
My Life, my Limmes, yea Hart and all
Loues Quarrell to defend.
And ſo in Recompence of Paines,
And Toile of Perills paſt,

He yeelde me but my Ladies Loue :
I will not be agaſt.
Of Fortune, nor her frowning Face,
I naught ſhall force her Cheere,
But tend on erie Turne on her
That is my louing Feere.

That no man ſhould write but ſuch as do excell.

SHOULD no Man write (ſay you,)
But ſuch as doe excell
This fonde Deuiſe of yours deſerues
A Bable and a Bell.
Then one alone ſhould doe
Or verie few in Deede :
For that in erie Art there can
But One alone exceede.
Should others ydle bee,
And waſte their Age in vaine,
That myght perhaps in after Time
The Prick and Price attaine?
By Practiſe Skill is got,
By Practiſe Wit is wonne.
At Games you ſee how many doe
To win the Wager roonne,

Yet one among the moe,
Doth beare away the Bell:
Is that a Cauſe to ſay the Reſt
In running did not well?
If none in Phiſick ſhould
But only *Galene* deale,
No doubt a Thouſand periſh would
Whom Phiſick now doth heale.
Eche one his Talent hath,
To vſe at his Deuiſe:
Which makes that many Men, as well
As One, are counted wiſe.
For if that Wit alone
In one ſhould reſt and raine.
Then God the Skulles of other Men
Did make but all in vaine.
Let eche One trie his Force,
And do the beſt he can;
For therevnto appointed were
The Hande and Hed of Man.
The Poet *Horace* ſpeakes
Againſt thy Reaſon plaine,
Who ſayes, 'tis ſomewhat to attempt
Although thou not attaine

The Scope in erie thing :
To touch the higheſt Degree
Is paſſing hard, to doe thy beſt
Sufficing is for thee.

In praiſe of Ladie P.

P. Seemes of *Venus* ſtock to bee
For Beautie's comely Grace,
A *Gryſell* for her Grauitie,
A *Helen* for her Face :
A ſecond *Pallas* for her Wit,
A Goddeſſe rare in Sight,
A *Dian* for her Daintineſſe,
Shee is ſo chaſte a Wight.
Doe vew her Corſe with curious Eie,
Eche Lim from Top to Toe,
And you ſhall ſay I tell but Truth
That doe extoll her ſo.
The Head, as Chiefe that ſtandes aloft
And ouer looketh all,
With Wiſedome is ſo fully fraught
As *Pallas* there did ſtall.
Two Eares that truſt no trifling Tales
Nor credit blazing Brute :

Yet

Yet ſuch againe as readie are
To beare the Humbles, Sute.
Her Eies are ſuch as will not gaze
On Things not worthy Sight,
And, where ſhe ought to caſt a Looke
She will not winke in Spight.
The golden Graines that greedie Gueſtes
From forraine Countries bring,
Ne ſhining *Phœbus* glittring Beames
That on his Godhead ſpring:
No auncient Amber had in Price
Of *Roman* Matrons olde,
May be comparde with ſplendent Haires
That paſſe the *Venus*-Golde.
Her Noſe adorns her Countenance ſo
In middle iuſtly plaſte.
As it at no Time will permit
Her Beautie be defaſte.
Her Mouth ſo ſmall, her Teeth ſo white
As any Whale his Bone,
Her Lips without ſo liuely red
That paſſe the Corall Stone.
What neede I to deſcribe her Cheekes?
Her Chin? or elſe her Pap?

For

For they are all as though the Roſe
Lodged in the Lillies Lap.
What ſhould I ſtand vpon the Reſt
Or other Parts depaint:
As little Hand with Fingers long?
My Wits are all too faint.
Yet this I ſay in her Behalfe
If *Helen* were her Like,
Sir *Paris* neede not to diſdaine
Her through the Seas to ſeeke:
Nor *Menelaus* was vnwiſe,
Or Troupe of *Trojans* mad,
When he with them, and they with him,
For her ſuch Combat had.
Leander's Labour was not loſt
That ſwam the ſurging Seas,
If *Hero* were of ſuch a Hue
Whome he ſo ſought to pleaſe.
And if *Admetus* Darling deere
Were of ſo freſhe a Face,
Though *Phœbus* kept *Admetu's* Flock
It may not him diſgrace.
Nor mightie *Mauors* weigh the Floutes
And Laughing of the reſt,

If

If ſuch a one were ſhee with whome
He lay in *Vulcans* Neſt.
If *Bryſeis* Beautie were ſo braue,
Achylles needes no Blame
Who left the Campe and fled the Fielde
For looſing ſuch a Dame.
If ſhe in *Ida* had bene ſeene
With *Pallas* and the Reſt,
I doubt where *Paris* would haue choſe
Dame *Venus* for the beſt,
Or if *Pygmalion* had but tane
A Glimſe of ſuch a face,
He would not then his Jewell dumb
So feruently imbrace.
But what ſhall neede ſo many Wordes
In Things that are ſo plaine?
I ſay but that I doubt where *Kinde*
Can make the like againe.

Sir *Philip Sidney*,

By the common Conſent of all *Europe*, allow'd to be the compleateſt Gentleman of his Time; Nature, Fame, and Fortune ſeem'd to vie with each other in ſhowering down their Favours on Him: He was Noble by Deſcent, amiable in his Perſon, in Genius, and Judgment the Standard, by which all his

his Contemporaries eſſay'd, and improv'd their own: As gallant in the Field, as wiſe, and learned in the Schools; and, at Court, ſo elegantly well-bred, as if He had never known the Pedantry of the One, or the Rudeneſs of the Other. Yet all theſe great Accompliſhments ſat ſo eaſy upon him, that no Body was offended at what they could not equal, nor envy'd the firſt Praiſes to his Character, tho' ever ſo jealous of their own. In a Word, He was a moſt illuſtrious Inſtance of the real Power of private Virtue: For, without Titles, Places, Court-Favour, or, any other common Bait for Reſpect and Veneration, He had Homage from all Eyes, commanded Attention from every Ear, and won the Affection of all Hearts. --- In ſo much, that *Don John* of *Auſtria*, Vice-Roy of the *Netherlands*, one of the proudeſt Men that ever was born, publickly treated Him with more Honour, (tho' only a Viſitor at his Court, and then very young) than the Ambaſſadors of Sovereigns: Nay, ſo Univerſal was his Eſteem, and to ſuch a Height 'twas carry'd, that, tho' not born a Prince, 'twas the general Voice, no one was more Worthy of a Throne; and, I preſume, 'twas rather owing to the Wiſhes of the Publick, than any real Fact, that 'tis ſaid He was in Election for the Kingdom of *Poland:* A Circumſtance infinitely more Glorious than if he had worn the Nobleſt Diadem in the World, by Inheritance! --- But Hyperbole it ſelf was hardly thought able to do him Juſtice: Nor wou'd leſs than a Volume contain all the printed Teſtimonies the Learned have given of his unequal'd Virtues. Never had the *Muſes* a greater Loſs than when He dy'd, for, tho' by his own Pen He could command Immortality, He had the true Greatneſs of Mind to encourage Merit in others where ever He found it, without the intereſted Views of Policy or Oſtentation. --- For which, may his Fame be ever

Dear to Memory! And no *Engliſh* Writer ever quote the *Roman Mecænas*, without firſt acknowledging his Superior in the immortal *Sydney!*

I find my Zeal has led me into a ſtrange Miſtake, I have wrote his Character inſtead of His Life, whereas his Life had included his Character. ---- But 'tis in Study juſt as 'tis in Action; many People ſee their Faults, but are too fond of them to endeavour at a Cure. He was Son to Sir *Henry Sydney*, Knight of the *Garter*, and Three Times Lord Deputy of *Ireland*; and Lady *Mary Dudley*, Daughter to the Duke of *Northumberland*; and Nephew to that great Favourite, *Robert* Earl of *Leiceſter*: *Chriſt-Church* College, in *Oxford*, had the Honour of his Education, from whence he ſet out very early on his Travels, and was at *Paris*, when the Proteſtants were maſſacred; and, with other *Engliſh* Gentlemen, fled for Protection to the Houſe of Sir *Francis Walſingham*, Embaſſador from Q. *Elizabeth*. At his Return, her Majeſty was one of the firſt that diſtinguiſh'd his great Abilities, and, as if proud of ſo rich a Treaſure, ſent him immediately Embaſſador to the *Emperor*, to do Honour to Her ſelf and his Country. --- Some Years after this He addreſs'd, in Print, his humble Reaſons to the Queen, to diſſuade her from marrying the Duke of *Anjou*, Brother to the *French* King; which, 'tis preſum'd, occaſion'd him to retire from Court, and gave him Leiſure to produce his *Arcadia*. Notwithſtanding which, we find Him, Two Years after, in Favour again, and riding a Tilt with Sir *Fulk Greville*, for the Entertainment of the *Duke*, and waiting on him in his Return to *Antwerp*. The next Year He was Knighted, and in the Year 1585, intended an Expedition with Sir *Francis Drake*; but was employ'd nearer Home; The Queen appointing Him Governor of *Fluſhing*, in the *Low-Countries*, and

General

General of Horſe. --- There he ſignaliz'd Himſelf in ſo Heroical a Manner, that the very *Dutch*, who at firſt, hated Him, became his Admirers. --- But War is not the Province of our Sex. --- I therefore wave the Particulars of his Exploits, and have only to add that, mounting his Third Horſe at the Battle of *Zutphen*, He received a Mortal Wound, of which He languiſh'd Twenty Five Days; dying in the Flower of his Age, tho' arriv'd to the higheſt Point of honeſt Glory. --- He marry'd the Daughter of the great Sir *Francis Walſingham*, and left only one Child, who afterwards, marry'd the Earl of *Rutland*, and unfortunately dy'd without Iſſue to perpetuate the living Virtues of her illuſtrious Family. --- After the innumerable Compliments paid to this Great Man's Writings, it would be Preſumption in me, to attempt their Character. I chuſe therefore only to inſert Two of his Eſſays in Poetry, and leave the Readers to Judge for themſelves. --- His Body was brought to *England*, and bury'd at St. *Paul*'s, with a Magnificence ſuitable to his Merit: Beauty, Wit, Piety, and Valour being the undiſſembled Mourners!

The true Picture of Love.

POORE Painters oft with ſilly Poets joyne,
To fill the World with ſtrange, but vain Conceits:
One brings the Stuffe, the other ſtamps the Coyne,
Which breeds nought elſe but Gloſſes of Deceits.
Thus Painters *Cupid* paint, thus Poets doe
A naked God, blind, young, with Arrows Two.

Is-

Is he a God, that ever flies the Light?
Or naked he, diſguis'd in all Untruth?
If he be blind, how hitteth he ſo right?
How is he young that tam'd old *Phœbus* Youth?
But Arrowes Two, and tipt with Gold or Lead?
Some, hurt, accuſe a Third with horney Head.

No, nothing ſo; an old, falſe Knave he is,
By *Argus* got on *Io*, then a Cow:
What time for her *Juno* her *Jove* did miſſe
And charge of her to *Argus* did allow.
Mercury kill'd his falſe Sire for this Act,
His Damme a Beaſt was pardon'd beaſtly Fact.

With Fathers Death, and Mothers guiltie Shame,
With *Jove*'s Diſdaine at ſuch a Rival's Seed:
The Wretch compeld, a Runnegate became,
And learn'd what ill a Miſer-State doth breed:
To lye, to ſteale, to prie, and to accuſe,
Nought in Himſelfe, each Other to abuſe.

Yet beares he ſtill his Parents ſtately Gifts,
A horn'd Head, cloven Feet, and thouſand Eyes,

Some

Some gazing ſtill, ſome winking wily ſhifts,
With long, large Eares, where never Rumour dies.
His horned Head doth ſeem the Heaven to ſpight,
His cloven Foot doth never tread aright.

Thus halfe a Man, with Man he daily haunts,
Cloath'd in the Shape which ſooneſt may deceive:
Thus halfe a Beaſt, each beaſtly Vice he plants,
In thoſe weak Hearts that his Advice receive.
He proules each Place in new Colours bedeckt,
Sucking One's Ill, another to infect.

To narrow Breaſts he comes all wrapt in Gaine:
To ſwelling Hearts he ſhines in Honour's Fire:
To open Eyes all Beauties he doth raine;
Creeping to each with flattering of Deſire.
But for that Love is worſt which rules the Eyes,
Thereon his Name, there his chief Triumph lyes.

Millions of Years this old Drivell *Cupid* lives,
While ſtill more Wretch, More wicked he doth prove:
Till now at length that *Jove* him Office gives,
At *Juno*'s ſuit, who much did *Argus* love.

In

In this our world a Hang-man for to be
Of all thoſe Fooles, that will have all they ſee.

A Receipt to make a Cuckold. A Tale.

A Neighbour mine not long agoe there was,
(But nameleſſe he, for blameleſſe he ſhall be)
That married had a tricke and bonny Laſſe
As in a Sommer-Day a Man might ſee:
But he Himſelfe a foule, unhandſome Groome,
And farre unfit to hold ſo good a Roome.

Now whether mov'd with Selfe-Unworthineſſe,
Or with her Beauty, fit to make a Prey!
Fell *Jealouſie* did ſo his Braine oppreſſe,
That, if he abſent were but halfe a Day,
He gheſt the worſt (you wot what is the worſt)
And in himſelfe new, doubting Cauſes nurſt.

While thus he fear'd the ſilly Innocent,
Who yet was good, becauſe ſhe knew none Ill,
Unto his Houſe a jolly Shepheard went,
To whom our Prince did beare a great good Will,
Becauſe in Wreſtling and in Paſtorall,
He farre did paſſe the reſt of Shepheards all.

And therefore he a Courtier was benamed,
And as a Courtier was with Cheere received,
(For they have Tongues to make a poor Man blamed,
If he to them his Dutie miſconceived :)
And for this Courtier ſhould well like his Table,
The good Man bade his wife be ſerviceable.

And ſo She was, and all with good Intent ;
But, few Daies paſt, while ſhe good Manner us'd,
But that her Huſband thought her Service bent
To ſuch an End as he might be abus'd ;
Yet like a Coward fearing Stranger's Pride,
He made the ſimple Wench his Wrath abide.

With churliſh Lookes, hard Words, and ſecret Nips,
Grumbling at her when ſhe his Kindneſſe ſought,
Aſking her how ſhe taſted Courtier's Lips,
He forc'ſt her thinke that which ſhe never thought.
In fine, he made her gheſſe there was ſome Sweet,
In that which he ſo fear'd that ſhe ſhould meet.

When once this entred was in Woman's Heart,
And that it had enflam'd a new Deſire,
There reſted then, to play a Woman's Part,
Fuell to ſeeke and not to quench the Fire:

But

But (for his jealous Eye ſhe well did finde)
She ſtudied Cunning how the ſame to blinde.

And thus ſhe did. One Day to him ſhe came,
And (though againſt his will) on him ſhe lean'd,
And out gan cry, Ah well away for Shame,
If you helpe not our Wedlock will be ſtained!
The good Man ſtarting, aſkt what her did move?
She ſigh'd and ſaid, The bad Gheſt ſought her Love.

He little looking that ſhe ſhould complaine
Of that, whereto he fear'd ſhe was enclin'd;
Buſſing her oft, and in his Heart full faine,
He did demaund what Remedy to finde;
How they might get that Gueſt, from them to wend,
And yet the Prince (that lov'd him) not offend.

Huſband, quoth ſhe, goe to him by and by,
And tell him you do finde I doe him love:
And therefore pray him that of Courteſie,
He will abſent himſelfe, leſt he ſhould move
A young Girle's Heart, to that were Shame for Both;
Whereto, you know, his honeſt Heart were loath.

Thus ſhall you ſhew that him you doe not doubt,
And as for me (ſweet Huſband !) I muſt beare.
Glad was the Man when he had heard her out,
And did the ſame, although with mickle Feare.
For feare he did, leſt he the young Man might
In Choler put ; with whom he would not fight.

The Courtly Shepheard much agaſt at this !
Not ſeeing erſt ſuch Token in the Wife,
Though full of Scorne, would not his Duty miſſe,
Knowing that ill becomes a Houſhold-Strife,
Did goe his Way ; but ſojourn'd neare there by,
That yet the Ground hereof he might eſpie.

The Wife, thus having ſettled Huſband's Braine,
Who would have ſworne his Spouſe *Diana* was,
Watched when ſhe a further Point might gaine,
Which little Time did fitly bring to paſſe.
For to the Court her Man was call'd by Name,
Whether he needs muſt goe for fear of Blame.

Three Dayes before that he muſt ſure depart,
She written had (but in a Hand diſguis'd)

A Letter ſuch, which might from either Part,
Seeme to proceed, ſo well it was devis'd.
She ſeald it firſt, then ſhe the Sealing brake,
And to her jealous Huſband did it take.

With weeping Eyes (her Eyes ſhe taught to weep!)
She told him that the Courtier had it ſent:
Alas (quoth ſhe) thus Women's Shame doth creepe.
The good Man read on both Sides the Content,
It Title had, *unto my only Love:*
Subſcription was, *Yours moſt, if you will prove.*

Th' Epiſtle ſelfe ſuch kind of Words it had,
My ſweeteſt Joy! the Comfort of my Sprite!
So may thy Flockes increaſe thy deare Heart glad,
So may each Thing, even as thou wiſheſt light,
As thou wilt deigne to reade, and gently reed
This mourning Inke, in which my Heart doth bleed!

Long have I lov'd (alas thou worthy art)
Long have I lov'd (alas Love craveth Love)
Long have I lov'd thy ſelf, alas my Heart
Doth breake, now Tongue unto thy Name doth move!
And thinke not that thy Anſwer Anſwer is,
But that it is my doome of Bale or Bliſſe!

The jealous Wretch muſt now to Court be gone :
Ne can he faile, for Prince hath for him ſent :
Now is the time we may be here alone,
And give a long Deſire a ſweet Content.
Thus ſhall you both reward a Lover true,
And eke revenge his Wrong ſuſpecting you.

And this was all, and this the Huſband read
With Chafe enough, till ſhe him pacified :
Deſiring, that no Griefe in him be bred,
Now that he had her Words ſo truely tried :
But that he would to him the Letter ſhow,
That with his Fault he might her Goodneſſe know.

That ſtraight was done, with many a boyſtrous Threat,
That to the King he would his Sinne declare :
But now the Courtier gan to ſmell the Feat,
And with ſome Words which ſhewed little Care,
He ſtaid untill the good Man was departed,
Then gave he him the Blow which never ſmarted.

Thus may you ſee the jealous Wretch was made
The Pandar of the Thing he moſt did feare :

Take

Take heed therefore, how you enſue that Trade,
Leſt the ſame Markes of Jealouſie you beare:
For ſure no Jealouſie can that prevent,
Whereto two Parties once be full content.

Sir *Fulk Greville*, Lord *Brook*,

For many Conſiderations, has an unqueſtionable Right to be rang'd next to Sir *Philip Sydney*; He was born in the ſame Year, liv'd with Him, in the greateſt Affection and Intimacy, to the Laſt, followed the ſame Study both in Arts and Arms; and, tho' many Years his Survivour, order'd this eternal Memorial of their Friendſhip to be fix'd on his Grave.

Servant to Queen ELIZABETH,
Counſellor to King JAMES,
And Friend to Sir PHILIP SYDNEY.

He ſprung from an Antient and Honourable Family in *Warwickſhire*, was educated both at *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, and introduc'd to Court by an Uncle in the Service of the Queen; who ſoon received him into Favour; which He had the Honour to preſerve without Interruption, to her Death. At the Coronation of *James* the Firſt, He was created Knight of the *Bath*, and, ſoon after, obtain'd a Grant of the ruinous Caſtle of *Warwick*. He was next appointed Sub-Treaſurer, Chancellor of the *Exchequer*, and Privy Counſellor, and then advanc'd to the Degree of a Baron, by the Title of Lord *Brook* of *Beauchamp's Court*, and lately to be one of the Lords of the Bed-Chamber to His Majeſty.

He was a great Patron to Men of Learning, particularly *Cambden*, who, by his Lordſhip's ſole Intereſt was made *King at Arms*. --- He likewiſe lov'd and admir'd the Ladies, tho' he lived and dy'd a Bachelor. Paſſing thro' a long Life in a Calm of Proſperity, and Honour; But when He was upwards of Seventy, cloſing it with a Tragical End. One *Haywood*, a Man, who had ſerv'd Him faithfully many Years, expoſtulated with Him fiercely (while they were alone) for his not having received a due Reward: His Lordſhip piqu'd at this unuſual Freedom, and giving way to his preſent Paſſion, reprimanded him ſeverely for his preſumption. --- For which the Villain, being now work'd up to the higheſt Pitch of Fury, took an Opportunity to ſtab Him with his Dagger thro' the Back into his Vitals. Of which Wound He inſtantly dy'd, *Sept.* 30, 1628. --- The Aſſaſſin then ſtruck with Horror and Deſpair, retir'd to his Chamber, and having ſecur'd the Door, fell upon the ſame Weapon, before, the Inſtrument of Guilt, and now of Juſtice!

I don't know whether a Woman may be acquitted for endeavouring to ſum up a Character ſo various, and important as his Lordſhip's. --- But, if the Attempt can be excus'd, I don't deſire to have it paſs for a deciſive Sentence. ---- Perhaps few Men that dealt in Poetry had more Learning, or real Wiſdom than this Nobleman, and yet his Stile is ſometimes ſo dark, and myſterious, I mean it appears ſo to me, that one would imagine he choſe rather to conceal, than illuſtrate his Meaning. --- At other Times again His Wit breaks out with an uncommon Brightneſs, and Shines, I had almoſt ſaid, without an Equal. --- 'Tis the ſame Thing with his Poetry, ſometimes ſo harſh, and uncouth, as if he had no Ear for Muſick, at others ſo ſmooth and harmonious, as if He was Maſter of all its Powers. --- The firſt of the following

lowing Poems is but an Abſtract ; the Whole being much too long for the Bounds of this Work ; Nothing is alter'd, but many Things omitted ; in which I have us'd all the Care and Judgment I am Miſtreſs off ; as I hope will be manifeſt on comparing it with the Original. Upon the Whole, I flatter my ſelf, that the bringing theſe Pieces forward to the Attention of the Publick, will be a Means of doing Juſtice to a great Name, that I fear has never yet received the Honours it deſerved.

A Treatiſe of Humane Learning.

THE Mind of Man is this World's true Dimenſion ;
And *Knowledge* is the Meaſure of the Minde :
And as the Minde, in her vaſt Comprehenſion.
Containes more Worlds than all the World can finde.
So *Knowledge* doth it ſelfe farre more extend,
Than all the Minds of Men can comprehend.

A climing Height it is without a Head,
Depth without Bottome, Way without an End,
A Circle with no Line inuironed,
Not comprehended, all it comprehends ;
Worth infinite, yet ſatisfies no Minde,
Till it that Infinite of the *God-head* finde.

For

For our Defects in *Nature* who ſees not?
Wee enter firſt, Things *preſent*, not conceiving,
Not knowing *future*; what is *paſt* forgot:
All other Creatures inſtant Power receiving,
To helpe themſelues; *Man onely bringeth* Senſe
To feele, and waile his natiue Impotence.

Which *Senſe*, *Mans firſt Inſtructor!* while it ſhowes
To free him from Deceipt, deceiues him moſt;
And, from this falſe Root, that Miſtaking growes,
Which *Truth* in humane Knowledges hath loſt:
So that by iudging *Senſe* herein Perfection,
Man muſt deny his Natures Imperfection.

Which to be falſe, euen *Senſe* it ſelfe doth proue,
Since euery *Beaſt* in it doth vs exceed;
Beſides, theſe *Senſes* which we thus approue,
In vs as many diuerſe Likings breed,
As there be different Tempers in Complexions,
Degrees in Healths, or Ages Imperfections.

Yet *Theſe*, rack'd vp by *Wit* exceſſiuely,
Make *Fancy* thinke ſhe ſuch Gradations findes

Of

Of Heat, Cold, Colors ſuch Variety;
Of Smels, and Taſts, of Tunes ſuch diuers Kindes,
As that braue *Scythian* never could deſcry;
Who found more Sweetneſſe in his Horſe's Neighing,
Than all the *Phrygian*, *Dorian*, *Lydian* Playing.

Knowledge's next Organ is *Imagination*;
A Glaſſe, wherein the Obiect of our Senſe
Ought to reſpect true Height, or Declination,
For *Underſtanding*'s clear Intelligence!
But this Power alſo hath her Variation;
Fixed in Some, in Some with Difference:
In all, ſo ſhadowed with Self-Application,
As makes her Pictures ſtill too Foule, or Faire;
Not like the Life in Lineament, or Ayre.

Hence our *Deſires*, *Feares*, *Hopes*, *Loue*, *Hate*, and *Sorrow*,
In *Fancy* makes us heare, feele, ſee Impreſſions,
Such as out of our *Senſe* they doe not borrow;
And are the efficient Cauſe, the true Progreſſion
Of ſleeping Viſions, idle Phantaſmes waking,
Life, *Dreames*; and Knowledge, *Apparitions* making!

Againe,

Againe, our *Memory*, *Regiſter of Senſe*,
And mould of Arts! as Mother of Induction,
Corrupted with diſguis'd Intelligence,
Can yeeld no Images for Man's Inſtruction:
But as, from ſtained Wombes, abortiue birth
Of ſtrange Opinions, to confound the Earth.

The laſt, chief Oracle of what Man knowes
Is *Underſtandiug*; which, though it containe
Some ruinous Notions, which our Nature ſhowes,
Of generall Truths; yet they have ſuch a Staine
From our Corruption, as all Light they loſe;
Saue to conuince of Ignorance, and Sinne,
Which, where they raigne, let no Perfection in.

Hence weake, and few thoſe dazled Notions be,
Which our fraile Underſtanding doth retaine;
So as Man's Bankrupt-Nature is not free,
By any Arts, to raiſe it ſelfe againe;
Or to thoſe Notions which doe in vs liue
Confus'd, a well-fram'd, Art-like State to giue.

Nor,

Nor, in a right Line, can her Eyes aſcend,
To view the Things that immateriall are;
" For as the Sunne doth, while his beams deſcend,
" Lighten the Earth, but ſhadow euery Starre:
So *Reaſon*, ſtooping to attend the *Senſe*,
Darkens the Spirit's clear Intelligence.

Againe, we ſee the beſt Complexions vaine,
And in the worſt more nimble Subtilty;
From whence *Wit, a Diſtemper of the Braine*,
The Schooles conclude; and our Capacity,
How much more ſharpe, the more it apprehends
Still to diſtract, and leſſe Truth comprehends.

But all theſe *natural Defects* perchance
May be ſupplyed by *Sciences*, and *Arts*;
Which wee thirſt after, ſtudy, admire, aduance,
As if reſtore our Fall, recure our Smarts
They could, bring in Perfection, burne our Rods;
With *Demades* to make us like our Gods.

But if theſe *Arts* containe this Myſtery,
It proues them *proper* to the *Deity*.

So

So that, where our *Philoſophers* confeſſe,
That we a Knowledge *univerſall* haue,
Our Ignorance in *Particulars* we expreſſe:
Of perfect *Demonſtration*, who e'er gaue
One cleare Example? Or, ſince Time began,
What one *true Forme* found out by Wit of Man?

Who thoſe characteriſticall *Ideas*
Conceiues, which Science of the *Godhead* be?
But, in their Stead, we raiſe, and mould Tropheas,
Formes of Opinion, Wit, and Vanity;
Which we call *Arts*, and fall in loue with theſe,
" As did *Pygmalion*, with his carved Tree;
" For which Men, all the Life they here enioy,
" Still fight, as for the *Helens* of their *Troy*.

Hence doe we out of *Words* create us *Arts*;
Of which the People notwithſtanding be
Maſters, and without *Rules*, doe them impart:
Reaſon we make an Art; yet None agree
What this true *Reaſon* is; nor yet haue Powers,
To leuell *Other's* Reaſon vnto *Ours*.

Nature

Nature we draw to *Art*, which, then forſakes
To be herſelfe, when ſhe with *Art* Combines;
Who, in the Secrets of her owne Wombe, makes
The Load-ſtone, Sea, the Souls of Men, and Windes;
" Strong Inſtances to put all *Arts* to Schoole,
" And proue the *Science-Monger* but a Foole.

Nay we doe bring th' Influence of each Star,
Yea *God* himſelfe euen vnder Moulds of *Arts*;
Yet all our *Arts* cannot preuaile ſo far,
As to confirme our Eyes, reſolue our Hearts,
" Whether the Heauens doe ſtand ſtill or moue,
" Were fram'd by *Chance*, *Antipathie*, or *Loue*?

Then what is our high-prais'd *Philoſophie*,
But Bookes of *Poeſie*, in *Proſe* compil'd?
Far more delightfull than they fruitfull be,
" Witty appearance! *Guile* that is *beguil*'d;
Corrupting Minds much rather than directing!
The Allay of Duty, and our Pride's Erecting!

For as, among *Phyſitians*, what they call
Word-Magike, neuer helpeth the Diſeaſe,

Which Drugges, and Dyet ought to deale withall,
And by their real Working giue vs Eaſe:
So theſe *Word-fellers* haue no Power to cure
The *Paſſions*, which corrupted Liues endure.

Yet, not aſham'd theſe *Verbaliſts* ſtill are,
From Youth, till Age, or Study dim their Eyes,
To engage the *Grammar* Rules in ciuill-War,
For ſome ſmall Sentence which they patronize;
As if our End liu'd not in *Reformation*,
But Verbs, or Nouns *true Senſe*, or *Declination*.

Muſike inſtructs me which be *Lyrike*-Moods;
Let her inſtruct me rather, how to ſhow
No weeping Voyce for Loſs of Fortune's Goods.
Geometrie giues Meaſure to the Earth below;
Rather let her inſtruct me, how to meaſure
What is enough for *Need*, what fit for *Pleaſure*.

She teacheth, how to loſe nought in my Bounds,
And I would learne with Joy to loſe them all:
This *Artiſt* ſhowes which way to meaſure Rounds,
But I would know how firſt Man's Mind did fall,

How

How great it was, how little now it is,
And what that *Knowledge* was which wrought vs this?

What Thing a *right Line* is, the *Learned* know;
But how auailes that him, who in the right
Of Life, and Manners doth deſire to grow?
What then are all theſe humane Arts, *and* Lights,
But Seas of Errors? In whoſe Depths who ſound
For Truth, finde only Quick-ſands, and no Ground.

Then, if our *Arts* want Power to make vs *better*,
What Foole will thinke they can vs *wiſer* make,
Life is the *Wiſdom*, *Art* is but the *Letter*,
Or *Shell*, which, oft, Men for the Kernell take;
In Moods, and Figures moulding vp Deceit,
To make each Science rather hard, than great.

And as, in Grounds which Salt by Nature yield,
No Care can make Returne of other Graine:
So who with Bookes their Nature ouer-build,
Loſe that in Practiſe, which in Arts they gaine;

And, in the beſt, *where* Science *multiplies*,
Man multiplies with it his Care of Minde:

While, in the worſt, theſe ſwelling Harmonies,
Like Bellowes, fill vnquiet Hearts with Winde,
To blow the Fame of Malice, Queſtion, Strife,
Both into publicke States and priuate Life.

For which Reſpects, *Learning* hath found Diſtaſte
In Gouernments, of great, and glorious Fame;
In *Lacedemon* ſcorned, and diſgrac'd,
As idle, vaine, effeminate, and lame:
Engins that did vn-man the Mindes of Men
From Action, to ſeeke Glorie in a Den.

Here ſee we then the Vaineneſſe, and Defect
Of *Schooles*, *Arts*, and all elſe that Man doth know.
Yet ſhall wee ſtraight reſolve, that by Neglect
Of Science, *Nature* doth the *richer* grow?
That *Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion*,
Since Schooles *giue them that teach this ſuch Promotion?*

No, no; amongſt the worſt let her come in,
As Nurſe, and Monitor to euery Luſt;
Since *who commit Injuſtice, often ſinne*,
Becauſe they know not what to each is iuſt;
Intemperance doth oft our Natures winne,

Becauſe

Becauſe what's foule, vndecent, wee thinke beſt,
And by Miſpriſion, ſo grow in the reſt.

Man muſt not therefore, raſhly *Science* ſcorne,
" But choſe, and read with Care; ſince *Learning* is
" A Bunch of Grapes ſprung vp among the Thornes,
" Where, but by Caution, none the Harme can miſſe;
" Nor Arts true Riches read to vnderſtand;
" But ſhall, to pleaſe his Taſte, offend his Hand.

Wherein to guide Man's Choice to ſuch a Mood,
As all the World may iudge a Worke of Merit;
I wiſh all curious Sciences *let blood*,
Superfluous purg'd from Wantonneſſe of Spirit:
For, though the World be built upon Exceſſe,
Yet, by Confuſion, ſhee muſt needs grow leſſe:

For Man, being finite both in Wit, Time, Might,
His Dayes in Vanitie may be miſpent;
Vſe, therefore, muſt ſtand higher than Delight;
The Actiue *hate a fruitleſſe Inſtrument:*
So muſt the World thoſe buſie, idle Fooles,
That ſerve no other Market than the Schooles.

Againe, the actiue, neceſſarie Arts,
Ought to be briefe in *Bookes*, in *Practiſe* long;
Short Precepts may extend to many Parts,
The *Practiſe* muſt be large, or not be ſtrong.
And *as*, *by artleſſe Guides*, *States euer waine*:
So doe they where theſe vſeleſſe Dreamers *reigne*.

For, if theſe Two be in One Balance weigh'd,
The artleſſe Vſe beares down the vſeleſſe Art;
With Mad-Men, elſe how is the madd'ſt obey'd,
But by Degrees of Rage in actiue Hearts?
While *Contemplation* doth the World diſtract,
With vain *Idea's*, which it cannot act.

The World ſhould, therefore, her Inſtructione draw
Backe vnto Life, and Actions, whence they came;
That *Practiſe*, which gaue Being, might giue Law,
To make them ſhort, clear, fruitfull vnto Man,
As *God made all for Vſe*; euen ſo muſt She,
By Chance, and Vſe, vphold her Myſtery.

" Beſides, where *Learning*, like a *Caſpian Sea*,
" Hath, hitherto, receiu'd all little Brookes,

De-

" Deuour'd their Sweetneſſe, borne their Names away,
" And in her Greeneſſe hid their Chryſtal-Lookes ;
" Let her turn *Ocean* now, and giue backe more
" To thoſe cleare Springs, than ſhe receiu'd before.

And, where the *Progreſſe* was to finde the Cauſe,
Firſt, by Effects out, now her *Regreſſe* ſhould
Form *Art* directly vnder *Nature*'s Lawes ;
And all Effects ſo in their Cauſes mould ;
As fraile Man, liuely, without Schoole of Smart,
Might ſee Succeſſes comming in an Art.

For *Sciences* from *Nature* ſhould be drawne,
As *Arts* from *Practiſe*, neuer out of *Bookes* ;
Whoſe Rules are onely left with Time in Pawne,
To ſhew how in them *Vſe*, and *Nature* lookes :
Out of which Light, they that Arts firſt began,
Pierc'd further, than ſucceeding Ages can.

Againe, *Art* ſhould not, like a *Curtizan*,
Change Habits, dreſſing Graces euery Day ;
But of her Termes one ſtable Counterpane
Still keepe, to ſhun ambiguous Allay ;

That Youth in Definitions once receiu'd,
(As in Kings ſtandards) might not be deceiv'd.

To which true End in euery *Art* there ſhould
One, or two *Authors* be ſelected out
To caſt the Learners in a conſtant Mould;
Who if not falſely, yet elſe go about;
And, as the Babes by many Nurſes doe,
Oft change Conditions, and Complexions too.

The like Surueyes that Spirit of *Gouernment*,
Which moulds, and tempers all theſe ſeruing *Arts*,
Should take, in chooſing out fit Inſtruments,
To iudge Men's Inclinations, and their Parts;
That *Bookes*, *Arts*, *Natures*, may well fitted be,
To hold vp this Worlds curious Myſtery.

Firſt dealing with her chiefe commanding *Art*,
The outward *Churches*, which their Enſignes beare
So mixt with *Power*, and *Craft* in euery Part,
As any ſhape, but *Truth*, may enter there:
All whoſe Hypocriſies, thus built on Paſſion,
Can yet nor Being giue, nor conſtant Faſhion.

Be-

Beſides their *Schoolemen*'s ſleepy Speculation,
" Dreaming to comprehend the Deity
" In humane Reaſon's finite Eleuation;
While they make *Senſe* Seat of *Eternity*,
Muſt bury *Faith*, whoſe proper Obiects are
God's myſteries, aboue our Reaſon far.

Since therefore ſhe brookes no Diuinity,
But Superſtition, Hereſie, Schiſme, Rites,
Traditions, Legends, and Hypocriſie;
Let her yet forme thoſe Viſions in the Light,
To repreſent the *Truth* ſhe doth deſpiſe;
And, by that Likeneſſe, proſper in her Lies.

To which End let her raiſe the Diſcipline,
And Practiſe of Repentance, Pity, Loue;
To image forth thoſe Homages-Diuine,
Which, euen by Showes, draw Honour from aboue;
Embracing *Wiſdome*, though ſhe hate the Good;
Since *Power, thus vayl'd, is hardly vnderſtood.*

Lawes be her next chiefe Arts, and Inſtruments,
Of which the onely beſt deriued be,

Out of thoſe *Tenne words* in *God*'s Teſtaments,
Where Conſcience *is the baſe of* Policie ;
But, in the World a larger Scope they take,
And cure no more Wounds, than, perchance, they make.

Let this faire Hand-maid then the *Church* attend,
And, to the Wounds of *Conſcience*, adde her Paines,
That priuate Hearts may vnto publike Ends
Still gouern'd be, by *Order*'s eaſie Reines ;
And, by Effect, make manifeſt *the Cauſe*
Of happy States to be religious Lawes.

Their ſecond, noble Office is, *to keepe*
Mankinde vpright in Trafficke of his owne,
That fearleſſe, Each may in his Cottage ſleepe,
Secur'd that *Right* ſhall not be ouerthrowne ;
Perſons indifferent, *reall Arts* in Priſe,
And, in no other Priuiledge made wiſe.

Laſtly, as Linkes betwixt Mankinde, and Kings,
Lawes ſafely muſt protect *Obedience*,
Vnder thoſe Soueraigne, all-embracing Wings,
Which from beneath expect a Reuerence :

That

That, like the *Ocean*, with their little Springs,
We for our *Sweete* may feele the *Salt* of Kings.

Phyſicke, with her faire friend *Philoſophie*,
Come next in Ranke, as well as Reputation;
Whoſe proper Subiect is *Mortalitie*,
Which cannot reach that principal Creation,
Mixtures of Nature, curious Myſtery
Of timeleſſe Time, or Bodie's Tranſmutation!
Nor comprehend the infinite Degrees
Of Qualities, and their ſtrange Operation;
" Whence both, vpon the *ſecond Cauſes* grounded,
" Moſt iuſtly by the *firſt Cauſe*, be confounded.

Therefore, let theſe which decke this Houſe of Clay,
And, by Exceſſe of Man's Corruption gaine,
Know *Probabilitie* is all they may,
For to *demonſtrate* they cannot attain:
Let Labour, Reſt, and Dyet be their Way
Man's natiue Heat; and, Moiſture to maintaine,
As *Health*'s true Baſe, and in Diſeaſe, proceed,
" Rather by what they *know*, than what they *read*.

Next after comes that *Politick Philoſophie*,
Whoſe proper Objects, Forms and Manners are;

In which ſhe oft corrupts her Myſtery,
By grounding *Order*'s Offices too far
" On Precepts of the Heathen, Humours of Kings,
" Cuſtomes of Men, and Time's vnconſtant Wings.

Once in an Age let *Gouernment* then trace
The Courſe of theſe Traditions, to their Birth;
And bring them backe vnto their Infant-Dayes,
To keep her owne Soueraignity on Earth;
Elſe, Viper-like, their Parents they deuoure:
For all Power's *Children eaſily couet Power.*

Logike comes next, who, with the Tyranny
Of ſubtile Rules, Diſtinctions, Termes, and Notions,
Confounds of *reall Truth* the Harmony;
Diſtracts the Judgement, multiplies Commotion
In Memory, Man's Wit, Imagination;
To dimme the cleare Light of his own Creation.

The wiſe *Reformers*, therefore, of this Art
Muſt cut off Termes, Diſtinctions, Axioms, Lawes,
Such as depend, either in Whole, or Part,
Vpon this ſtrained Senſe of Words, or Sawes:

Only

Only admitting Precepts of ſuch Kinde,
As, without Words, may be conceiu'd in Minde.

Rhetorike, to this a Siſter, and a Twinne!
Is growne a *Siren* in the Formes of Pleading,
" Captiuing Reaſon! which, the painted Skinne
" Of many Words, with empty Sounds miſleading
" Vs to falſe Ends, by theſe falſe Forms Abuſe,
" Bring neuer forth that *Truth*, whoſe Name they vſe.

For the true Art of *Eloquence* indeed,
Is not this Craft of Words, but Formes of Speech,
Such as from liuing *Wiſdom's* doe proceed;
Whoſe Ends are not to flatter, or beſeech,
Inſinuate, or perſwade, but to declare
What things in Nature *good*, or *euill* are.

Poeſie and *Muſicke*, Arts of Recreation!
Succeed, eſteem'd as idle Men's Profeſſion;
Becauſe their Scope, being meerely Contentation,
Can moue, but not remoue, or make Impreſſion
Really, either to enrich the Wit,
Or, which is leſſe, to mend our States by it.

This makes the ſolid Judgements giue them Place,
" Onely as pleaſing Sauce to dainty Food ;
Fine Foyles of Jewels, or Enammel's Grace,
Caſt vpon Things which in themſelues are good :
Since, *if the Matter be in Nature vile,*
How can it be made pretious by a Stile ?

Let, therefore, humane Wiſdom vſe both theſe,
As Things not pretious in their proper Kind ;
The One a Harmony to moue, and pleaſe ;
" If ſtudied for it ſelfe, Diſeaſe of Mind :
The next (like Nature) doth *Idea's* raiſe,
Teaches, and makes ; but hath no Power to binde :
Both, Ornaments to Life and other Arts,
Whiles they doe ſerve, and not poſſeſſe our Hearts.

The Grace, and Diſgrace of this following Traine,
Arithmetike, Geometrie, Aſtronomy,
Reſts in the *Artiſan*'s Induſtrie, or Veine,
Not in the Whole, the Parts, or Symmetrie :
Which being onely Number, Meaſure, Time ;
All following Nature, helpe her to refine.

And

And of theſe Arts it may be ſaid againe,
That ſince their *Theoricke* is infinite;
" Of infinite there can no Arts remaine.
" Beſides, they ſtand by Curteſie, not Right;
" Who muſt their Principles: as granted craue,
" Or elſe acknowledge they no Being haue.

Their *Theoricke* then muſt not wane their *Vſe*,
But, by a Practiſe in materiall Things,
Rather awake that dreaming, vaine Abuſe
Of *Lines*, without *Breadth*; without Feathers, Wings:
So that their Boundleſneſſe may bounded be,
In Workes, and Arts of our Humanity.

But for the moſt Part, thoſe *Profeſſors* are,
So Melted, and tranſported into theſe;
And with the Abſtract ſwallowed up ſo far
As they loſe Trafficke, Comfort, Vſe, and Eaſe:
And are, like Treaſures with ſtrange Spirits guarded,
Neither to be enjoy'd, nor yet diſcarded.

Then muſt the Reformation of them be,
By carrying on the Vigor of them all,

Through

Through each Profeſſion of Humanity,
Military, and *Myſteries Mechanicall:*
Whereby their abſtract Formes, yet atomis'd,
May be embodied; and by doing pris'd.

For thus, theſe Arts paſſe, whence they came, to Life,
Circle not round in Selfe-Imagination,
Begetting *Lines* upon an *abſtract-Wife*,
As Children borne for idle Contemplation;
" But in the Practiſe of Man's Wiſedom giue,
" Meanes, for the World's Inhabitants to liue.

Againe, the *vſe of Knowledge* is not Strife,
To contradict, and Criticall become,
As well in Bookes, as Practiſe of our Life;
Which yeelds diſſoluing, not a building Doome,
A Cobweb's Work, the thinneſt fruit of Wit!
Like *Atomi*, Things reall ſeeme to it.

But as toward the Error, is one End,
So is her worthieſt to maintaine the Right;
Not to make Queſtion, cavill or contend,
Dazell the Earth with Viſions infinite;
But nurſe the World with charitable Food,
Which none can doe that are not wiſe, and good.

The

The chiefe Vſe, then, in Man of that he knowes,
Is his Paines- taking for the *good of all*,
Not fleſhly weeping for our owne-made Woes,
Not laughing from a Melancholy Gall,
Not hating from a Soule that ouerflowes
With Bitterneſſe, breath'd out from inward Thrall:
" But ſweetly rather to eaſe, looſe, or binde,
" As Need requires, this fraile, fall'n *Humane Kinde*.

Concluſion of the Prologue to the Tragedy of ALABAM: *Addreſs'd by a Ghoſt to the Faries.*

NOW marke your Charge! Each Fury work his Part,
In ſubtile Webs of Miſchief ouerthwart!
You are not now to worke on priuate Thoughts,
One Inſtant is your Time to alter all;
Corruption vniuerſall muſt be wrought:
Impoſſible to you is naturall.
Plots, and Effects together muſt be brought;
Miſchiefe, and Shame, at once muſt ſpring, and fall.
Vſe more than Power of Man to bring forth that,
Which (it is meant) all Men ſhall wonder at!

Craft!

Craft! Go thou forth, worke Honour into Luſt!
Malice! Sow in *Self-loue* vnworthineſſe!
Feare! Make it ſafe for no Man to be iuſt!
Wrong! Be thou clothed in Power's Comlineſſe.
Wit! Play with Faith; take Glory in miſtruſt;
Let Duty, and Religion goe by gheſſe!
Furies! Stirre you vp *War*; which follow muſt,
When all Things are corrupt with Doubleneſſe!
Frome Vice to Vice let *Error* multiply!
With vncouth Sinnes, Murthers, Adulteries,
Incorporate all Kinds of Iniquity!
Tranſlate the State to forraigne Tyrannies!
Keepe downe the *Beſt*, and let the *Worſt* haue Power,
That *War*, and *Hell* may all at once deuoure!

Chorus Sacerdotum, *at the End of the Tragedy of* Muſtapha.

" OH wearieſome Condition of Humanity!
" Borne vnder one Law, to another bound:
" Vainely begot, and yet forbidden *Vanity*,
" Created ſicke, commanded to be ſound!
What meaneth *Nature* by theſe diuerſe Lawes?
Paſſion, and Reaſon, Self-Diuiſion cauſe:

Is

Is it the Marke, or Maieſty of Power
To make Offences that it may forgiue?
Nature herſelfe, doth her owne ſelfe defloure,
To hate thoſe Errors ſhe her ſelfe doth giue.
For how ſhould Man thinke that, he may not doe,
If *Nature* did not faile, and puniſh too?
Tyrant to others, to her ſelfe vnjuſt,
Onely commands Things difficult and hard!
Forbids vs all Things, which it knowes is Luſt,
Makes eaſie Paines, vnpoſſible Reward.
If *Nature* did not take Delight in Blood,
She would haue made more eaſie Waies to good.
We that are bound by Vowes, and by Promotion,
With Pompe of holy Sacrifice and Rites,
To teach Beleefe in good, and ſtill Deuotion,
To preach of Heauen's Wonders, and Delights:
Yet, when Each of vs, in his owne Heart lookes,
He findes the *God* there, far unlike his Bookes.

Myra's *Inconſtancy.*

I, With whoſe Colors *Myra* dreſt her Head,
I, that wore Poſies of her owne Hand-making,
I, that mine owne Name in the Chimnies read
By *Myra* finely wrought e're I was waking:

Muſt I looke on? in hope Time-comming may
With Change bring backe my Turne againe to play.

I, that on Sunday at the Church-ſtile found,
A Garland ſweet, with true-loue Knots in Flowers,
Which I to weare aboute mine Arme was bound,
That each of vs might know that all was ours:
Muſt I now lead an idle Life in Wiſhes?
And follow *Cupid* for his Loaues, and Fiſhes?

I, that did weare the Ring her Mother left,
I, for whoſe Loue ſhe gloried to be blamed,
I, with whoſe Eyes her Eyes committed Theft,
I, who did make her bluſh when I was named;
Muſt I loſe Ring, Flowers, Bluſh, Theft and go naked,
Watching with Sighs, till dead Loue be awaked?

I, that, when drowſie *Argus* fell aſleep,
Like *Iealouſie* o'rewatched with *Deſire*,
Was euen warned Modeſtie to keepe,
While her Breath ſpeaking kindled Nature's Fire:
Muſt I looke on a-cold, while Others warme them?
Do *Vulcan*'s Brothers in ſuch fine Nets arme them?

Was it for this that I might *Myra* ſee?
Waſhing the Water with her Beauties, white,
Yet would ſhe neuer write her Loue to me;
Thinks Wit *of Change while Thoughts are in Delight?*
Mad Girles may ſafely loue, as they may leaue,
No Man can print a Kiſſe, Lines may deceiue.

Love for Love.

AWay with theſe Selfe-louing Lads,
Whom *Cupid*'s Arrow neuer glads!
Away poore Soules, that ſigh and weep,
In loue of thoſe that lye aſleepe!
For *Cupid* is a Merry-God,
And forceth none to kiſſe the Rod.

Sweet *Cupid*'s Shafts like Deſtinie
Doe cauſeleſſe good or ill decree;
Deſert is borne out of his Bow,
Reward vpon his Wing doth goe!
What Fooles are they that haue not knowne,
That *Loue likes no Lawes but his owne?*

My Songs they be of *Cynthia*'s Praiſe,
I weare her Rings on Holy-Dayes,
In euery Tree I write her Name,
And euery Day I read the ſame.
Where *Honour Cupid*'s riuall is
There Miracles are ſeene of his!

If *Cynthia* craue her Ring of me,
I blot her Name out of the Tree,
If *Doubt* doe darken things held deare,
Then well-fare Nothing once a yeare!
For Many runne; but One muſt winne!
Fooles *only hedge the Cuckoe in!*

The Worth that Worthineſſe ſhould moue,
Is *Loue*, that is the Bow of Loue,
And *Loue* as well thee foſter can,
As can the mighty Noble-man.
Sweet Saint 'tis true, you worthy be!
Yet, without Loue, nought worth to me!

T

To ſay Prayers ere ſhe dye,
Teacheth *Time* to runne away:
Let no Loue-deſiring Heart,
In the Starres goe ſeeke his Fate,
Loue is onely *Nature*'s *Art*;
Wonder hinders Loue and Hate.
None can well behold with Eyes,
But what vnderneath him lies!

Cælica, *always amiable.*

CÆlica, when I did ſee you euery Day,
I ſaw ſo many Worths, ſo well vnited,
As, in this Vnion, while but One did play,
All others Eyes both wondred and delighted:

Whence I conceau'd you of ſome heauenly Mould,
Since *Loue*, and *Vertue*, noble *Fame* and *Pleaſure*,
Containe in One no earthly Metall could;
Such Enemies are Fleſh, and Blood to Meaſure!

And, ſince my Fall, though I now onely ſee
Your Backe, while all the World beholds your Face;
This Shadow ſtill ſhewes Miracles to me,
And ſtill I thinke your Heart a heauenly Place:

For what, before, was fil'd by me alone,
I now diſcerne hath Roome for euery One.

Loves Excuſe.

LOUE, I did ſend you forth enammel'd faire
With *Hope*, and gaue you Seſin and Liuery
Of *Beauties* Skye, which you did claime as Heyre,
By Obiect's and Deſire's Affinitie.

And doe you now returne leane with Deſpaire?
Wounded with Rivall's War, ſcorched with Iealouſie?
Hence Changeling; *Loue* doth no ſuch Colours weare:
Find Suerties, or at *Honour's* Seſſions dye!

Sir, know me for your owne! I onely beare,
Faiths enſigne, which is *Shame*, and Miſerie,
My Paradiſe, and *Adams* diuerſe were:
His fall was Knowledge, mine Simplicitie!

What ſhall I doe, Sir? doe me Prentice bind,
To *Knowledge*, *Honour*, *Fame* or *Honeſtie*;
Let me no longer follow Womenkinde,
Where Change doth vſe all ſhapes of tyranny!

Court

Court Favourites.

THE little Hearts, where light-wing'd Paſſion reignes,
More eaſily vpward, as all Frailties doe;
Like *Strawes to Iet*, theſe follow Princes Veines,
And ſo, by pleaſing, do corrupt them too.
Whence, as their raiſing proues Kings can create;
So *States proue ſicke, where Toyes beare Staple-rates.*

" Like *Atomi* they neither reſt, nor ſtand,
" Nor can erect; becauſe they nothing be
" But Baby-Thoughts, fed with Time's-preſent hand;
" Slaues, and yet Darlings of Authority!
" *Eccho's* of Wrong; Shadowes of Princes Might!
" Which Glow-Worme-like, by ſhining, ſhow 'tis Night.

" Curious of Fame, as foule is to be faire;
" Caring to ſeeme that which they would not be;
" Wherein *Chance* helpes, ſince *Praiſe is Power's Heyre*,
" *Honor the Creature of Authoritie!*
" So as borne high, in giddie *Orbes* of Grace,
" Theſe Pictures are, which are indeed but Place.

" And as the Bird in Hand, with Freedome loſt,
" Serues for a Stale, his Fellowes to betray :
" So doe theſe Darlings, rais'd at Prince's Coſt,
" Tempt Man to throw his Libertie away ;
" And ſacrifice Law, Church, all reall things
" To ſoare, not on his owne, but Eagles Wings.

Whereby, like *Æſop*'s Dogge, Men loſe their Meat,
To bite at glorious Shadowes, which they ſee ;
And let fall thoſe Strengths which make all States great
By free *Truth*'s Change to ſeruile *Flatterie*.
Whence, *while Men gaze upon this blazing Star,*
Made Slaues, not Subiects, they to Tyrants are !

Nobilitie.

REwards of Earth, Nobilitie and Fame,
To Senſes Glorie, and to conſcience Woe!
How little be you, for ſo great a Name?
Yet leſſe is he with Men that thinks you ſo.
For earthly Power, that ſtands by fleſhly Wit,
Hath baniſh'd that Truth, *which ſhould gouerne it.*

No-

Nobilitie, Power's golden Fetter is,
Wherewith wiſe Kings Subiection doe adorne,
To make Man thinke her heauy Yoke, a Bliſſe,
Becauſe it makes him more than he was borne.
Yet, ſtill a Slaue, dimm'd by Miſts of a Crowne,
Leſt he ſhould ſee, what riſeth, what puls downe.

Fame, that is but good Words of euill Deeds,
Begotten by the Harme we have, or do,
Greateſt farre off, leaſt euer where it breeds!
We both with Dangers and Diſquiet woo.
And in our Fleſh (*the* Vanities *falſe Glaſſe*)
We, thus decieu'd, adore theſe Calues of Braſſe.

On the ſame.

Virgula diuina, Sorcerers call a Rod,
Gather'd with Vowes, and Magicke-Sacrifice;
Which borne about, by Influence doth nod,
Vnto the Siluer, where it hidden lyes;
Which makes poorMen to theſe blackeArts deuout,
Rich onely in the Wealth which *Hope* findes out.

Nobilitie, *this pretious Treaſure is,*
Laid vp in ſecret Myſteries of State,

Kings

King's Creature! and *Subiection's* gilded Bliſſe,
Where Grace, not Merit, ſeemes to gouerne Fate!
" Mankinde I think to be this Rod diuine,
" For to the *greateſt* euer they incline.

Eloquence, that is but *Wiſdome ſpeaking well*,
(The Poets faigne) did make the Sauage tame;
Of Eares and Hearts chain'd vnto Tongues they tell;
I thinke Nobilitie to be the ſame:
" For, be they Fooles, or ſpeake they without Wit,
" We hold them wiſe, we Fooles be-wonder it!

Inuiſible there is an Art to goe,
(They ſay that ſtudie Natures ſecret Works)
And Art there is to make Things greater ſhow;
In Nobleneſſe *I thinke this Secret lurks,*
" *For place a Coronet on whom you will,*
" *You ſtraight ſee all great in him*, but his *Ill!*

The Aſſe of Authority.

ISis (in whom the Poet's feigning Wit,
Figures the Goddeſſe of *Authority*,
And makes her on an *Aſſe* in Triumph ſit,
As if Power's Throne were Man's Humility)

In-

Inſpires this Aſſe, as well-becomming it,
Euen like a Type of Wind-blowne *Vanity*,
With Pride to beare Power's gilding, ſcorching Heat
For no Hire, but Opinion to be great.

So as this Beaſt, forgetting what he beares,
Bridled and burden'd by the Hand of Might,
While he beholds the Swarmes of *Hope* and *Feares*,
Which wait vpon *Ambition* infinite,
Proud of the glorious Furniture hee weares,
Takes all, to *Iſis* offer'd, but his Right;
Till Wearineſſe, the Spurre, or Want of Food,
Makes gilded Curbs of all Beaſts underſtood.

Edmund Spencer,

A Writer in ſo endearing, and amiable a Veiń, that, if I may judge of Others by my ſelf, 'tis impoſſible to read his Works, without being in Love with the Author; without the greateſt Curioſity to inquire into the Circumſtances of his Life; or feeling the whole Soul intereſted in his good or evil Fortune.

He was a Native of *London*, and educated at *Pembroke-Hall*, in *Cambridge*, where he became a cloſe Student; But, devoting his Time to the *Claſſicks*, inſtead of the *Fathers*, had not Intereſt enough to obtain a Fellowſhip, which he was Candidate for, againſt a Gentleman in Holy Orders, afterwards a Biſhop; and, on this Diſappointment, leaving the Univerſity, came in great Perplexity to *London*.

Here,

Here, without Friends, or Fortune, He was oblig'd to commence Author, and write for Bread; and, tho' the only true Genius for Poetry, ſince *Chaucer*, might have liv'd, and dy'd in Obſcurity, but for the moſt generous Patronage of the Noble Sir *Philip Sidney*. ----- To Him He addreſs'd Himſelf, with no other Recommendation than the Merit of a Fragment of his own Work: The Picture of *Deſpair*, in his Legend of *Holineſs!* and, ſo true, and determin'd was that great Man's Judgment, that, without waiting for the Sanction of the World's Opinion, He declar'd himſelf at once his Admirer; and, in a Tranſport of Pleaſure, as 'tis ſaid, order'd him *Fifty Pounds* a Piece, for ſeveral Stanzas, with this exceſſive Compliment ---- *Make Haſte! leſt I ſhould be oblig'd to give Him my whole Eſtate!* --- On the other Hand, ſo grateful was our Author, and ſo ſtruck with the Magnanimity of His Patron, that He thought him worthy to be the principal Hero of his Poem; which repreſented *Magnanimity* it ſelf!

We find him, after this, exalted to be Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, poſſeſs'd of a large Tract of Land there, by Grant from the Crown, and marry'd to a Merchant's Daughter, whoſe Charms he has immortaliz'd, together with his own Affection, in that inimitable *Epithalamium*, which He preſented her with on the Bridal-Day.

This Period was the only happy one of his Life. --- But the Sun-ſhine was ſoon over, and nothing but Darkneſs follow'd. --- The Rebellion broke out in *Ireland*, his Patron was recall'd, and He plunder'd of his Eſtate. --- In the ſame unfortunate Interval, his Friend, Sir *Philip Sidney*, was kill'd in *Flanders*, and, according to ſome Authors, a Servant, that He ſent over to *England* with the Concluſion of his *Fairy Queen*, was never heard of more. ---- He follow'd ſoon after Himſelf in a very diſconſolate Condition, and

and apply'd to the Queen in Perſon, for Encouragement, and Relief; upon which Her Majeſty was graciouſly pleas'd to order Him *Five Hundred Pounds*; But her Treaſurer *Burleigh* reduc'd it to *one*, by this ſarcaſtick Turn. *All this for a Song?* ---- Some ſay this ill Office was occaſion'd by certain ſatirical Expreſſions in *Mother Hubberd*'s Tale (rather too true to be forgiven!) But it appears to me more likely that the Tale was written in Reſentment of the Injury.--- But which ever it was, *Spencer*'s Spirit was too delicate to bear ſuch a Series of Misfortunes, and 'tis agreed on all Hands that They help'd to ſhorten his Days. --- A Circumſtance, which no Reader who has a Taſte for Poetry, can ever reflect on without Melancholy! No Writer ever found ſo near a Way to the Heart as He, and there is ſcarce a Beauty in his Verſes, that has not the peculiar Happineſs of recommending the Author to our Friendſhip, as well as our Admiration. --- For my own Part, when I read Him, I fancy myſelf converſing with the *Graces*, and am led away as irreſiſtibly, as if inchanted by his own *Merlin*. ---- But to ſuſpend as much as poſſible this Female Fondneſs: If the greateſt Fertility and Elegance of Imagination are the diſtinguiſhing Characteriſticks of a Poet, *Spencer* has the Advantage of all who have aſſum'd the Honour of that Name; and, had He never debauch'd his Taſte with the Extravagancies of *Arioſto*, He might have vied in Fame (if we may judge by Tranſlations) with the moſt venerated of the Antients, and deterr'd the moſt ingenious Moderns from hoping to equal Him. --- But, with all his Imperfections, no Writings have ſuch Power as his, to awake the Spirit of Poetry in others: And 'tis probable many Geniuſes, beſide *Cowley*'s, have ow'd their Inſpiration, to the reflected Fire, they caught originally from Him.

The

The Great, tho' unfortunate Earl of *Eſſex*, a Munificent Patron to Men of Letters! was at the Charge of his Funeral, and Monument; which is ſtill to be ſeen in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*; tho' not with the ſame Epitaph it had in the Beginning; which I ſuppoſe was worn out by Time: The Tomb it ſelf being much decay'd, and more likely to be remembred by the Works it was rais'd to Honour, than be a Memorial to Them!

As to the Quotation I have choſen from the *Fairy Queen*, I don't recommend it as what moſt deſerves to be diſtinguiſh'd in that celebrated Piece; There being ſeveral other Epiſodes equal, if not ſuperior to it: But they are either very well known already, or too long to be inſerted entire. --- None, I think, ſhew more of the Author's Genius for Allegory, and, as that is the Turn of his principal Poem, this may be juſtly reckon'd one of the moſt remarkable Paſſages.

The Maſk of Cupid, *Fairy Queen*, Book 3. Cant. 12.

THE firſt was *Fancy*, like a lovely Boy
Of rare Aſpect, and Beauty without Peere;
Matchable eyther to that Impe of *Troy*,
Whom *Joue* did love, and choſe his Cup to bear,
Or that ſame dainty Lad, which was ſo dear
To great *Alcides*, that, when as he dide,
He wailed Woman-like with many a Tear,
And every Wood and every Valley wide
He fil'd with *Hylas* Name; the Nymphes eke *Hylas* cride!

His

His Garment neither was of Silk, nor Say,
But painted Plumes, in goodly Order dight,
Like as the Sun-burnt *Indians* do array
Their tawny Bodies, in their proudeſt Plight:
As thoſe ſame Plumes, ſo ſeem'd he vain and light,
That, by his Gate, might eaſily appear;
For ſtill he far'd as dancing in Delight,
And in his Hand a windy Fan did beare,
That in the idle Aire he mov'd ſtill here, and there.

And, him beſide, march't amorous *Deſire*,
Who ſeem'd of riper Yeares, then th' other Swaine;
Yet was that other Swaine this Elder's Syre
And gave him Being, common to them Twaine!
His Garment was diſguiſed very vaine,
And his embroidered Bonnet ſat awry;
Twixt both his Hands, few Sparks he cloſe did ſtraine,
Which ſtill he blew, and kindled buſily,
That ſoone they Life conceived, and forth in Flames did fly.

Next, after him, went *Doubt*, who was yclad
In a diſcolour'd Cote, of ſtrange Diſguiſe;
That, at his Backe, a broad Capucio had,
And ſleves dependant *Albaneſe*-wiſe:

He lookt aſkew with his miſtruſtfull Eyes,
And nicely trode, as Thornes lay in his Way,
Or that the Flore to ſhrink he did aviſe,
And on a broken Reed he ſtill did ſtay
His feeble Steps, which ſhrunk, when hard thereon he lay.

With him went *Danger*, cloth'd in ragged Weed,
Made of Bear's Skin, that him more dreadful made:
Yet his own Face was dreadfull, ne did need
Strange Horror, to deforme his grieſly Shade;
A Net in the one Hand, and a ruſty Blade
In th' other was; this Miſchiefe, that Miſhap;
With the one his Foes he threatned to invade;
With th' other, he his Friends ment to enwrap;
For whom he could not kill, he practiz'd to entrap!

Next him was *Fear*, all arm'd from Top to Toe,
Yet thought himſelf not ſafe enough thereby,
But fear'd each Shadow, mouing to and fro:
And his own Armes, when glittering, he did ſpy,
Or claſhing heard, he faſt away did fly,
As Aſhes pale of hew, and wingy-heel'd;
And evermore on *Danger* fixt his Eye;

Gainſt

Gainſt whom he alwaies bent a Brazen-Shield,
Which his right Hand, unarmed, fearefully, did wield.

With him went *Hope* in ranke, a handſome Mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold;
In ſilken *Samite* ſhe was light array'd,
And her faire Locks were wouen up in Gold;
She always ſmil'd, and, in her Hand, did hold
An holy-Water-Sprinkle, dipt in Dewe,
With which ſhe ſprinkled Favours manifold,
On whom ſhe liſt, and did great Liking ſhew;
Great Liking unto Many, but true Love to Fewe!

And, after them, *Diſſemblance* and *Suſpect*
Marcht in one Ranke, yet an unequall Paire!
For ſhe was gentle, and of mild Aſpect,
Courteous to all, and ſeeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:
Yet was that all but painted, and purloyn'd,
And her bright Browes were deckt with borrowed Haire,
Her Deeds were forged, and her Words falſe coyn'd,
And alwaies in her Hand two Clewes of Silke ſhe twyn'd.

But *He* was foule, ill-fauoured, and grim,
Under his Eye-Brows looking ſtill aſcaunce;
And ever, as *Diſſemblance* laught on him
He lowrd on her with dangerous Eye-Glance;
Shewing his Nature in his Countenance;
His rolling Eyes did never reſt in Place,
But walkt each where, for feare of hid Miſchance,
Holding a Lattice ſtill before his Face,
Through which he ſtill did peep, as forward he did paſs.

Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* marcht yfere;
Griefe all in Sable, ſorrowfully clad,
Down-hanging his dull Head, with heavy Chere,
Yet inly being more, then ſeeming ſad:
A paire of Pincers in his Hand he had,
With which he pinched People to the Hart,
That, from thenceforth, a wretched Life they led,
In wilfull Langour and conſuming Smart,
Dying each Day, with inward Wounds of *Dolour's* Dart.

But *Fury* was full ill-appareiled
In Rags, that naked nigh ſhe did appeare,
With ghaſtfull Lookes, and dreadfull Dreri-hed;

For

For, from her Backe, her Garments ſhe did teare,
And, from her Head, oft rent her ſnarled Heare:
In her right Hand a Fire-Brand ſhe did toſſe
About her Head, ſtill roming here, and there;
As a diſmayed Deere, in Chace emboſt,
Forgetfull of his Safety, hath his right Way loſt.

After them, went *Diſpleaſure* and *Pleaſance*;
He looking lompiſh and full ſullein-ſad,
And hanging downe his heauy Countenance;
She chearefull, freſh, and full of Joyance glad,
As if no Sorrow ſhe ne felt, ne drad;
That evil-matched-Paire they ſeem'd to bee:
And angry Waſp th' One in a Viall had:
Th' other in her's an hony-Lady-Bee.
Thus marched theſe ſixe Couples forth in faire Degree.

After all theſe, there march't a moſt faire Dame,
Led of Two gryſlie Villeines, th' one *Deſpight*,
The other cleped *Cruelty* by Name:
She, dolefull Lady! like a dreary Spright,
Call'd, by ſtrong Charmes, out of eternall Night.
Had *Death*'s owne Image figur'd in her Face,
Full of ſad Signes, fearefull to living Sight!

Yet in that Horror, ſhew'd a ſeemly Grace ;
And with her feeble Feet did move a comely Pace.

Her Breaſt all naked as net Iuory,
Without Adorne of Gold or Silver bright,
Wherewith the Crafts-Man wont it beautifie,
Of her due Honour was deſpoyled quight,
And a wide Wound therein (O ruefull ſight!
Entrenched deepe with Knife, accurſed keene!
Yet freſhly bleeding forth her fainting Spright
The worke of cruell Hand!) was to be ſeene ;
That dyde in ſanguine Red her Skin all ſnowy-cleane.

At that wide Orifice, her trembling Hart
Was drawne forth, and in Silver-Baſin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly Dart,
And in her Blood yet ſeeming-freſh embayd!
And theſe two Villeins, which her Steps up-ſtayd,
When her weake Feete could ſcarcely her ſuſtaine,
And fading, vitall Powers gan to fade,
Her, forward ſtill, with Torture did conſtraine ;
And evermore encreaſed her conſuming Paine.

Next,

Next, after her, the Winged *God* himſelf,
Came riding on a Lion rauenous,
Taught to obey the Menage of that Elfe,
That Man and Beaſt, with Power imperious,
Subdeweth to his Kingdome tyrannous:
His blindfold Eyes he bade a while unbind,
That his proud Spoyle of that ſame dolorous,
Fair Dame he might behold in perfect Kind:
Which ſeen, he much rejoyced in his cruel Mind.

Of which full proud, himſelf uprearing hye,
He looked round about with ſterne Diſdaine;
And did ſurvey his goodly Company;
And, marſhalled the euill-ordered Traine:
With that, the Darts, which his right Hand did ſtraine,
Full dreadfully he ſhooke; that all did quake;
And clapt, on hie, his colour'd Winges Twaine;
That all his Many it affraide did make:
Tho, blinding him againe, his Way he forth did take.

Behinde him was *Reproach*, *Repentance*, *Shame*,
Reproach the firſt, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind:
Repentance feeble, ſorrowfull, and lame:

Reproach deſpightfull, careleſſe, and unkind;
Shame moſt ill-favour'd, beſtiall, and blind:
Shame lowrd, *Repentance* ſigh't, *Reproach* did ſcould;
Reproach ſharpe Stings, *Repentance* Whips entwyn'd;
Shame burning Brou'd-Yrons in her Hand did hold:
All Three to each unlike, yet all made in one Mould.

And, after them, a rude, confuſed Rout
Of Perſons flock't, whoſe Names, are hard to read:
Amongſt them was ſterne *Strife*, and *Anger* ſtout,
Unquiet *Care*, and fond *Unthriftihed*;
Lewd *Loſſe* of *Time*, and *Sorrow* ſeeming dead,
Inconſtant *Change*, and falſe *Diſloyaltie*,
Conſuming *Riotiſe*, and guilty *Dread*
Of Heavenly Vengeance; faint *Infirmity*,
Vile *Pouertie*, and laſtly *Death* with Infamie.

The brave Courtier, from Mother Hvbberds Tale.

YET the *braue Courtier*, in whoſe beautious Thought,
Regard of Honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath ſuch baſe Condition, to backbite
Anies good Name for Envie or Deſpite:

He

He ſtands on Tearmes of honourable Mind,
Ne will be carried with the common Wind
Of Court's inconſtant Mutabilitie,
Ne after euery tattling Fable flie;
But heares, and ſees the Follies of the Reſt,
And thereof gathers for himſelfe the beſt:
He will not creepe, nor crouch with fained Face,
But walks vpright with comely, ſtedfaſt Pace,
And vnto all doth yeeld due Curteſie;
But not with kiſſed Hand belowe the Knee,
As that ſame Apiſh Crue is wont to do:
For he diſdaines himſelf t'embaſe there-to.
He hates foule Leaſings, and vile Flatterie,
Two filthy Blots in noble Genterie!
And lothefull Idlenes he doth deteſt,
The Canker-Worme of euery gentle Breſt!
The which to baniſh with faire Exerciſe
Of knightly-Feates, he daily doth deuiſe:
Now menaging the Mouthes of ſtubborne Steedes,
Now practiſing the Proofe of warlike Deedes,
Now his bright Armes aſſaying, now his Speare,
Now the nigh-aymed Ring away to beare;
At other Times he caſts to ſew the Chace
Of ſwift, wilde Beaſts, or runne on Foote a Race,

T'enlarge his Breath (large Breath in Armes moſt needful)
Or elſe by Wreſtling to wex ſtrong and heedful,
Or his ſtiffe Armes to ſtretch with Eughen-Bowe,
And manly Legs, ſtill paſſing to and fro,
Without a gowned Beaſt him faſt beſide;
A vain Enſample of the *Perſian* pride!
Who after he had wonne th' *Aſſyrian* Foe,
Did euer after ſcorne on Foote to goe.
Thus, when this *Courtly Gentleman* with Toyle
Himſelfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Vnto his Reſt, and there with ſweet Delight
Of Muſick's Skill reviues his toyled Spright:
Or elſe with Loues, and Ladies gentle Sports,
The ioy of Youth! himſelfe he recomforts.
Or laſtly, when the Body liſt to pauſe,
His Minde vnto the Muſes he with-drawes;
Sweet Lady-Muſes, Ladies of Delight,
Delights of Life, and ornaments of Light!
With whom he cloſe confers with wiſe Diſcourſe,
Of Nature's Workes, of Heauen's continuall Courſe,
Of forraine Lands, of People different,
Of Kingdom's Change, of diuers Gouernment,
Of dreadfull Battles, of renowned Knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious Sprights

To

To like Deſire and Praiſe of noble Fame,
The onely Vp-Shot where-to he doth aime:
For all his Minde on Honour fixed is,
To which he leuels all his Purpoſes,
And in his Prince's Seruice ſpends his Daies;
Not ſo much for to gaine, or for to raiſe
Himſelfe to high Degree; as for his Grace,
And in his Liking to winne worthy Place,
Through due Deſerts and comely Carriage,
In what-ſo pleaſe employ his Perſonage,
That may be Matter meet to gaine him Praiſe:
For he is fit to vſe in all Eſſayes,
Whether for Armes, and warlike Amenaunce,
Or elſe for wiſe, and ciuill Gouernaunce:
For he is practiz'd well in Policie,
And there-to doth his Courting moſt apply:
To learne the Enterdeale of Princes ſtrange,
To marke th' Intent of Counſells, and the Change
Of States, and eke, of priuate Men, ſome-while,
Supplanted by fine Falſhood and faire Guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T'enrich the Storehouſe of his powerfull Wit,
Which, through wiſe Speeches, and graue Conference
He daily eekes, and brings to Excellence.

Sir *Walter Raleigh*,

A Gentleman of ſo univerſal a Capacity, that 'twas ſaid He ſeem'd *to be born only for what he undertook:* For which Reaſon, as he has oblig'd the World with ſome Writings in Verſe 'tis but a juſt Acknowledgment of his Merits to admit him among the Number of the Poets; yet not ſo much to honour Him by that Diſtinction, as them by introducing ſo great, and noble a Fellow-Student; Nor is it the Poets alone, that put in for this Honour, but Soldiers both by Land, and Sea, Statesmen, Orators, Hiſtorians, Philoſophers, and almoſt all the Profeſſors of every other Science. ---- He was born at *Eaſt Budeleigh* in *Devonſhire*, of an eminent Family, became a Commoner of *Oriel College* in *Oxford*, was afterwards enter'd a Student in the *Middle-Temple*. --- Then ſerv'd as a Volunteer in the Wars, received a Captain's Commiſſion, under *Arthur* Lord *Grey*, Deputy of *Ireland*; and, after the greateſt Variety of Fortune, that could befall one of the moſt active Geniuſes in the World, loſt his Head in *Old Palace-Yard*, *Weſtminſter*, An. 1618. --- I have given this ſhort Epitome, becauſe 'tis impoſſible to inſert half the Incidents of ſo extraordinary a Life, within the narrow Limits that I am confin'd to: And the Reader may find them collected with the greateſt Exactneſs, in a thin Folio, lately publiſh'd by the ingenious and accurate Mr. *Oldys*. --- Sir *Walter* was a great Friend, and Patron of the divine *Spencer*, as is manifeſt by their mutual Compliments to each other: And his Services to that great, unfortunate Genius, are not the leaſt Proof, that his Fame did not exceed his Virtue.

Upon

Upon Gaſcoign's *Poem, call'd* The Steel-Glaſs.

SWeete were the Sauce would pleaſe each kind of Taſte
The Life likewiſe were pure that never ſwerued,
For ſpiteful Tongues, in cankred Stomacks plaſt,
Deeme worſt of Things, which beſt percaſe deſerv'd
But what for that? this Medicine maie ſuffice,
To ſcorn the *Reſt*, and ſeeke to pleaſe the *Wiſe*.

Though ſundrie Mindes in ſundrie Sort doe deeme,
Yet Worthies Wights yielde Praiſe for everie Paine;
But envious Braines doe nought (or light) eſteeme,
Such ſtatelie Steps as they cannot attaine:
For who ſo reapes Renown above the Reſt,
With heapes of Hate, ſhal ſurelie be oppreſt.

Wherefore, to write my Cenſure of this Booke,
This Glaſſe of Steele unpartiallie doth ſhewe,
Abuſes all to ſuch as in it looke,

From

From Prince to Poore; from high Eſtate to lowe.
As for the Verſe, who liſt like Trade to trie,
I feare me much ſhal hardlie reach ſo hie.

A Viſion upon the Faerie Queene.

ME thought I ſawe the Grave, where *Laura* lay;
Within that Temple, where the veſtall Flame
Was wont to burne; and, paſſing by that Way,
To ſee that buried Duſt of living Fame,
Whoſe Tombe faire *Love*, and, fairer *Vertue* kept,
All ſuddenly I ſawe the *Faery Queene:*
At whoſe Approache the Soul of *Petrarke* wept,
And, from thenceforth, thoſe *Graces* were not ſeene;
For, they this Queene attended; in whoſe ſteed
Oblivion laid him downe on *Laura*'s Herſe:
Hereat the hardeſt Stones were ſeene to bleed,
And Grones of buried Ghoſts the Heavens did perſe;
Where *Homer*'s Spright did tremble al for Griefe,
And curſt th' Acceſſe of that celeſtiall Thiefe.

On the ſame.

THE Praiſe of meaner Wits this Worke like Profite brings,
As doth the Cuckoes Song Delight, when *Philomena* ſings,

If

If thou haſt formed right true *Vertue*'s Face herein :
Vertue her ſelfe can beſt diſcerne, to whom they writ-
ten bin.
If thou haſt *Beauty* prays'd, let her ſole Lookes divine,
Judge if ought therein be amiſs, and mend it by her
Eyne.
If *Chaſtitie* want ought, or *Temperance* her dew,
Behold her Princely Mind aright, and write thy
Queene anew.
Mean while ſhe ſhall percieve, how farre her Vertue ſoare
Aboue the Reach of all that live, or ſuch as wrote of
yore :
And, thereby will excuſe and favour thy good Will:
Whoſe *Virtue* cannot be expreſt, but by an Angels
quill.
Of me no Lines are lov'd, nor Letters are of Price,
Of all, which ſpeake our *Engliſh Tongue* ; but thoſe
of thy Device.

The Nimphs Reply to the Shepheard.

In Anſwer to ſome Stanzas of Marlows, *Beginning*, Come live with me, *&c.*

IF all the World and *Love* were young,
And Truth in every Shepheard's Tongue,

Theſe

Theſe pretty Pleaſures might me move,
To live with Thee and be thy Love.

Time drives the Flockes from Field to Fold,
When Rivers rage, and Rockes grow Cold,
And *Philomell* becometh dombe ;
The Reſt complain of Cares to come.

The Flowers do fade in wanton Fields ;
The wayward Winter Reckoning yields ;
A Hony Tongue, a Heart of Gall,
Is *Fancies* Spring, but *Sorrow*'s Fall.

Thy Gownes, thy Shooes, thy Beds of Roſes,
Thy Cap, thy Kirtle, and thy Poſies,
Soon break, ſoone wither, ſoone forgotten
In *Folly* ripe, in *Reaſon* rotten!

Thy Belt of Straw, and Ivie-Buds
Thy Corall-Claſpes, and Amber-ſtuds,
All theſe in me no Mind can move,
To come to thee, and be thy Love.

But could *Youth* laſt, and *Love* ſtill breed,
Had *Joy* no Date, nor *Age* no Neede,
Then theſe Delights my Minde might move,
To live with thee, and be thy Love.

The ſilent Lover.

PAſſions are likened beſt to Floods and Streams;
The ſhallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So, when Affections yield Diſcourſe, it ſeems
The bottom is but ſhallow whence they come:
They that are rich in Words muſt needs diſcover;
They are but poor in that which makes a Lover.

Wrong not, ſweet Miſtreſs of my Heart!
The Merit of true Paſſion,
With thinking that he feels no Smart,
Who ſues for no Compaſſion!

Since, if my Plaints, were not t'approve
The Conqueſt of thy Beauty,
It comes not from Defect of Love,
But Fear t' exceed my Duty.

For, knowing that I ſue to ſerve
A Saint of ſuch Perfection
As all deſire, but none deſerve
A Place in her Affection,

I rather chuſe to want Relief
Than venture the Revealing:
Where Glory recommends the Grief
Deſpair diſdains the healing!

Thus thoſe Deſires that boyl ſo high
In any mortal Lover,
When *Reaſon* cannot make them die,
Diſcretion them muſt cover.

Yet when *Diſcretion* doth bereave
The Plaints that I ſhou'd utter,
Then your *Diſcretion* may perceive
That *Silence* is a Suitor.

Silence in Love bewrays more Woe
Then Words, tho' ne'er ſo witty;
A Beggar that is dumb you know,
May challenge double Pity.

Then wrong not, deareſt to my Heart!
My Love for ſecret Paſſion:
He ſmarteth moſt that hides his Smart,
And ſues for no Compaſſion.

The following Poems were extracted out of an old Volume, call'd *England's Helicon*; and appear to me too excellent to be omitted.

The Shepherd's Conceit of Prometheus.

Prometheus, when, firſt, from Heaven hie,
He brought down Fire, ere then on Earth unſeene:
Fond of Delight, a *Satyr* ſtanding by,
Gave it a Kiſſe, as it like ſweet had been.

Feeling, forthwith, the other burning Power,
Wood with the Smart, with Shoutes and Shrikings ſhrill;
He ſought his Eaſe in River, Field, and Bower;
But for the Time his Griefe went with him ſtill.

So, ſilly I, with that unwonted Sight.
In humane Shape, an Angell from aboue!
Feeding mine Eyes, th' Impreſſion there did light,
That ſince I run, and reſt as pleaſeth *Love*,

The Difference is, the *Satyr*'s Lips, my Heart,
He for a while, I evermore have Smart.

Sir *Ed. Dyer.*

The Wood-Man's Walke.

THrough a faire Forreſt as I went
Upon a Summer's Day,
I met a Wood-man, quaint and gent
Yet in a ſtrange Array.

I marvell'd much at his Diſguiſe,
Whom I did know ſo well:
But thus, in Tearms, both grave and wiſe,
His Mind he gan to tell.

Friend! muſe not at this fond Array,
But liſt a while to Me:
For it hath holpe me to ſurvay
What I ſhall ſhew to thee.

Long liv'd I in this Forreſt faire,
Till, wearie of my Weale,
Abroad in Walkes I would repaire,
As now I will reveale.

My

My firſt Daye's Walk was to the *Court*,
Where *Beautie* fed mine Eyes:
Yet found I that the courtly Sport,
Did maſke in ſlie Diſguiſe:

For *Falſehood* ſate in faireſt Lookes,
And Friend to Friend was Coy:
Court-favour fill'd but emptie Rookes,
And there I found no Joy.

Deſert went naked in the Colde,
When crouching *Craft* was fed:
Sweet Words were cheeply bought and ſolde,
But none that ſtood in ſted.

Wit was imployed for each Man's owne,
Plaine-meaning came too ſhort:
All theſe Devices, ſeene and knowne,
Made me forſake the Court.

Unto the *City* next I went,
In hope of better hap:
Where liberally I lanch'd and ſpent,
As ſet on *Fortune*'s Lap.

The little Stock I had in Store,
Methought would nere be done:
Friends flockt about me more, and more;
As quickly loſt as Wone.

For, when I ſpent, then they were kinde;
But, when my Purſe did faile,
The foremoſt Man came laſt behinde:
Thus *Love* with Wealth doth quaile.

Once more, for footing, yet I ſtrove,
Although the World did frowne:
But they, before that held me up,
Together trod me downe.

And, left once more I ſhould ariſe,
They ſought my quite Decay:
Then got I into this Diſguiſe,
And thence I ſtole away.

And in my Mind (me thought) I ſaid,
Lord bleſs me from the City:
Where *Simplenes* is thus betraide,
Without Remorſe or Pity.

Yet

Yet would I not give over ſo,
But once more trie my Fate:
And to the *Country* then I go,
To live in quiet State.

There did appeare no ſubtile Showes,
But yea, and nay went ſmoothly:
But, Lord! how Country-folkes can gloſe,
When they ſpeak moſt untruly?

More Craft was in a button'd Cap,
And in an old Wive's Raile,
Then in my Life it was my hap,
To ſee on Downe or Dale.

There was no open Forgerie,
But under-handed Gleaning:
Which they call Countrie Pollicie,
But hath a worſer Meaning.

Some good, bold-Face beares out the Wrong,
Becauſe he gaines thereby:
The poore Man's Backe is crackt ere long,
Yet there he lets him lie.

And no Degree, among them all,
But had ſuch cloſe Intending,
That I upon my Knees did fall,
And prayed for their Amending.

Back to the Woods I got againe,
In Minde perplexed ſore:
Where I found Eaſe of all my Paine,
And meane to ſtray no more.

There, *City*, *Court*, nor Country too
Can any Way annoy me.
But, as a Wood-Man ought to doe,
I freely may imploy me.

There live I quietly alone,
And none to trip my Talke:
Wherefore when I am dead and gone,
Think on the *Wood-Man's Walke!*

Shep. Tonie.

The Shepherd's Slumber.

IN Peſcod-Time, when Hound to Horne
Gives Eare, till Buck be kil'd:
And little Lads with Pipes of Corne,
Sate keeping Beaſts a-Field.

I went to gather Strawberries tho'
By Woods and Groves, full faire;
And parch't my Face with *Phœbus* ſo,
In walking in the Ayre

That downe I layde me by a Streame,
With Boughs all over-clad:
And there I met the ſtrangeſt Dreame,
That ever Shepherd had.

Methought I ſaw each *Chriſtmas*-Game,
Each Revell, all and ſome;
And every Thing that I can name,
Or may in Fancie come.

The

The Subſtance of the Sights I ſaw,
In ſilence paſſe they ſhall:
Becauſe I lacke the Skill to draw,
The Order of them all.

But *Venus* ſhall not paſſe my Pen,
Whoſe Maydens, in Diſdaine,
Did feed upon the Hearts of Men,
That *Cupid*'s Bowe had ſlaine.

And that blinde Boy was all in Blood
Be-bath'd up to the Eares;
And, like a Conquerour he ſtood,
And ſcorned Lovers Teares.

I have (quoth he) more Hearts at call,
Than *Cæſar* could command:
And, like the Deere, I make them fall,
That runneth o're the Lawnd.

One drops downe here, another there,
In Buſhes as they groane;
I bend a ſcornfull, careleſs Eare,
To heare them make their moane.

Ah,

Ah, Sir, (quoth *Honeſt-Meaning*) then,
Thy Boy-like Brags I heare,
When thou has wounded many a Man,
As Hunts-man doth the Deere.

Becomes it thee to triumph ſo?
Thy Mother wills it not:
For ſhe had rather breake thy Bowe,
Then thou ſhould'ſt play the Sot.

What ſaucie Merchant ſpeaketh now,
Said *Venus* in her Rage,
Art thou ſo blinde thou knoweſt not how
I governe every Age?

My Sonne doth ſhoote no Shaft in waſt,
To me the Boy is bound:
He never found a Heart ſo chaſt,
But he had Power to wound.

Not ſo faire Goddeſſe (quoth *Free-will*,)
In me there is a Choice;
And cauſe I am of mine owne Ill,
If I in thee rejoyce:

And, when I yeild my ſelfe a Slave,
To thee, or to thy Son,
Such Recompence I ought not have,
If Things be rightly done.

Why Foole, ſtept forth *Delight*, and ſaid,
When thou art conquer'd thus,
Then loe Dame *Luſt*, that wanton Maid,
Thy Miſtreſſe is I wus:

And *Luſt* is *Cupid*'s Darling deare;
Behold her where ſhe goes!
She creepes the Milk-warme Fleſh ſo neere,
She hides her under, cloſe.

Where many privie Thoughts doe dwell;
A Heaven here on Earth!
For they have never Mind of Hell,
They think ſo much on Mirth.

Be ſtill *Good-Meaning*, quoth *Good-Sport*,
Let *Cupid* Triumph make:
For ſure his Kingdome ſhall be ſhort,
If we no Pleaſure take.

Faire *Beautie*, and her Play-Feares gay,
The Virgins-Veſtall too,
Shall ſit, and with their Fingers play,
As Idle People doe.

If *Honeſt-Meaning* fall to frowne,
And I *good-Sport* decay,
Then *Venus'* Glory will come downe,
And they will pine away.

Indeede (quoth *Wit*) this your Device,
With Strangeneſſe muſt be wrought,
And, where you ſee theſe Women nice,
And looking to be ſought,

With ſcowling Browes their Follies check,
And ſo give them the Trig:
Let *Fancy* be no more at beck,
When *Beautie* lookes ſo big.

When *Venus* heard how they conſpir'd,
To murther Women ſo:
Methought indeede the Houſe was fir'd,
With Stormes and Lightning, tho':

The Thunder-Bolt through Windowes burſt,
And in there ſteps a Wight,
Which ſeem'd ſome foule, or Sprite accurſt;
So ugly was the Sight!

I charge you Ladies all (quoth he)
Looke to your ſelves, in Haſt;
For if that Men ſo wilfull be,
And have their Thoughts ſo chaſt,

That they can tread on *Cupid*'s Breſt,
And march on *Venus*' Face,
Then they ſhall ſleepe in quiet Reſt,
When you ſhall waile your Caſe.

With that had *Venus*, all in Spight,
Stir'd up the Dames to Ire:
And *Luſt* fell cold, and *Beautie*, white,
Sate babbling with *Deſire*.

Whoſe muttering Words I might not marke;
Much Whiſpering there aroſe;
The Day did lower, the Sunne waxt darke,
Away each Ladie goes.

But whether went this angry Flock,
Our *Lord* himſelf doth know;
For they full lowdly crew the Cock,
And I awaked ſo.

A Dream (quoth I?) a Dogge it is,
I take thereon no keepe:
I gage my Head, ſuch Toyes as this,
Do ſpring from *Lacke of ſleepe.*

In Imitation of C. Marlow.

COme live with me, and be my Dear,
And we will revell all the Year,
In Plains and Groves, on Hills and Dales:
Where fragrant Ayr breeds ſweeteſt Gales.

There ſhall you have the beauteous Pine,
The Cedar and the ſpreading Vine,
And all the Woods to be a Skreen;
Leaſt *Phœbus'* Kiſſe my Summer's Green.

The Seat of your Diſport ſhall be
Over ſome River in a Tree,
Where ſilver Sands, and Pebbles ſing,
Eternall Ditties with the Spring.

There

There ſhall you ſee the *Nimphs* at Play,
And how the *Satyrs* ſpend the Day;
The Fiſhes gliding on the Sands,
Offering their Bellies to your Hands.

The Birds, with Heavenly-tuned Throtes,
Poſſeſſe Wood's Ecchoe with ſweet Notes,
Which to your Senſes will impart
A Muſick to enflame the Heart.

Upon the bare, and leafe-leſſe Oake,
The Ring-Doves Woings will provoke
A colder Blood, then you poſſeſſe,
To play with me, and doe no leſſe.

In Bowers of Laurell, trimly dight,
We will out-weare the ſilent Night,
While *Flora* buſie is to ſpread:
Her richeſt Treaſure on our Bed.

Ten Thouſand Glow-Worms ſhall attend,
And all their ſparkling Lights ſhall ſpend,
All to adorne and beautifie:
Your Lodging with more Majeſtie.

Then

Then to mine Armes will I encloſe,
Lillies fair Mixture with the Roſe;
Whoſe nice Perfections in *Love*'s Play,
Shall tune me to the higheſt Key.

Thus, as we paſſe the welcome Night,
In ſportfull Pleaſure and Delight,
The nimble *Fairies* on the Grounds,
Shall Dance and Sing mellodious Sounds.

If theſe may ſerve for to entice
Your Preſence to *Love*'s *Paradiſe*,
Then come with me, and be my Deare,
And we will ſtrait begin the Year!

Ignoto.

The Shepherd's Solace.

Phœbus delights to view his Larell-Tree,
The Poplar pleaſeth *Hercules* alone:
Meliſſa Mother is, and Fautrixe to the Bee,
Pallas will weare the Olive-Branch alone;
Of Shepherd and their Flocks *Pales* is Queen,
And *Ceres* ripes the Corne was lately greene.

To *Chloris* every Flower belongs of Right,
The *Dryade*-Nimphs of Woods make chief account;
The *Orcades* in Hills have their Delight,
Diana doth protect each bubling Fount;
To *Hebe* lovely Kiſſing is aſſign'd,
To *Zephire* every gentle-breathing Wind.

But what is *Love*'s Delight? to hurt each where
He cares not whom, with Darts of deepe Deſire:
With watchfull Jealouſie, with Hope with Fear,
With nipping Cold, and ſecreet Flames of Fire.
Oh happy Houre, wherein I did forgoe:
This little God, ſo great a Cauſe of Woe!

Tho. Watſon.

A Paſtorall.

A Carefull Nimph, with careleſſe Griefe oppres't,
Under the Shaddow of an Aſhen-Tree:
With Lute in Hand, did paint out her Unreſt,
Unto a Nimph, that bare her Company.
No ſooner had ſhe tuned every String:
But ſob'd and ſigh'd, and thus began to ſing.

Ladies and Nimphs, come liſten to my Plaint,
On whom the cheereful Sun did never riſe:
If *Pity*'s Stroakes your tender Breaſts may taint,
Come learne of me to wet your wanton Eyes.
For *Love* in vaine, the Name of *Pleaſure* beares:
His ſweet Delights are turned into Feares.

The truſtleſſe Shewes, the Frights, the feeble Joyes,
The freezing Doubts, the guilefull Promiſes;
The feigned Looks, the Shifts, the ſubtill Toyes,
The brittle Hope, the ſtedfaſt Heavineſs;
The wiſhed War in ſuch uncertaine Peace:
Theſe with my Woe, my Woes with theſe increaſe.

Shep. Tonie.

The Barginet of Antimachus.

IN Pride of Youth, in midſts of *May*,
When Birds with many a merry Lay,
Salute the Sunne's Up-riſing:
I ſat me down faſt by a Spring,
And, while theſe merry Chaunters ſing
I fell upon ſurmizing.

Amidſt my Doubt, and Mind's Debate,
Of Change of Time, of World's Eſtate,
I ſpyed a Boy attired
In ſilver Plumes, yet naked quite,
Save pretty Feathers fit for Flight,
Wherewith he ſtill aſpired.

A Bowe he bare to worke Men's Wrack,
A little Quiver at his Back,
With many Arrowes filled:
And, in his ſoft, and pretty Hand,
He held a lively, burning Brand,
Wherewith he Lovers killed.

Faſt by his Side in rich Array,
There ſate a lovely Lady gay,
His Mother as I gueſſed!
That ſet the Lad upon her Knee,
And trim'd his Bow and taught him flee,
And mickle Love profeſſed.

Oft from her Lap, at ſundry Stowres
He leapt, aud gathered Summer's Flowers,
Both Violets and Roſes;

But,

But, ſee the Chance that follow'd faſt!
As he the Pompe of Prime doth waſt,
Before that he ſuppoſes,

A Bee, that harbour'd hard thereby,
Did ſting his Hand, and made him cry,
Oh Mother, I am wounded!
Fair *Venus*, that beheld her Son,
Cryed out alas, I am undone!
And there-upon ſhe ſwounded!

My little Lad! the Goddeſſe ſay'd,
Who hath my *Cupid* ſo diſmay'd?
He anſwer'd: Gentle Mother!
The Honey-worker in the Hive,
My Griefe and Miſchiefe doth contrive;
Alas it is none other!

Shee kiſt the Lad: Now mark the Chance!
And ſtrait ſhe fell into a Trance,
And, crying, thus concluded:
Ah wanton Body! like to the Bee,
Thou with a Kiſſe haſt wounded me,
And hapleſs Love included.

A little Bee doth thee affright,
But ah my Wounds are full of Spight,
And cannot be recured:
The Boy, that gueſs'd his Mother's Paine,
Gan ſmile, and kiſt her whole againe,
And made her Hope aſſured.

She ſuck'd the Wound, and ſwag'd the Sting,
And little Love y-cur'd did ſing.
Then let no Lovers ſorrow!
To Day tho' Griefe attaint his Heart,
Let him with Courage bide the Smart!
Amends will come to morrow.

Tho. Lodge.

Phillida and *Coridon.*

IN the merry Month of *May*,
In a Morn by break of Day,
Forth I walk'd by the Wood-ſide,
When as *May* was in her Pride:
There I ſpied, all alone,
Phillida, and *Coridon*

Much

Much a-do there was, God wot!
He would love, and ſhe would not.
She ſaid never Man was true.
He ſaid, none was falſe to you.
He ſaid, he had loved her long.
She ſaid, *Love* ſhould have no Wrong.
Coridon would kiſſe her then,
She ſaid, Maides muſt kiſs no Men,
Till they did, for good and all.
Then ſhe made the Shepherd call
All the Heavens to witneſs *Truth:*
Never lov'd a truer Youth.
Thus, with many a pretty Oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth!
Such as ſilly Shepherds uſe,
When they will not Love abuſe:
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with Kiſſes ſweet concluded.
And *Phillida*, with Garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the *May*.

N. Breton.

Sir *John Harington*,

Born at *Kelſton*, near the City of *Bath*, was the Son of *John Harington*, Eſq; who, having been impriſon'd in the Tower, in the Reign of Queen *Mary*, for holding a Correſpondence with the Lady *Elizabeth*, was much in her Favour after ſhe was advanc'd to the Throne, and received many Teſtimonies of her Bounty, and Gratitude.

Sir *John* had the Honour to be her *God-Son*, and, both in Reſpect to his Father's Merit and his own, continued in her Eſteem to the Laſt. He was firſt educated at *Eaton*, then remov'd to *Cambridge* where He commenc'd Maſter of Arts, and, before He was Thirty, gave the World a Tranſlation of the *Orlando Furioſo* of *Arioſto*; by which He gain'd conſiderable Reputation. After this He compos'd Four Books of *Epigrams*, which, in thoſe Times, were received with great Applauſe; ſeveral of Theſe mention another humorous Piece of his, call'd *Miſacmos Metamorphoſis*, which, for a while, gave Offence to her Majeſty; yet was, afterwards, both abſolv'd, and acknowledg'd. ---- This is not added to the Reſt of his Works, and, therefore, I ſuppoſe, was only meant for a Court-Amuſement, not the Entertainment of the Publick, or the Increaſe of his Fame.--- In the Reign of *James* the Firſt, He was created a Knight of the *Bath*, and preſented a Manuſcript to Prince *Henry*, call'd *A Brief View of the State of the Church of* England, *as it ſtood in Queen* Elizabeth's *and King* James's *Reign, to the Year* 1608.--- This Piece was ſevere on the marry'd Biſhops, and was intended only for the private Uſe of His Highneſs, But was, ſome Years after, publiſh'd by one of Sir *John*'s Grandſons, and occaſion'd much Diſpleaſure from

from the Clergy, who did not fail to recollect that his Conduct was of a Piece with his Doctrines. --- He, together with *Robert* Earl of *Leiceſter* having ſupported Sir *Walter Raleigh* in his Suit to Queen *Elizabeth*, for the Manor of *Banwell*, belonging to the Biſhoprick of *Bath*, and *Wells*; on the Preſumption that the then Right Reverend Incumbent, had incurr'd a *Premunire*, by marrying a ſecond Wife.

Sir *John* appears to be a Gentleman of great Pleaſantry, and Humour; his Fortune was eaſy, the Court his Element, and Wit not his Buſineſs, but Diverſion. --- 'Tis not to be doubted, but his Tranſlation of *Arioſto*, was publiſh'd after *Spencer*'s *Fairy Queen*; and yet, both in Language, and Numbers, is greatly Inferior. --- Indeed, if I may be forgiven, for daring to meddle with Studies ſo much beyond me, the whole Poem of *Orlando* is a tedious Medley of unnatural Characters, and improbable Events; and the Author's Patron, Cardinal *Hippolito De Eſte*, had ſome Reaſon for that ſevere Queſtion, --- *Where the Devil, Signor* Ludovico, *did you pick up all theſe damn'd Lies?* In my humble Opinion his Genius was infinitely more fit for Satire, than Heroick Poetry, as, I think, will be manifeſt, even from the Two following Paſſages, which appear to me the moſt eminent in the whole Poem: And, if his *Tranſlator* had follow'd the ſame Track, He had not been more out of his right Way. --- But 'tis Time to ſtop, or I ſhall be thought more aſtray than either.

Arioſto's *Orlando Furioſo*, Book 15.

Paris, beſieged by the *Saracens*, and in Danger of being taken; *God* diſpatches *Michael* to commiſſion *Silence* to guide the *Engliſh* Hoſt in Secreſy, to raiſe the Siege; and *Diſcord*, in the mean while, to ſow Diſſention among the Infidels.

WHEN

WHEN, lo! the Goodneſs, and the Power divine,
That never ſhall, nor never vain was ſought,
His gracious Eare doth to their Prayer incline,
Thoſe whom he made, and whom he dear had bought!
Then to the Angel *Michael* ſtraight he beckned,
Who not a little of his Calling reckned!

And thus he ſaid; Go thither ſtraight in Poſt,
Where now in *Picardie* the *Chriſtians* land,
And ſo to *Paris* guide that *Engliſh* Hoſt!
Let not their Foes their Coming underſtand!
In this Attempt ſhall *Silence* help you moſt;
Will him this Enterpriſe to take in Hand!
This done, then ſee you find Dame *Diſcord* out,
And will her haſt unto the *Pagan*-Rout.

And charge her there, according to her Skill,
Among the Beſt to ſow ſuch foule Diſſention,
That they may One the Other wound, and kill,
And fill their Camp with Brauls and with Contention:
Let ſome Men like their Entertainment ill,
And grudge becauſe they have no bigger Penſion;
And let them all ſo vary out of Meaſure,
That they may do their Prince but little Pleaſure!

The

The Bleſſed *Angel* not a Word replies,
But doth his Maker's holy Will obay.
Forthwith ev'n in a Moment down he flies,
And where he goes the Clouds do fleet away:
But by the Way he thinks and doth deviſe,
Of every Place where *Silence* find he may:
Though he an Angel were, he could not tell
Where this ſame Enemy of Speech doth dwell.

At laſt, he fully doth himſelfe perſwade,
To find him in ſome Houſes of Devotion;
The Firſt for Life- Monaſticall was made,
Where godly Men, Deſpiſers of promotion!
Dwell farre from all this worldly, wicked Trade;
With Minds abhorring Fleſh, and fleſhly Motion,
Where idle Words ſhould counted be a Shame,
And where on every Wall they write his Name.

Wherefore into an *Abbey* he doth go,
And makes no queſtion *Silence* there to find,
And *Peace* and *Charitie*, and *Love* alſo,
And lowly Thoughts, and well-contented Mind:
But ſoon he was aware it was not ſo;
All contrary their Humors were inclin'd;

For

For *Silence* in that *Abbey* doth not hoſt;
His Name was only writ upon a Poſt.

Nor *Quietneſſe*, nor *Humbleneſſe*, nor *Peace*,
Nor *Charity*, nor godly Love was here;
They were ſometimes, but now thoſe Times do ceaſe:
Now *Covetiſe*, and *Eaſe*, and Belly-*Cheare*,
Pride, *Enuie*, *Sloth*, and *Anger* ſo increaſe,
That *Silence* baniſht is and comes not neare.
With Wonder great the *Angel* them doth view,
And findeth *Diſcord* in this curſed Crew.

Her whom the Heav'nly King did will him find
Next after *Silence*, her he findeth firſt:
To ſeek her out in Hell he had aſſign'd,
Among the Spirits damned and accurſt:
It ſore did grieve his pure, unſpotted Mind,
Where he expected beſt to find them worſt;
It ſeem'd to him a Thing uncouth and ſtrange,
In ſacred Place to find ſo great a Change!

He knew her by her Weed of ſundry Hew,
All patcht with infinite, unequal Liſts;
Her ſkin, in ſundry Places naked, vew,
At divers Rents and Cuts, he may that liſts:

Her Hair was grey, and red, and blacke and blew,
And hard, and ſoft; in Laces ſome ſhe twiſts;
Some hangeth downe; upright ſome ſtandeth ſtaring,
As if each Haire with other had been ſquaring.

Her Lap was full of Writs, and of Citations,
Of Proceſſes, of Actions and Arreſts,
Of Bills, of Anſwers, and of Replications,
In Courts of Delegates and of Requeſts,
To grieve the ſimple Sort with great Vexations:
She had reſorting to her as her Gueſts,
Attending on her Circuits and her Journeys,
Scriv'ners and Clerks, and Lawyers and Atturneys.

The Angel calleth her, and bids her go,
Unto the *Turks* as faſt as ſhe can hie,
Among their Kings ſuch Seeds of Strife to ſow,
As One of them may cauſe the Other die.
Then he demandeth her if ſhe do know,
Within what place *Silence* doth uſe to lie:
He thought that ſhe that travel'd much about,
In ſtirring Strife might hap to find her out.

I cannot call to Mind (quoth ſhe) as yet,
That I have talkt with *Silence* any Time;
I hear them talke of him, and praiſe his Wit,
And Secretneſſe to cover any Crime;
But my Companion *Fraud* can ſerve you fit,
For ſhe hath kept him Company ſometime.
And which was *Fraud* ſhe pointed with her Finger,
Then hence ſhe hies, and doth no longer linger.

Fraud ſhew'd in comely Cloathes a lovely Looke,
An humble Caſt of Eye, a ſober Pace,
And ſo ſweete Speech, a Man might her have tooke,
For him that ſaid, *Haile* Marie *full of Grace!*
But all the Reſt deformedly did looke,
Full of all Filthineſſe, and foule Diſgrace,
Hid under thoſe large Garments that ſhe wear;
Cloſe under which a poiſon'd Knife ſhe bare.

The Angel aſketh her if ſhe do know
The place where *Silence* makes his Habitation.
Forſooth (quoth *Fraud*) he dwelled long ago
With the wiſe Sages of the *Greekiſh*-Nation,
Archytas and *Pythagoras*' (I trow)
That chiefe to Virtue had their Inclination:

And,

And, afterward, he ſpent theſe latter Yeers
With *Carmelit* and with Saint-*Bennet-Friers*.

But ſince theſe old Philoſophers did faile
And theſe new Saints their Saint-like Life did change,
He ſought new Places for his moſt availe,
And ſecret and uncertain he doth range:
Sometime with Theives that true Men do aſſaile,
Sometime with Lovers that delight in Change,
Sometime with Traitors he doth bide, and furder;
I ſaw him late with One that did a Murder.

With Clippers and with Coyners he doth ſtay,
Sometime in ſecret Dens and Caves obſcure;
And oft he changeth Places Day by Day;
For long he cannot in a Place indure.
But I can tell you One moſt ready Way,
Where you to find him out ſhall be moſt ſure:
Go where as *Sleepe* doth dwell, and, out of Doubt,
At Midnight you ſhall find him there about.

Though *Fraud*, by Cuſtome, uſe to lie and faine,
Yet was this Tale ſo evidently trew,
The *Angel* now no longer doth remaine,

But

But with his Golden Wings away he flew
To *Arabie*, where, in a Country-Plaine,
Far from all Villages and Cities-View,
There lieth a Vale with Woods ſo over growne,
As ſcarce at Noone the Day Light there is ſhowne.

Amid this dark, thicke Wood, there is a Cave,
Whoſe Entrance is with Ivie over-ſpread,
They have no Light within, nor none they crave;
Here *Sleepe* doth couch his ever-drowſie Head:
And *Sloth* lies by, that ſeems the Gout to have,
And *Idleneſſe*, not ſo well taught as fed:
They, point *Forgetfulneſſe* the Gate to keepe,
That none come in nor out to hinder *Sleepe*.

She knowes no Names of Men, nor none will learne;
There Meſſages ſhe liſt not underſtand,
She knowes no Buſineſſe doth her concerne;
Silence is ſentinell unto this Band,
And, unto thoſe he comming doth diſcerne,
To come neare; s'oft he beckens with his Hand,
He treadeth light, his Shoes are made of Felt,
His Garment ſhort, and girded with a Belt.

To

To him the Angel - - - -

No Anſwer *Silence* made, but with his Head
He made a Sign, as who ſhould ſay he *would*, - - -

From the ſame, Book 34.

Aſtolfo the *Engliſh* Duke's Voyage to the Store-Houſe of Vanities, in the Moon, for *Orlando*'s Wit.

----- AT laſt his Guide him brings
Unto a goodly Valley, where he ſees
A mighty Maſs of Things, ſtrangely confus'd;
Things that on Earth were loſt, or were abus'd!

A Store-Houſe ſtrange, that what on Earth is loſt,
By Fault, by Time, by Fortune, there is found,
And, like a Merchandize, is there ingroſt,
In Stranger-Sort then I can well expound;
Nor ſpeak I ſole of Wealth, or things of Coſt,
In which blind Fortune's Power doth moſt abound,
But even of Things quite out of Fortune's Power,
Which wilfully we waſt each Day and Houre.

The precious Time that Fooles mis-ſpend in Play,
The vaine Attempts that never take Effect,
The Vows that Sinners make, and never pay,
The Counſels wiſe that careleſſe Men neglect,
The fond Deſires that lead us oft aſtray,
The Praiſes that with Pride the Heart infect;
And all we loſe with Folly and Miſ-ſpending,
May there be found unto this Place aſcending.

Now as *Aſtolfo* by thoſe Regions paſt,
He aſked many Queſtions of his Guide,
And, as he to one Side his Eye did caſt,
A wondrous Hill of Bladders he eſpi'd;
And he was told they had been, in time paſt,
The Pompous Crowns and Sceptres full of Pride,
Of Monarchs of *Aſſyria* and of *Greece*,
Of which now ſcantly there is left a Piece.

He ſaw great Store of baited Hooks with Gold,
And thoſe were Gifts that fooliſh Men prefer'd
To give to Princes Covetous, and old,
With fondeſt Hope of future, vain Reward;
Then were there Ropes all in ſweet Garlands roll'd,

And thoſe were all falſe Flatteries he heard:
Then heard he Cricket's-Songs, like to the Verſes
The Servant in his Maſter's Praiſe reherſes.

There did he ſee fond Loves, that Men perſue,
To look like golden Gieves, with Stones all ſet;
Then Things like Eagles Talons he did view,
Thoſe Offices that Favourites do get!
Then ſaw he Bellowes large that much Wind blew;
Large Promiſes that Lords make, and forget,
Unto their *Ganimeds* in Flowre of Youth,
But after nought but Beggery enſu'th.

He ſaw great Cities ſeated in faire Places,
That, overthrowne, quite topſie-turvie ſtood;
He aſk'd and learn'd the Cauſe of their Defaces
Was Treaſon, that doth never turn to good:
He ſaw foule Serpents with fair Women's Faces,
Of Coyners and of Thieves the curſed Brood;
He ſaw fine Glaſſes all in Pieces broken,
Of Service loſt at Court a wofull Token!

Of mingled Broth he ſaw a mighty Maſſe,
That, to no Uſe, all ſpilt on Ground did lie;
He aſk'd his Teacher, and he heard it was
The fruitleſſe Almes that Men give when they die:
Then, by a faire, green Mountaine he did paſſe,
That once ſmelt ſweet, but now it ſtinks perdye:
This was that Gift (be't ſaid without Offence)
That *Conſtantine* gave *Silveſter* long ſince.

Of Birdlime Rods he ſaw no little Store,
And theſe (O Ladies faire!) your Beauties be:
I do omit ten Thouſand Things and more
Like unto theſe, that there the Duke did ſee;
For all that here is loſt, there evermore
Is kept, and thither in a Trice doth flee:
Howbeit, more, nor leſſe, there was no Folly,
For ſtill that here with us remaineth wholly.

He ſaw ſome of his own loſt Time, and Deeds,
But yet he knew them not to be his own!
They ſeem'd to him diſguis'd in ſo ſtrange Weeds,
Till his Inſtructer made them better known:
But laſt the Thing, which no Man thinks he needs,
Yet

Yet each Man needeth moſt, to him was ſhown,
By Name *Man's Wit*, which here we leeſe ſo faſt,
As that one Subſtance all the other paſt.

It ſeem'd to be a Body moiſt and ſoft,
And apt to mount by every Exhalation;
And, when it hither mounted was aloft,
It there was kept in Pots of ſuch a Faſhion,
As we call Jarrs, where Oyle is kept in oft:
The *Duke* beheld (with no ſmall Admiration)
The Jarrs of Wit among which one had writ,
Upon the ſide thereof, *Orlando*'s Wit.

This Veſſell bigger was then all the Reſt,
And ev'ry Veſſell had ingrav'n with Art
His Name, that erſt the Wit therein poſſeſt:
There of his own the *Duke* did find a part,
And much he mus'd, and much himſelf he bleſs'd,
To ſee ſome Names of Men of great Deſert,
That think they have great Store of Wit, and boaſt it,
When here it plaine appear'd they quite had loſt it.

Some loſe their Wit with Love, ſome with Ambition,
Some running to the Sea, great Wealth to get,
Some following Lords, and Men of high Condition,

And ſome in faire Jewels rich and coſtly ſet:
One has Deſire to prove a rare Magician,
And ſome with Poetry their Wit forget,
Another thinks to be an Alchymiſt,
Till all be ſpent, and he his Number miſt.

A Specimen of Sir John Harington's *Epigrams.*

Againſt Sextus, *a Scorner of Writers.*

OF Writers, *Sextus*'s known a true Deſpiſer,
Affirmes, than on our Writings oft he looks,
And confeſſeth that he growes ne'er the wiſer.
But *Sextus*, where's the Fault? not in our Books,
No ſure, 'tis in your ſelfe (I'le tell wherefore)
Books give not Wiſdome where was none before,
But where ſome is, there reading makes it more.

Againſt Writers that carp at other Mens Books.

THE Readers and the Hearers like my Books,
But yet ſome Writers cannot them digeſt.
But what care I? For when I make a Feaſt,
I would my Gueſts ſhould praiſe it, not the Cooks.

Of

Of one Paulus, *a great Man, that expected to be followed.*

PRoud *Paulus*, late aduanc't to high Degree,
Expects that I ſhould now his Follower be.
Glad I would be to follow ones Direction,
By whom my honeſt Suits might haue Protection.
But I ſue *Don Fernandos* Heyr for Land,
Againſt ſo great a Peere he dare not ſtand.
A Biſhop ſues me for my Tithes, that's worſe,
He dares not venture on a Biſhops Curſe
Sergeant Erifilus beares me old Grudges,
Yea but ſaith *Paulus*, *Sergeants* may be Iudges.
Pure *Cinna* o're my Head would beg my Leaſe,
Who my Lord----Man, O hold your peace!
Rich Widdow *Leſbia* for a Slander ſues me.
Tuſh for a Womans Cauſe he muſt refuſe me.
Then farewell Froſt: *Paulus* henceforth excuſe me.
For you that are your ſelfe thrall'd to ſo many,
Shall neuer be my good Lord, if I haue any.

Againſt a fooliſh Satyriſt.

I Read that Satyre thou intitleſt firſt,
And laid aſide the Reſt, and over-paſt,
And ſware, I thought, that th' Author was accurſt;
That, that firſt Satyre had not been his laſt.

Of plaine dealing.

MY Writings oft diſpleaſe you: what's the Matter?
You love not to heare Truth, nor I to flatter.

Of Don Pedros *Debts.*

DON *Pedro*'s out of Debt, be bold to ſay it,
For they are ſaid to owe, that mean to pay it.

Of Don Pedro.

A Slave thou wert by Birth, of this I gather,
For evermore thou ſaiſt, my Lord, my Father.

Againſt Fauſtus.

IN ſcorn of Writers, *Fauſtus* ſtill doth hold,
Nought is now ſaid, but hath been ſaid of old:

Well, *Fauſtus*, ſay my Wits are groſſe and dull,
If for that Word I give not thee a Gull:
Thus then I prove that holds a falſe Poſition:
I ſay, thou art a Man of fair Condition,
A Man true of thy Word, tall of thy Hands,
Of high Deſcent, and left good Store of Lands,
Thou with falſe Dice and Cards haſt never plaid,
Corrupted never Widow, Wife nor Maid,
And as for ſwearing, none in all his Realme
Doth ſeldomer in Speech curſe or blaſpheme.
In fine, your Vertues are ſo rare and ample,
For all our Sonnes thou maiſt be made a Sample.
This I dare ſweare, none ever ſaid before,
This I may ſweare, none ever will ſay more.

Of devout Parents and Children.

A Huſband and a Wife, oft diſagreeing,
And either weary of the other, being
In Choler great, either devoutly prayes
To God, that he will ſhorten th' others Daies:
But, more devout then both, their Son and Heire
Praies God that he will grant them both their Pray'r.

Of

Of Treaſon.

TReaſon doth never proſper, what's the reaſon?
For if it proſper, none dare call it Treaſon.

Of Lynus, *borrowing.*

L*Ynus* came late to me, Six Crownes to borrow,
And ſware [illegible] him, heed'd repai't to morrow.
I knew his Word, as currant as his Bond,
And ſtraight I gaue to him Three Crownes in Hand;
This I to giue, this he to take was willing,
And thus he gain'd, and I ſau'd Fifteene Shilling.

Of Fortune.

FOrtune, Men ſay, doth give too much to many;
But yet ſhe never gave enough to any

In Cornutum.

WHat curl'd-Pate Youth is he that ſitteth there
So near thy Wife, and whiſpers in her Eare,
And takes her Hand in his, and ſoft doth wring her,
Sliding his Ring ſtill up and down her Finger?

Sir,

Sir, 'tis a Proctor, ſeen in both the Lawes,
Retain'd by her, in ſome important Cauſe;
Prompt and diſcreet both in his Speech and Action,
And doth her Buſineſſe with great Satisfaction.
And think'ſt thou ſo? a Horn-plague on thy Head!
Art thou ſo like a Fool, and Wittoll led,
To think he doth the Buſineſſe of thy Wife?
He doth thy Buſineſſe, I dare lay my Life.

John Chalkhill, Eſq;

The Author of a Paſtoral Hiſtory, call'd *Thealma*, and *Clearchus* publiſh'd long after his Death by Mr. *Iſaac Walton:* By whom we are told he was an intimate Friend of *Spencer*'s, generally known, and as well belov'd; modeſt, and obliging in his Behaviour, innocent and prudent in his Life: In ſhort a Gentleman, and a Scholar, whoſe Precepts of Virtue were beſt illuſtrated by his own Example.

He dy'd before he could perfect even the Fable of his Poem, and, by many Paſſages in it, I half believe, He had not given the laſt Hand to what he has left behind Him.--- However, to do both him and his Editor Juſtice, if my Opinion can be of any Weight, 'tis great Pity ſo beautiful a Relique ſhou'd be loſt; and the Quotations I have extracted from it, will ſufficiently evidence a fine Vein of Imagination, a Taſte far from being indelicate, and both Language, and Numbers uncommonly Harmonious, and Polite.

The Arcadian-Golden-Age.

SCarce was a Whiſper heard, " Such a ſtrange Force
" Hath *Novelty*; it makes us ſwift to hear,
" And to the Speaker chains the greedy Ear.
Arcadia was of old (ſaid he) a State
Subject to none but their own Laws and Fate:
Superior there was none, but what old Age
And hoary Hairs had rais'd; the wiſe and ſage,
Whoſe Gravity, when they were rich in Years,
Begat a civil Reverence more than Fears
In the well-manner'd People; at that Day
All was in common, every Man bare ſway
O're his own Family; the Jars that roſe
Were ſoon appeas'd by ſuch grave Men as thoſe:
This *Mine* and *Thine*, that we ſo cavil for,
Was then not heard of: He that was moſt poor
Was rich in his Content, and liv'd as free
As they whoſe Flocks were greateſt; nor did He
Envy his great Abundance, nor the Other
Diſdain the low Condition of his Brother,
But lent him from his Store to mend his State,
And, with his Love he quits him, thanks his Fate,

And,

And, taught by his Example, ſeeks out ſuch
As want his Help, that he may do as much.
Their Laws, e'en from their Childhood, Rich and Poor
Had written in their Hearts, by conning o're
The Legacies of good, old Men, whoſe Memories
Out-live their Monuments: the grave Advice
They left behind in Writing! This was that
Which made *Arcadia* then ſo bleſt a State:
Their wholeſome Laws had linkt them ſo in One,
They liv'd in Peace and ſweet Communion.
Peace brought forth Plenty, Plenty bred Content,
And that crown'd all their pains with Merriment.
They had no Foe; ſecure they liv'd in Tents,
All was their own they had, they paid no Rents;
Their Sheep found Cloathing, Earth provided Food,
And Labour dreſt it as their Wills thought good.
On unbought Delicates their Hunger fed,
And for their Drink the ſwelling Cluſters bled:
The Vallies rang with their delicious Strains,
And *Pleaſure* revel'd on thoſe happy Plains;
Content and *Labor* gave them Length of Days,
And *Peace* ſerv'd in Delight a Thouſand Ways.
The golden Age, before *Deucalion*'s Flood,
Was not more happy, nor the Folk more good.

But

But *Time*, that eats the Children he begets,
And is leſs ſatisfied the more he eats,
Led on by *Fate*, that terminates all Things,
Ruin'd our State, by ſending of us Kings.
Ambition (*Sin*'s firſt-born) the bane of State!
Stole into Men, puffing them up with Hate
And emulous Deſires; *Love* waxed cold,
And into Iron froze the Age of Gold.
The Laws Contempt made *Cruelty* ſtep in,
And, ſtead of curbing, animated Sin;
The Rich-Man tramples on the Poor-Man's Back,
Raiſing his Fortunes by his Brother's Wreck.
The wronged Poor *Neceſſity* 'gan teach,
To live by Rapine, ſtealing from the Rich.
The Temples, which *Devotion* had erected.
In honor of the Gods, were now neglected.
No Altar ſmoaks with ſacrificed Beaſts,
No Incenſe offer'd, no Love-ſtrength'ning Feaſts.
Mens greedy Avarice made Gods of Clay,
Then Gold and Silver: Field to Field they lay,
And Houſe to Houſe; no Matter how 'twas got,
The Hand of *Juſtice* they regarded not.
Like a diſtemper'd Body, Fever-ſhaken,
When with Combuſtion every Limb is taken,

The Head wants Eaſe, the heavy Eyes want Sleep,
The beating Pulſe no juſt Proportion keep;
The Tongue talks idly, Reaſon cannot rule it,
And the Heart fires the Air drawn in to cool it.
The Palat reliſheth no Meat, the Ears
But ill affected with the Sweets it hears.
The Hands deny their Aid to help him up,
And fall, as to his Lips they lift the Cup.
Such was *Arcadia* then, till *Clitus* reign'd,
The firſt and beſt of Kings that e're obtain'd
Th' *Arcadian* Scepter: he piec'd up the State,
And made it ſomewhat like to fortunate.

A Deſcription of the Prieſteſſes of Diana.

WIthin a little, ſilent Grove hard by,
Upon a ſmall Aſcent, He might eſpy
A ſtately Chappel, richly gilt without,
Beſet with ſhady Sycamores about:
And, ever and anon, He might well hear
A Sound of Muſick ſteal in at his Ear
As the Wind gave it Being: So ſweet an Air
Would ſtrike a *Syren* mute and raviſh her.
He ſees no Creature that might cauſe the ſame,
But he was ſure that from the Grove it came.

And

And to the Grove he goes to ſatisfie
The Curioſity of Ear and Eye.
Through the thick-leav'd Boughs he makes a Way,
Nor could the ſcratching Brambles make him ſtay;
But on he ruſhes, and climbs up the Hill,
Thorow a Glade he ſaw, and heard his Fill.
A hundred Virgins there he might eſpy
Proſtrate before a Marble Deity:
Which, by its Portraicture, appear'd to be
The Image of *Diana:* On their Knee
They tender'd their Devotions: With ſweet Airs,
Off'ring the Incenſe of their Praiſe and Prayers.
Their Garments all alike; beneath their Paps
Buckl'd together with a ſilver Claps,
And croſs their ſnowy, Silken-Robes, they wore
An azure Scarf, with Stars embroider'd o're.
Their Hair in curious Treſſes was knit up,
Crown'd with a Silver-Creſcent on the Top.
A Silver-Bow their left Hand held, their Right,
For their Defence, held a ſharp-headed Flight,
Drawn from their broidred Quiver; neatly ti'd
In Silken- Cords, and faſtned to their Side.
Under their Veſtments, ſomething ſhort before,
White Buſkins *lac'd* with Ribbanding they wore.

It

It was a catching Sight to a young Eye,
That Love had fir'd before; He might eſpy
One, whom the Reſt had Sphere-like circled round,
Whoſe Head was with a golden Chaplet crown'd.
He could not ſee her Face, only his Ear
Was bleſt with the ſweet Words that came from her.

The Image of Jealouſy.

---- A Curious Eye
Might ſee ſome Reliques of a Piece of Art,
That *Pſyche* made, when *Love* firſt fir'd her Heart.
It was the Story of her Thoughts, which ſhe
Curiouſly wrought in lively Imagry.
Among the Reſt, the Thought of *Jealouſie*
Time left untoucht, to grace *Antiquity*.
It was deciſer'd by a timorous Dame,
Wrapt in a yellow Mantle lin'd with Flame:
Her Looks were pale, contracted with a Frown,
Her Eyes ſuſpicious, wand'ring up and down;
Behind her, *Fear* attended big with Child,
Able to fright *Preſumption*, if ſhe ſmil'd.
After her flew a Sigh, between two Springs
Of briny Water; on her Dove-like Wings

She bore a Letter ſeal'd with a Half-Moon,
And ſuperſcrib'd, *This from Suſpicion.*

Anaxus, poſſeſs'd of an *Herb* that detected Inchantments, ſearches for his Lover *Clarinda*, and falls into the Power of the Witch *Orandra*, who, together with her Cave, *&c.* is deſcribed in the following Lines.

DOwn in a gloomy Valley thick with Shade,
Which Two aſpiring, hanging Rocks had made,
That ſhut out Day and barr'd the glorious Sun
From prying into th' Actions there done;
Set full of *Box*, and *Cypreſs*, *Poplar*, *Yew*,
And hateful *Elder*, that in Thickets grew;
Amongſt whoſe Boughs, the Scritch-Owl and Night-Crow,
Sadly recount their Prophecies of Woe,
Where Leather-winged Batts, that hate the Light
Fan the thick Air, more ſooty than the Night!
The Ground, o're-grown with Weeds, and buſhy Shrubs,
Where milky Hedg-Hogs nurſe their prickly Cubs:
And, here and there, a Mandrake grows, that ſtrikes
The Hearers dead with their loud, fatal Shrieks;

Under

Under whoſe ſpreading Leaves the Toad,
The Adder, and the Snake make their Abode.
Here dwelt *Orandra*, ſo the Witch was hight,
And thither had ſhe toal'd him by a Slight:
She knew *Anaxus* was to go to Court,
And, envying Virtue, ſhe made it her Sport
To hinder him; ſending her airy Spies
Forth with Deluſions, to entrap his Eyes,
And captivate his Ear with various Tones,
Sometimes of Joy, and, otherwhiles, of Mones:
Sometimes He hears delicious, ſweet Lays
Wrought with ſuch curious deſcant as would raiſe
Attention in a Stone: anon a Groan
Reacheth his Ear, as if it came from One
That crav'd his Help; and, by and by, He ſpies
A beauteous Virgin with ſuch catching Eyes,
As would have fir'd a Hermit's chill Deſires
Into a Flame; his greedy Eye admires
The more than human Beauty of her Face,
And much ado he had to ſhun the Grace
Conceit had ſhap'd her in: ſo like his Love,
That He was once about in vain to prove,
Whether 'twas his *Clarinda*, yea, or no:
But He bethought him of his *Herb*, and ſo

The Shadow vaniſh'd; many a weary Step
It led the Prince that Pace with it ſtill kept,
Until it brought him, by a helliſh Power,
Unto the Entrance of *Orandra*'s Bower;
Where, underneath an Elder-Tree, He ſpied
His Man *Pandevius*, pale and hollow-eyed;
Enquiring of the cunning *Witch* what Fate
Betid his Maſter: They were newly ſate
When his Approach diſturb'd them; up ſhe roſe,
And tow'rd *Anaxus* (envious Hag) ſhe goes;
Pandevius ſhe had charm'd into a Maze,
And ſtrook him mute, all he could do was gaze.
He call'd him by his Name, but all in vain,
Eccho returns *Pandevius* back again;
Which made him wonder, when a ſudden Fear
Shook all his Joynts: She, cunning Hag! drew near;
And, ſmelling to his *Herb*, He recollects
His wandring Spirits, and with Anger checks
His Coward-Fears; reſolv'd now to out-dare
The worſt of Dangers, whatſoe're they were:
He ey'd her o're and o're, and ſtill his Eye
Found ſome Addition to Deformity.
An old, decrepid Hag ſhe was, grown white
With froſty Age, and withered with Deſpight,

And

And ſelf-conſuming Hate; in Furrs Y-clad,
And on her Head a thrummy Cap ſhe had:
Her knotty Locks, like to *Alecto*'s Snakes,
Hang down about her Shoulders, which ſhe ſhakes
Into Diſorder; on her furrow'd Brow
One might perceive *Time* had been long at plough.
Her Eyes, like Candle-ſnuffs, by Age ſunk quite
Into their Sockets, yet like Cats-eyes, bright:
And, in the darkeſt Night, like Fire they ſhin'd;
The ever-open Windows of her Mind!
Her ſwarthy Cheeks *Time*, that all Things conſumes,
Had hollowed flat unto her Toothleſs Gums.
Her hairy Brows did meet above her Noſe,
That, like an Eagles Beak, ſo crooked grows,
It, well nigh, kiſs'd her Chin; thick-briſtled Hair
Grew on her upper Lip, and, here and there,
A rugged Wart with griſly Hairs behung;
Her Breaſts ſhrunk up, her Nails and Fingers long!
Her Left lent on a Staff, in her right Hand
She always carried her enchanting Wand.
Splay-footed, beyond Nature, every Part
So patternleſs deform'd, 'twould puzzle *Art*
To make her Counterfeit; only her Tongue
Nature had that moſt exquiſitely ſtrung;

Her oyly Language came ſo ſmoothly from her,
And her quaint Action did ſo well become her,
Her winning Rhetorick met with no Trips,
But chain'd the dull'ſt Attention to her Lips.
With Greedineſs he heard, and, tho he ſtrove
To ſhake her off, the more her Words did move.
She woo'd him to her Cell, call'd him her Son,
And with fair Promiſes ſhe quickly won
Him to her Beck; or rather, he, to try
What ſhe could do, did willingly comply
With her Requeſt: Into her Cell he goes,
And with his *Herb* he rubs his Eyes and Noſe.
His Man ſtood like an Image ſtill, and ſtar'd
As if ſome fearful Prodigy had ſcar'd
Life from its earthy Manſion; but She ſoon
Unloos'd the Charms, and after them He run.
Her Cell was hewn out in the Marble Rock,
By more than human Art; ſhe need not knock,
The Door ſtood always open, large and wide,
Grown o're with woolly Moſs on either Side,
And interwove with Ivies flatt'ring Twines;
Thro' which the Carbuncle, and Di'mond ſhines;
Not ſet by Art, but there by Nature ſown
At the World's Birth; So Star-like bright they ſhone,

They

They ſerv'd, inſtead of Tapers, to give light
To the dark Entry; where perpetual Night,
Friend to black Deeds, and Sire of Ignorance!
Shuts out all Knowledge; leſt her Eye, by chance,
Might bring to Light her Follies. In they went;
The Ground was ſtrow'd with Flowers, whoſe ſweet Scent
Mixt with the choice Perfumes, from *India* brought,
Intoxicates his Brain, and quickly caught
His credulous Senſe; the Walls were gilt, and ſet
With Precious Stones, and all the Roof was fret
With a Gold-Vine, whoſe ſtragling Branches ſpread
All o're the Arch; the ſwelling Grapes were red:
This Art had made of Rubies, cluſter'd ſo,
To the quick'ſt Eye they more than ſeem'd to grow.
About the Walls, laſcivious Pictures hung,
Such as whereof looſe *Ovid* ſometimes ſung.
On either Side a Crew of dwarfiſh Elves,
Held waxen Tapers taller than Themſelves:
Yet ſo well ſhap'd unto their little Stature,
So Angel-like in Face, ſo ſweet in Feature;
Their rich Attire ſo diff'ring, yet ſo well
Becoming her that wore it, none could tell
Which was the Faireſt, which the Handſomeſt deckt.
Or which of them *Deſire* would ſoon'ſt affect.

After a low Salute they all 'gan ſing,
And circle in the Stranger in a Ring.
Orandra to her Charms was ſtept aſide,
Leaving her Gueſt half-won, and wanton-ey'd.
He had forgot his *Herb:* cunning *Delight*
Had ſo bewitch'd his Ears, and blear'd his Sight,
And captivated all his Senſes ſo,
That he was not himſelf; nor did he know
What Place he was in, or how he came there,
But greedily he feeds his Eye and Ear
With what would ruine him; but that kind *Fate*,
That contradicts all Power ſubordinate,
Prevented *Art*'s Intents. A ſilly Flie
(As there were many) light into his Eye,
And forc'd a Tear to drown her ſelf, when He,
Impatient that he could not ſo well ſee,
Lifts up his Hand, wherein the *Herb* he held,
To wipe away the Moiſture that diſtill'd
From his ſtill-ſmarting Eye; he ſmelt the Scent
Of the ſtrong *Herb*, and ſo, Incontinent,
Recovered his ſtray'd Wit: his Eyes were clear'd,
And now he lik'd not what he ſaw or heard.
This knew *Orandra* well; and plots anew
How to entrap him. Next unto his View

She

She repreſents a Banquet uſher'd in
By ſuch a Shape, as ſhe was ſure would win
His Appetite to taſte; ſo like ſhe was,
To his *Clarinda*, both in Shape and Face,
So voic'd, ſo habited, of the ſame Gate
And comely Geſture; on her Brow, in State
Sate ſuch a Princely Majeſty, as he
Had noted in *Clarinda*; ſave that She
Had a more wanton Eye, that, here and there
Rowl'd up and down, not ſetling any where.
Down on the Ground ſhe falls his Hand to kiſs,
And with her Tears bedews it; cold as Ice
He felt her Lips, that yet, inflam'd him ſo,
That he was all on Fire the Truth to know,
Whether ſhe was the ſame ſhe did appear,
Or whether ſome fantaſtick Form it were,
Faſhioned in his Imagination,
By his ſtill working Thoughts; ſo fix'd upon
His lov'd *Clarinda*, that his Fancy ſtrove
Even with her Shadow to expreſs his Love.
He took her up, and was about to 'quite
Her Tears with Kiſſes, when, to clear his Sight,
He wipes his Eyes, and, with his *Herb of Grace*,
Smooths his rough Lip to kiſs with greater Grace:

So

So the *Herb*'s Virtue ſtole into his Brain,
And kept him off; hardly did he refrain
From ſucking in Deſtruction from her Lip.
(*Sins* Cup will poiſon at the ſmalleſt ſip,)
She weeps, and wooes again with Subtleneſs,
And, with a Frown, She chides his Backwardneſs.
Have you ſo ſoon (ſweet Prince ſaid ſhe) forgot
Your own belov'd *Clarinda*? Are you not
The ſame you were, that you ſo ſlightly ſet
By her, that once you made the Cabinet
Of your choice Counſel? hath my conſtant Heart
(As *Innocence* unſpotted) no Deſert,
To keep me yours? Or hath ſome worthier Love
Stole your Affections? What is it ſhould move
You to diſlike ſo ſoon? Muſt I ſtill taſt
No other Diſh but Sorrow? When we laſt
Emptied our Souls into each other's Breaſt
It was not ſo, *Anaxus*; or, at leaſt,
I thought you meant what then you promis'd me.
With that ſhe wept afreſh. Are you then She,
Anſwer'd *Anaxus?* Doth *Clarinda* live?
Juſt thus ſhe ſpake: How fain I would *believe!*
With that She ſeem'd to fall into a Swound,
And, ſtooping down to raiſe her from the Gound,

That

That he might uſe both Hands to make more Haſte,
He puts his *Herb* into his Mouth, whoſe Taſte
Soon chang'd his Mind: He lifts her, but in vain;
His Hands fell of, and ſhe fell down again.
With that ſhe lent him ſuch a Frown as would
Have kill'd a common Lover, and made cold
Ev'n Luſt it ſelf: - - - - - - -
- - - - The Lights went out,
And *Darkneſs* hung the Chamber round about.
A helliſh, yelling Noiſe was each where heard;
Sounds that would make ev'n *Valor*'s ſelf afeard!
A ſtifling Scent of Brimſtone he might ſmell,
Such as the damned Souls ſuck in in Hell!

Sir *John Davis*,

Was the Son of a wealthy Tanner of *Chiſgrove*, in the Pariſh of *Tyſbury* in *Wiltſhire*; and, at Fifteen Years of Age, enter'd a Commoner of *Queen*'s College in *Oxford*; from whence, after ſeveral Years Reſidence, He remov'd to the *Middle-Temple*, to ſtudy the Law, tho', 'tis ſaid, againſt his Inclination, and was call'd to the Bar: But having a Quarrel with one Mr. *Richard Martyn*, (afterwards Recorder of *London*) He baſtinado'd him in the *Temple-Hall*, at Dinner-Time, in the Sight of the whole Society. For which Contempt He was forthwith expell'd, and retir'd, ſomewhat uneaſy, to *Oxford*; where he, again, follow'd his Studies cloſely; but without reſuming the Scholar's Gown, and compos'd the excellent

cellent Poem annex'd. ---- After this, we find him honour'd with the Protection of *Thomas* Lord *Ellesmore*, Lord-Keeper of the Great Seal; and, not only reſtor'd to his Chambers in the *Temple*, but return'd a Member of Parliament, *Ann.* 1601. Upon the Death of the Queen, He, with ſeveral other Gentlemen, accompany'd the Lord *Hunſdon* into *Scotland*, to congratulate King *James* on his Acceſſion to the Throne of *England*: And, being introduc'd to his *Majeſty*, by Name, the King immediately inquir'd if he was *Noſce Teipſum?* (The Title of his firſt Poem!) and, being inform'd He was, moſt graciouſly embrac'd Him, and ſpeedily made him his Sollicitor, and Attorney-General for *Ireland*. (It being a Miſtake that he received thoſe Preferments from Queen *Elizabeth*.) Beſide which, He was one of the King's Serjeants in *England*; ſeveral Times an Aſſiſtant-Judge, and had the Honour of being Knighted by His Majeſty, at *White-Hall*, An. 1607. --- At length being appointed Lord Chief-Juſtice of the *King's-Bench*, He dy'd ſuddainly, before He could take Poſſeſſion of that eminent Dignity; But left behind Him more valuable Witneſſes of his Merit, than all the Titles that Heraldry can invent, or Monarchs beſtow: The joint Applauſes of *Cambden*, Sir *John Harington*, *Ben Johnſon*, *Selden*, *Donn*, *Corbet*, &c! Theſe are great, and unqueſtionable Authorities in Favour of this Author; and I ſhall only preſume to add, That, in my humble Opinion, no Philoſophical Writer, I have met with, ever explain'd their Ideas more clearly, or familiarly even in Proſe; or any ſo beautifully or harmoniouſly in Verſe. There is a peculiar Happineſs in his Similies, being introduc'd to illuſtrate, more than adorn; which renders them as uſeful, as entertaining; and diſtinguiſhes his from thoſe of every other Author. --- But his Memory has already received the higheſt Compliments

that

that can be paid to it. The late excellent Lord *Dorſet* admir'd his Writings ſo much, that he recommended ſuch of them as remain, to be republiſh'd by Mr. *Tate*; which was, accordingly done, under His Protection; and the World has juſtify'd his Lordſhip's Taſte ſo effectually, that another Edition appear'd in the Year 1714, from whence the following Piece is extracted. 'Tis call'd there an *Introduction* to his Eſſay, on the *Nature*, and *Immortality of the Soul:* But, without Queſtion, is the *Noſce Te ipſum*, for which He was ſo highly careſs'd by King *James*; as fully appears by the Contents of the Poem it ſelf.

Noſce Teipſum.

WHY did my Parents ſend me to the Schools,
That I, with *Knowledge*, might enrich my Mind,
Since the *Deſire* to *know* firſt made Men Fools,
And did corrupt the *Root* of all Mankind!

For when *God*'s Hand had written in the Hearts
Of our firſt Parents, all the Rules of *Good*;
So that their ſkill, infus'd, ſurpaſs'd all Arts
That ever were before, or ſince the Flood.

And, when their Reaſon's Eye was ſharp and clear,
And (as an Eagle can behold the Sun)
Cou'd have approach'd th' Eternal Light as near,
As th' Intellectual-Angels could have done;

Ev'n then, to them the *Spirit* of *Lyes* ſuggeſts,
That they were blind, becauſe they ſaw not *Ill*;
And breath'd into their incorrupted Breaſts
A curious *Wiſh*, which did corrupt their *Will*.

From that ſame *Ill*, they ſtrait deſir'd to *know*;
Which *Ill*, being nought but a Defect of *Good*,
In all *God*'s Works the *Devil* cou'd not ſhow,
While Man, their Lord, in his Perfection ſtood:

So that themſelves were firſt to do the *Ill*,
E're they thereof the *Knowledge* cou'd attain;
Like him that knew not Poiſon's Power to kill,
Until (by taſting it) himſelf was ſlain.

Ev'n ſo, by taſting of that Fruit forbid,
Where they ſought *Knowledge*, they did *Error* find
Ill they deſir'd to *know*, and *Ill* they *did*;
And, to give *Paſſion* Eyes, made *Reaſon* blind.

For then their Minds did firſt, in Paſſion, ſee,
Thoſe wretched Shapes of Miſery and Woe,
Of Nakedneſs, of Shame, of Poverty;
Which, then, their own Experience made 'em *know*.

But

But then grew *Reaſon* dark, that ſhe no more,
Could the fair Forms of *Good* and *Truth* diſcern;
Batts they became, who *Eagles* were before:
And this they got by their Deſire to *learn*.

But We, their wretched Off-ſpring! what do we?
Do not we ſtill taſte of the *Fruit forbid*,
While, with fond, fruitleſs Curioſity,
In Books profane, we ſeek for *Knowledge* hid?

What is this *Knowledge*, but the Sky-ſtoll'n Fire,
For which the *Theif* ſtill chain'd in Ice doth ſit,
And which the poor, rude *Satyr* did admire,
And needs would kiſs, but burnt his Lips with it?

What is it, but the Cloud of empty Rain,
Which when *Jove*'s *Gueſt* embrac't, he Monſters got?
Or the *falſe Pails*, which, oft being fill'd with Pain,
Receiv'd the Water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, what is it, but the *fiery Coach*,
Which the *Youth* ſought, and ſought his Death withal?
Or the *Boy*'s *Wings*, which when he did approach
The Sun's hot Beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas! when all our Lamps are burn'd,
Our Bodies waſted, and our Spirits ſpent;
When we have all the learned Volumes turn'd,
Which yield Men's Wits both Help and Ornament;

What can we *know*, or what can we *diſcern*,
When *Error* clouds the Windows of the Mind?
The divers Forms of Things how can we learn,
That have been ever, from our Birth-day, blind!

When *Reaſon*'s Lamp, which (like the Sun in Sky)
Thro' out Man's little World her Beams did ſpread,
Is now become a Sparkle, which doth lie
Under the Aſhes, half extinct, and dead;

How can we hope that, thro' the Eye and Ear,
This dying Sparkle, in this cloudy Place,
Can recollect thoſe Beams of *Knowledge* clear,
Which were infus'd in the firſt Minds by *Grace?*

So might the Heir, whoſe Father hath in Play
Waſted a Thouſand Pounds of ancient Rent,
By painful Earning of one Groat a Day,
Hope to reſtore the Patrimony ſpent.

The

The Wits, that div'd moſt deep, and ſoar'd moſt high,
Seeking Man's *Powers*, have found his *Weakneſs* ſuch;
Skill comes ſo *ſlow*, and *Life* ſo *faſt* doth fly;
We learn ſo *little*, and forget ſo *much*.

For this the *wiſeſt* of all moral Men
Said, *he knew nought, but that he nought did know*
And the great, mocking Maſter, mock't not then,
When he ſaid; *Truth was bury'd here below*.

For how may we to other Things attain,
When none of us his own Soul underſtands?
For which the *Devil* mocks our curious Brain,
When *Know thy ſelf*, his Oracle commands.

For why ſhould we the buſy Soul believe,
When boldly ſhe concludes of that, and this;
When of her ſelf ſhe can no Judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what ſhe is?

All things without, which round about we ſee,
We ſeek to know, and have therewith to do;
But that whereby we reaſon, live, and be,
Within our ſelves, we Strangers are thereto.

We ſeek to know the moving of each Sphere,
And the ſtrange Cauſe of th' Ebbs, and Floods of *Nile*;
But of that Clock, which in our Breaſts we bear,
The ſubtle Motions we forget the while.

We, that acquaint our ſelves with every *Zone*,
And paſs the *Tropicks*, and behold each *Pole*;
When we come Home, are to our ſelves unknown,
And unacquainted ſtill with our own Soul.

We ſtudy *Speech*, but *others* we perſuade;
We *Leech-Craft* learn, but *others* cure with it;
W'interpret *Laws*, which other Men have made,
But read not *thoſe* which in our *Hearts* are writ.

Is it becauſe the Mind is like the Eye,
Thro' which it gathers Knowledge by Degrees;
Whoſe Rays reflect not, but ſpread outwardly;
Not ſeeing *it ſelf*, when *other Things* it ſees.

No, doubtleſs; for the Mind can backward caſt
Upon her ſelf, her underſtanding Light;
But ſhe is ſo corrupt, and ſo defac'd,
As her own Image doth her ſelf affright.

As in the Fable of the Lady-Fair
Which, for her Luſt, was turn'd into a *Cow*,
When, thirſty, to a Stream ſhe did repair,
And ſaw her ſelf *transform'd*, ſhe wiſt not how:

At firſt ſhe ſtartles, then ſhe ſtands amaz'd;
At laſt with Terror, ſhe from thence doth fly,
And loaths the wat'ry Glaſs wherein ſhe gaz'd,
And ſhuns it ſtill, altho' for Thirſt ſhe dye.

Ev'n ſo Man's Soul, which did *God's Image* beat,
And was at firſt fair, good, and ſpotleſs-pure,
Since, with her Sins, her Beauties blotted were,
Doth, of all Sights, her *own Sight* leaſt endure;

For ev'n at firſt Reflection, ſhe eſpies
Such ſtrange Chimera's, and ſuch Monſters there;
Such Toys, ſuch Anticks, and ſuch Vanities,
As ſhe retires, and ſhrinks for Shame and Fear:

And, as the Man loves leaſt *at Home* to be,
That hath a *ſluttiſh Houſe*, haunted with *Sprites*;
So ſhe, impatient her *own Faults* to ſee,
Turns from her ſelf, and in *ſtrange Things* delights.

For this, few *know themſelves*; for Merchants, broke,
View their Eſtate with Diſcontent, and Pain;
And, as Seas, *troubled*, when they do revoke
Their flowing Waves into themſelves again.

And, while the Face of outward Things we find
Pleaſing, and fair, agreable and ſweet,
Theſe Things tranſport, and carry *out* the Mind;
That with *her ſelf*, the Mind can never meet.

Yet, if *Affliction* once her Wars begin
And threat the feebler *Senſe* with Sword and Fire,
The Mind contracts her ſelf, and ſhrinketh in
And to *her ſelf* ſhe gladly doth retire;

As Spiders *touch'd*, ſeek their Webs *inmoſt* Part;
As Bees, in *Storms*, back to their *Hives* return;
As Blood in *Danger* gathers to the Heart;
As Men ſeek *Towns*, when Foes the Country *burn*.

If ought can teach us ought, *Affliction*'s Looks
(Making us pry into *our ſelves* ſo near)
Teach us to *know our ſelves* beyond all *Books*,
Or all the Learned-Schools that ever were.

This

This *Miſtreſs* lately pluck'd me by the Ear
And many a Golden Leſſon hath me taught;
Hath made my *Senſes* quick, and *Reaſon* clear
Reform'd my *Will*, and rectify'd my *Thought*.

So do the *Winds*, and *Thunders* cleanſe the Air:
So working Seas ſettle and purge the Wine;
So lop't and pruned Trees do flouriſh fair,
So doth the Fire the droſſy Gold refine.

Neither *Minerva*, nor the learned *Muſe*,
Nor *Rules of Art*, nor *Precepts* of the *Wiſe*,
Cou'd in my Brain thoſe Beams of *Skill* infuſe,
As but the Glance of this *Dame's angry Eyes*.

She within *Liſts*, my ranging Mind hath brought
That now *beyond my ſelf* I will not go;
My ſelf am *Centre* of my circling Thought:
Only *my ſelf* I ſtudy, learn, and know.

I know my *Body*'s of ſo frail a Kind,
As Force without, Fevers within can kill:
I know the *Heavenly Nature* of my *Mind*,
But 'tis corrupted both in *Wit* and *Will*.

I know my *Soul* hath Power to know *all Things*,
Yet is ſhe Blind, and ignorant in *all:*
I know I'm one of *Nature*'s little *Kings*,
Yet to the *leaſt*, and *vileſt* Things am *thrall.*

I know my Life's a *Pain*, and but a *Span*;
I know my *Senſe* is *mock'd* in every Thing:
And to conclude, I know my ſelf a *Man*,
Which is a Proud, and yet a wretched Thing.

Edward Fairfax, Eſq;

A Gentleman of ſo much Merit, that he eminently deſerves to be rank'd among the Firſt of our *Engliſh* Writers; yet has He hitherto been treated with ſo much Neglect, to ſay no Worſe, That no one Author has afforded us a tolerable Sketch of his Life; or given Themſelves even the Trouble to make the ſlighteſt Enquiry after Him. --- *Philips* ſo far overlooks him, that he was forc'd to crowd him into his Supplement, and his Tranſcriber *Winſtanly*, does, in a Manner, the ſame, by poſtponing him till after the Earl of *Rocheſter*. Sir *Thomas Pope Blunt* makes no mention of him at all: And Mr. *Jacob* informs us he wrote in the Reign of King *Charles* the *Firſt*; tho' He dedicates his Tranſlation of *Taſſo* to Queen *Elizabeth:* Indeed all that name him, do him the Juſtice to allow he was an accompliſh'd Genius; but then 'tis in ſo cool, and careleſs a Manner, as plainly indicates they were very little acquainted with the Merit they prais'd. --- 'Twas impoſſible for the great Mr. *Dryden* to be ſo inſenſible; and, accordingly

ingly we find him introducing *Spencer*, and *Fairfax*, almoſt on the Level, as the leading Authors of their Times; nay tacitly yielding the Palm in Point of Muſick to the laſt; by aſſerting, That *Waller* confeſs'd He ow'd the Harmony of his Numbers to the *Godfrey* of *Bulloign*, of *Fairfax*. ----- In Fact, this Gentleman is the only Writer down to *D'Avenant*, that needs no Apology to be made for him, on Account of the Age he lived in. --- His Diction being, generally ſpeaking, ſo pure, ſo elegant, and full of Graces, and the Turn of his Lines ſo perfectly Melodious, that I hardly believe the Original *Italian*, has greatly the Advantage in either: Nor could any Author, in my Opinion, be juſtify'd for attempting *Taſſo* anew, as long as his Tranſlation can be read.

Mr. *Fairfax* was natural Son of Sir *Thomas Fairfax* of *Denton*, and natural Brother to Sir *Thomas Fairfax*, the firſt who was created Baron of *Cameron*. His younger Brother was Knighted; and ſlain at the memorable Siege of *Oſtend*, 1601. of which Place he was ſome Time Governor.

Whom he marry'd, is not on Record; or in what Circumſtances he liv'd; But 'tis to be preſum'd, his Father took Care to ſupport him in a Manner ſuitable to his own Quality, and his Son's Merit. He being always ſtil'd *E. Fairfax*, Eſq; of *New-Hall* in *Fuyſtone*, in the Foreſt of *Knaſeborough*: --- The Year he dy'd in, is likewiſe uncertain; and the laſt we hear of him, is, that He was living in 1631: which argu'd that he was then pretty well advanc'd in Years; and, as I ſuppoſe, gave occaſion to the many Miſtakes that have been made, as to the Time he wrote in.

His eldeſt Son was *William* a very learned, but ſplenetick Man; who was a Kind of a Tutor; or rather an intimate Friend to Mr. *Stanley*, who publiſh'd the *Lives of the Philoſophers*; The greateſt Part of the Work, as well as the Notes on *Euripides*

truly belonging to Mr. *W. Fairfax*; tho' his Modeſty, and Friendſhip declin'd the Reputation.

Mr. *Fairfax*, the Father, beſide the Tranſlation of *Godfrey* of *Bulloigne*, wrote the Hiſtory of *Edward* the *Black Prince*, and certain witty Eclogues, which are yet in Manuſcript, tho' by the Indulgence of the Family (from whom I had likewiſe the Honour of theſe Memoirs) I am permitted to oblige the World with a Specimen of their Beauties: A Favour that I am proud to ſay will, in one Senſe however, make this Collection compleat, ſince it was impoſſible it ſhould be ſo without. He wrote alſo a Book call'd *Dæmonologie*, in which, tho' the Story is particular, He ſhows a great deal of ancient Reading and Knowledge: It is ſtill a MS. and, in the Beginning, He gives this Character of Himſelf.

"I am in Religion, neither a fantaſtick Puritan, " nor ſuperſtitious Papiſt, but ſo ſettled in Conſcience " that I have the ſure Ground of God's Word to " warrant all I believe, and the commendable Or- " dinances of our *Engliſh* Church to approve all I " practiſe: In which Courſe I live a faithful Chriſtian " and an Obedient, and ſo teach my Family."

The Introduction to the following Paſſage from Taſſo.

Two Knights (ſent by *Godfrey* to invite *Rinaldo* back to the Siege, and furniſh'd with a Diamond-ſhield, to diſinchant him, with the Sight of his own effeminate Figure) find him in a fond Converſation with the Sorcereſs *Armida*.

And

AND with that Word ſhe ſmil'd, and neretheleſſe,
Her Loue-Toies ſtill ſhe vs'd, and Pleaſures bold:
Her Haire (that done) ſhe twiſted vp in Treſſe,
And looſer Locks in ſilken Laces roll'd,
Her Curles Garland-wiſe ſhe did vpdreſſe,
Wherein (like rich Ennamell laid on Gold)
The twiſted Flowrets ſmil'd, and her white Breſt
The Lillies (there that ſpring) with Roſes dreſt.

The iolly Peacock ſpreads not half ſo faire,
The eyed Feathers of his pompous Traine;
Nor golden *Iris* ſo bends in the Aire
Her twentie-colour'd Bow, through Clouds of Raine:
Yet all her Ornaments, ſtrange, rich and rare,
Her Girdle did in Price and Beauty ſtaine,
Not that (with Scorne) which *Tuſcan Guilla* loſt;
Nor *Venus Ceſton* could match this for Coſt.

Of milde Denaies, of tender Scornes, of ſweet
Repulſes, War, Peace, Hope, Deſpaire, Joy, Feare,
Of Smiles, Jeſts, Mirth, Woe, Griefe, and ſad Regret;
Sighes, Sorrowes, Teares, Embracements, Kiſſes deare,

That, mixed firſt, by Weight and Meaſure meet;
Then at an eaſie Fire attempred were;
This wondrous Girdle did *Armida* frame,
And (when ſhe would be loued) wore the ſame.

But, when her wooing Fit was brought to End,
She Congee tooke, kiſt him, and went her Way;
For once ſhe vſed euery Day to wend
Bout her Affaires, her Spels and Charms to ſay:
The Youth remain'd, yet had no Pow'r to bend
One Step from thence; but vſed there to ſtray
Mongſt the ſweet Birds, through euery Walke and Groue:
Alone, ſaue for an Hermit falſe, call'd *Loue*.

And, when the Silence deep and friendly Shade
Recall'd the Louers to their wonted Sport,
In a fair Roome, for Pleaſure built, they lai'd,
And longeſt Nights with Joyes made ſweet and ſhort.
Now, while the Queene her Houſhold-Things ſuruai'd,
And left her Lord, her Garden and Diſport,
The *Twaine*, that hidden in the Buſhes were,
Before the Prince in gliſtring Armes appeare:

As

As the fierce Steed for Age withdrawne from War,
Wherein the glorious Beaſt had alwaies wonne,
That in vile Reſt, from fight ſequeſtred far,
Feeds with the Mares at large, his Seruice done,
If Armes he ſee, or hear the Trumpet's Jarre,
He neyeth loud, and thither faſt doth run,!
And wiſheth on his Backe the armed Knight,
Longing for Juſts, for Turnament and Fight!

So far'd *Rinaldo* when the glorious Light
Of their bright Harneſſe gliſtred in his Eies;
His noble Sprite awaked at that Sight,
His Blood began to warme, his Heart to riſe;
Though drunke with Eaſe, deuoid of wonted Might,
On ſleepe, till then, his weak'ned Vertue lies:
Vbaldo forward ſtept, and to him hell'd
Of, Di'monds cleere, that pure and precious Shield.

Vpon the Targe his Lookes amas'd he bent,
And therein all his wanton Habit ſpide,
His Ciuet, Baulme, and Perfumes redolent,
How from his Lockes they ſmoakt, and Mantle wide;
His Sword, that many a Pagan ſtout had ſhent,
Bewrapt with Flowres, hung idlie by his Side,

So nicely decked, that it ſeem'd the Knight
Wore it for Faſhion-ſake, but not for Fight.

As when, from Sleepe and idle Dreames abraid,
A Man, awakt, cals home his Wits againe;
So, in beholding his Attire he plaid,
But yet to view himſelfe could not ſuſtaine;
His Lookes he downward caſt, and nought he ſaid,
Grieu'd, ſhamed, ſad, he would haue died faine;
And oft he wiſht the Earth or Ocean wide
Would ſwallow him, and ſo his Errours hide!

Vbaldo tooke the Time, and thus begun.
All *Europe* now and *Aſia* be in War,
And all that *Chriſt* adore, and Fame haue won
In Battaile ſtrong, in *Syria* fighting are;
But thee alone (*Bertoldo*'s noble Son)
This little Corner keepes, exiled far
From all the World, buried in Sloth and Shame;
A carpet Champion for a wanton Dame!

What Letharge hath in Drowſineſſe vp-pend
Thy Courage thus? what Sloth doth thee infect?
Vp! vp! our Campe and *Godfrey* for thee ſend,

Thee

Thee *Fortune*, *Praiſe*, and *Victory* expect!
Come fatal Champion, bring to happy End
This Enterpriſe begun, and all that Sect,
(Which oft thou ſhaken haſt) to Earth full low
With thy ſharpe Brand, ſtrike downe, kill, ouerthrow!

This ſaid; the noble Infant ſtood a Space
Confuſed, ſpeechleſſe, ſenſleſſe, ill aſhamed;
But, when that Shame to iuſt Diſdaine gaue Place,
To fierce Diſdaine from Courage ſprung vntamed,
Another Redneſſe bluſhed through his Face,
Whence worthie Anger ſhone, Diſpleaſure flamed;
His nice Attire in Scorne he rent and tore,
For his Bondage vile that witneſſe bore.

That done, he haſted from the charmed Fort,
And, through the Maze, paſt with his Searchers Twaine,
Armida, of her Mount, and chiefeſt Port
Wondred to finde the furious *Keeper* ſlaine:
A while ſhe feared, but ſhe knew in ſhort
That her deare Lord was fled; then ſaw ſhe plaine
(Ah wofull Sight!) how from her Gates the Man
In Haſte, in Feare, in Wrath, in Anger ran.

Whither

Whither, O *Cruell!* leau'ſt thou me alone?
She would haue cride, her Griefe her Speeches ſtaid,
So that her wofull Words are backward gone,
And in her Heart a bitter Eccho made:
Poore Soule! of greater Skill than ſhe, was One
Whoſe Knowledge from her thus her Joy conuaid;
This wiſt ſhe well, yet had Deſire to proue
If Art could keepe, if Charmes recall her Loue.

All what the Witches of *Theſſalia*-Land
With Lips vnpure, yet euer ſaid or ſpake;
Words that could make Heau'ns rolling Circles ſtand,
And draw the damned Ghoſts from Limbo-Lake,
All well ſhe knew, but yet no Time ſhe fan'd
To vſe her Knowledge, or her Charmes to make,
But left her Arts, and forth ſhe ran to proue,
If ſingle Beauty, were beſt Charme for Loue.

She ran, nor of her Honour tooke Regard.
Oh where be all her Vaunts and Triumphs now?
Loue's Empire great, of late ſhe made, or mar'd;
To her his Subjects humbly bend and bow,
And with her Pride mixt was a Scorne ſo hard,
That to be lou'd, ſhe lou'd; yet, whilſt they woo,

Her

Her Louers all ſhe hates: That pleas'd her Will,
To conquer Men, and, conquer'd ſo, to kill.

But now, her ſelfe diſdain'd, abandoned,
Ran after him, that from her fled in Scorne,
And her deſpiſed Beautie laboured,
With humble Plaints, and Prayers, to adorne;
She ran, and haſted after him that fled,
Through Froſt and Snow, through Brier, Buſh, and Thorne,
And ſent her Cries on Meſſage her before,
That reacht not him, till he had reacht the Shore.

O thou that leau'ſt but halfe behinde (quoth ſhe)
Of my poore Heart, and halfe with thee doſt carry!
O take this Part, or render that to me!
Elſe kill them both at once! ah tarry! tarry!
Heare my laſt Words, no parting Kiſſe of thee
I craue! for ſome more fit with thee to marry
Keepe them (vnkind!) What fear'ſt thou if thou ſtay?
Thou mai'ſt deny, as well as run away.

At this *Rinaldo* ſtopt, ſtood ſtill, and ſtaid.
She came, ſad, breathleſſe, wearie, faint, and weake,
So wo-begone was neuer Nymph or Maid;

And

And yet her Beautie's Pride, Griefe could not breake;
On him ſhe lookt, ſhe gaz'd, but nought ſhe ſaid,
She would not, could not, or ſhe durſt not ſpeake:
At her he lookt not, glanſt not; if he did,
Thoſe Glances ſhamefaſt were, cloſe, ſecret, hid.

As cunning Singers, ere they ſtraine on hie,
In loud, melodious Tunes, their gentle Voice,
Prepare the Hearers Eares to Harmonie,
With Fainings ſweet, low Notes, and Warbles choice:
So ſhe, not hauing yet forgot pardie
Her wonted Shifts and Slights in *Cupid*'s Toies,
A Sequence firſt of Sighes and Sobs forth caſt,
To breed Compaſſion deare, then ſpake at laſt.

Suppoſe not (*Cruell!*) that I come to vow,
Or pray, as Ladies doe their Loues and Lords;
Such were we late; if thou diſdaine it now,
Or ſcorne to grant ſuch Grace as *Loue* affords,
At leaſt yet as an En'my liſten thou!
Sworne Foes ſometime will talke, and chaffer Words;
For what I aſke thee, maiſt thou grant right well,
And leſſen nought thy Wrath and Anger fell.

If me thou hate, and in that Hate delight,
I come not to appeaſe thee, hate me ſtill!
It's like for like; I bore great Hate and Spight
Gainſt *Chriſtians* all; chiefly I wiſht thee ill:
I was a *Pagan* borne, and all my Might
Againſt *Godfredo* bent, mine Art and Skill;
I follow'd thee, tooke thee, and bore thee far
To this ſtrange Iſle, and kept thee ſafe from War.

And more, which more thy Hate may iuſtly moue,
More to thy Loſſe, more to thy Shame and Griefe,
I thee inchanted, and allur'd to loue:
Wicked Deceit! Craft worthy ſharpe Repriefe!
Mine Honour gaue I thee; all Gifts aboue!
And of my Beauties made thee Lord and Chiefe,
And to my Suitors old what I denaid,
That gaue I thee (my Louer new!) vnpraid.

But reckon that among my Faults, and let
Thoſe many Wrongs prouoke thee ſo to Wrath,
That hence thou runne; and that at nought thou ſet
This pleaſant Houſe, ſo many Joyes which hath!
Goe! trauell! paſſe the Seas! fight! Conqueſt get!
Deſtroy our Faith! what ſhall I ſay our Faith?

Ah no! no longer ours, before thy Shrine
Alone I pray, thou cruell Saint of mine!

All onely let me go with thee (Vnkinde!)
A ſmall Requeſt although I were thy Foe!
The Spoiler ſeldome leaues the Prey behinde;
Who triumphs lets his Captiues with him go;
Among thy Pris'ners poore *Armida* binde!
And let the Campe increaſe thy Praiſes ſo,
That thy Beguiler ſo thou couldſt beguile,
And point at me, thy Thrall and Bond-Slaue vile!

Deſpiſed Bond-Slaue! ſince my Lord doth hate
Theſe Lockes, why keepe I them, or hold them deare?
Come cut them off, that to my ſeruile State
My Habit anſwer may, and all my Geare!
I follow thee, in Spight of Death and Fate,
Through Battels fierce where Dangers moſt appeare;
Courage I haue, and Strength enough (perchance)
To leade thy Courſer ſpare, and bear thy Lance!

I will or beare, or be my ſelfe, thy Shield,
And to defend thy Life, will loſe mine owne:
This Breaſt, this Boſome ſoft ſhall be thy Beild

Gainſt

Gainſt Stormes of Arrowes, Darts and Weapons
throwne!
Thy Foes, pardy, encountring thee in Field,
Will ſpare to ſtrike thee (mine Affection knowne!)
Leſt me they wound; nor will ſharpe Veng'ance
take
On thee, for this deſpiſed Beautie's Sake.

O Wretch! dare I ſtill vaunt, or Helpe inuoke
From this poore Beauty, ſcorned and diſdained?
She ſaid no more, her Teares her Speeches broke,
Which from her Eies like Streames from Springs
down rained:
She would haue caught him by the Hand or Cloke;
But he ſtept backward, and himſelfe reſtrained,
Conquer'd his Will, his Heart Ruth ſoft'ned not;
There Plaints no Iſſue, *Loue* no Entrance got!

Loue entred not to kindle in his Breaſt
(Which *Reaſon* late had quencht) his wonted Flame;
Yet entred *Pity* in the Place at leaſt;
Loue's Siſter, but a chaſte and ſober Dame,
And ſtirr'd him ſo, that, hardly, he ſuppreſt
The ſpringing Teares that to his Eyes vp came;

But yet, euen there, his Plaints repreſſed were,
And (as he could) he look'd, and fained Cheere.

Madame (quoth he) for your Diſtreſs I grieue,
And would amend it, if I might or could;
From your wiſe Heart that fond Affection driue!
I cannot hate or ſcorne you though I would;
I ſeeke no Veng'ance, Wrongs I all forgiue!
Nor you my Seruant, nor my Foe I hold!
Truth is, you err'd, and your Eſtate forgot,
Too great your Hate was, and your Loue too hot!

But thoſe are common Faults, and Faults of Kinde,
Excus'd by Nature, by your Sex and Yeares;
I erred likewiſe, if I Pardon finde,
None can condemne you, that our Treſpaſs heares;
Your dear Remembrance will I keepe in Minde,
In Joyes, in Woes, in Comforts, Hopes and Feares;
Call me your Souldier, and your Knight, as far
As *Chriſtian* Faith permits, and *Aſia*'s War!

Ah let our Faults and Follies here take End,
And let our Errors paſt you ſatisfie,
And in this Angle of the World ipend,

Let

Let both the Fame and Shame thereof now die!
From all the Earth, where I am knowne and kend,
I wiſh this Fact ſhould ſtill concealed lie!
Nor yet in following me, poor Knight! diſgrace
Your Worth, your Beauty, and your Princely-Race!

Stay here in Peace! I goe, nor wend you may
With me, my Guide your Fellowſhip denies;
Stay here! or hence depart ſome better Way,
And calm your Thoughts! you are both ſage and wiſe!
While thus he ſpoke, her Paſſions found no Stay,
But here and there ſhe turn'd and roll'd her Eies,
And ſtaring on his Face a while, at laſt
Thus, in foule Termes, her bitter Wrath forth braſt.

Of *Sophia* faire thou neuer wert the Childe,
Nor of the *Azzaine*-Race iſprung thou art,
The mad Sea-Waues, thee bare! ſome Tygreſs wilde,
On *Caucaſus* cold Crags, nurſt thee apart!
Ah cruell Man! in whom no Token milde
Appeares, of Pity, Ruth, or tender Heart,
Could not my Griefs, my Woes, my Plaints and all
One Sigh ſtraine from thy Breaſt, one Teare make fall?

What ſhall I ſay? or how renew my Speach?
He ſcornes me, leaues me, bids me call him mine!
The Victor hath his Foe within his Reach;
Yet pardons her, that merits Death and Pine!
Heare how he counſels me! how he gan preach
(Like chaſte *Xenocrates*) gainſt Loue diuine!
Oh Heau'ns! oh Gods! why doe theſe Men of Shame,
Thus ſpoile your Temples, and blaſpheme your Name?

Go Cruell! go! go with ſuch Peace, ſuch Reſt,
Such Joy, ſuch Comfort, as thou leau'ſt me here!
My angrie Soul, diſcharg'd from this weake Breſt,
Shall haunt thee euer and attend thee neare;
And, Furie-like, in Snakes and Fire-Brands dreſt,
Shall aie torment thee, whom it late held deare!
And if thou ſcape the Seas, the Rockes and Sands,
And come to fight amid the *Pagan*-Bands,

There, lying wounded, mongſt the Hurt and Slaine,
Of theſe my Wrongs thou ſhalt the Vengeance beare,
And oft *Armida!* ſhalt thou call in vaine,
At thy laſt Gaſpe! this hope I ſoone to heare---
Here fainted ſhe, with Sorrow, Griefe and Paine;
Her lateſt Words ſcant well expreſſed were,

But

But, in a Swoune, on Earth, outſtretcht ſhe lies;
Stiffe were her frozen Limmes, clos'd were her Eies.

Thou clos'd thine Eies (*Armida*) Heau'n enuide
Eaſe to thy Griefe, or Comfort to thy Woe;
Ah, open them againe! ſee Teares downe ſlide
From his kinde Eies, whom thou eſteems thy Foe!
If thou hadſt heard, his Sighes had mollifide
Thine Anger hard, he ſigh'd and mourned ſo;
And, as he could, with ſad, and rufull Looke
His Leaue of thee, and laſt Farewell he tooke.

What ſhould he do? leaue on the naked Sand
This wofull Ladie, halfe aliue, halfe dead?
Kindneſſe forbad, *Pity* did that withſtand;
But hard *Conſtraint* (alas!) did thence him lead.
Away he went, the Weſt Wind blew from Land
Mongſt the rich Treſſes of their Pilot's Head,
And, with that golden Saile, the Waues ſhe cleft:
To Land he look'd, till Land vnſeene he left.

Wak't from her Trance, forſaken, ſpeechleſs, ſad,
Armida wildly ſtar'd, and gaz'd about;
And is he gone? (quoth ſhe) nor Pity had

To leaue me thus twixt Life and Death in doubt?
Could he not ſtay? could not the Traitour-Lad
From this laſt Trance helpe, or recall me out?
And doe I loue him ſtill, and, on this Sand,
Still vnreueng'd, ſtill mourne, ſtill weeping ſtand?

Fie! no! Complaints farewell! with Armes and Art
I will purſue to Death this ſpightfull Knight;
Not Earth's low Center, nor Sea's deepeſt Part,
Nor Heau'n, nor Hell, can ſhield him from my Might!
I will o're-take him, take him, cleaue his Heart!
Such Veng'ance fits a wronged Louer's Spight!
In Cruelty that cruell Knight ſurpaſſe
I will; but what auaile vaine Words, alaſſe?

O Foole! thou ſhouldeſt haue beene cruell then,
(For then this Cruell well deſeru'd thine Ire)
When thou in Priſon hadſt intrap't the Man:
Now, dead with cold, took late thou aſkeſt fire!
But, though my Wit, my Cunning nothing can,
Some other Meanes ſhall worke my Heart's Deſire!
To thee (my Beauty) thine be all theſe Wrongs,
Veng'ance to thee, to the Reuenge belongs!

Thou

Thou ſhalt be his Reward, with murdring Brand
That dare this Traitor of his Head depriue!
O you my Louers! on this Rocke doth ſtand
The Caſtle of her Loue, for whom you ſtriue!
I, the ſole Heir of all *Damaſcus*-Land,
For this Reuenge, my Selfe and Kingdom giue!
If, by this Price, my Will I cannot gaine,
Nature giues Beauty, *Fortune* Wealth in vain!

But thee, vain Gift! vain Beauty! thee I ſcorne,
I hate the Kingdom which I haue to giue,
I hate my ſelfe, and rue that I was born;
Onely in Hope of ſweet Reuenge I liue.
Thus, raging with fell Ire ſhe gan returne
From that bad Shore in Haſte, and homeward driue;
And, as true Witneſs of her franticke Ire,
Her Locks wau'd looſe, Face ſhone, Eyes ſparkled Fire!

When ſhe came Home, ſhe call'd with Outcries ſhrill,
A thouſand Deuils, in Limbo Deepe that won!
Blacke Clouds the Skies with horrid Darkneſs fill,
And pale for Dread became th' eclipſed Sun;
The Whirl-Wind bluſtred big on euery Hill,
And Hell to roare vnder her Feet begun,

You

You might haue heard how through the Palace wide,
Some Spirits howl'd, ſome Bark'd, ſome hiſt, ſome cride!

A Shadow, blacker than the mirkeſt Night!
Enuiron'd all the Place, with Darkneſſe ſad;
Wherein a Firebrand gaue a dreadfull Light,
Kindled in Hell by *Tiſiphone* the mad.
Vaniſht the Shade, the Sun appear'd in Sight,
Pale were his Beames, the Aire was nothing glad,
And all the Palace vaniſht was and gone,
Nor of ſo great a Worke was left one Stone!

As oft the Clouds frame Shapes of Caſtles great
Amid the Aire, that little Time doe laſt,
But are diſſolu'd by Wind or *Titan*'s Heat;
Or like vaine Dreames ſoone made, and ſooner paſt:
The Palace vaniſht ſo, nor in his Seat
Left ought, but Rocks and Crags, by *Kinde* there plaſt;
She in her Coach, which two old Serpents drew,
Sate downe, and, as ſhe vs'd, away ſhe flew.

She

She broke the Clouds, and cleft the yeilding Skie,
And, bout her, gather'd Tempeſt, Storme and Winde;
The Lands, that view the South-Pole, flew ſhe by,
And left thoſe vnknowne Countrey's far behinde;
The Straits of *Hercules* ſhe paſt, which lie
Twixt *Spain* and *Africk*; nor her Flight inclinde
To North or South; but ſtill did forward ride
Ore Seas and Streames, till *Syria's* Coaſt ſhe ſpi'd.

The *Eclogues*, above quoted, are in Number Twelve; all of them wrote after the Acceſſion of of King *James* to the Throne of *England*, on important Subjects, relating to the Manners, Characters, and Incidents of the Times he lived in; They are pointed with many fine Strokes of Satire; dignify'd with wholſome Leſſons of Morality, and Policy, to thoſe of the higheſt Rank; and ſome modeſt Hints even to Majeſty it ſelf---- As far as Poetry is concern'd in them, the very Name of *Fairfax* is the higheſt Recommendation, and the Learning they contain, is ſo various, and extenſive, that, according to the Evidence of his Son, (who has written large Annotations on each) No Man's Reading, beſide his own, was ſufficient to explain his References effectually.

Eclogue

Eclogue the Fourth.

Eglon and *Alexis.*

WHilſt, on the rough, and Heath-ſtrew'd Wilderneſs,
His tender Flocks the Raſps, and Bramble cropp,
Poor Shepherd *Eglon*, full of ſad Diſtreſs!
By the ſmall Stream, ſat on a Mole-Hill-Topp;
Crown'd with a Wreath of Heban Branches broke:
Whom good *Alexis* found, and thus beſpoke.

Alex. My *Friend*, what means this ſilent Lamentation?
Why on this Field of Mirth, this Realm of Smiles
Doth the fierce War of Greife make ſuch Invaſion?
Witty * *Timanthes* had he ſeen, ere whiles,
What Face of Woe thy Cheek of Sadneſs bears,
He had not curtain'd *Agamemnon*'s Tears.

* Timanthes *the Painter, who, deſigning the Sacrifice of* Iphigenia *threw a Veil over the Face of* Agamemnon; *not able to expreſs a Father's Anguiſh.*

The

The blacke Ox treads not yet upon thy Toe,
Nor thy good Fortune turnes her Wheele awaye;
Thy Flocks increaſe, and thou increaſeſt ſo;
Thy ſtragling Goates now mild and gentle ly;
And that Foole *Love* thou whip'ſt away with Rods:
Then what ſets thee and *Joy* ſo far at ods?

Egl. Nor *Love*, nor Loſs of ought that Worldings love,
Be it Dreſs, Wealth, Dream, Pleaſure, Smoak or Glory,
Can my well-ſettled Thought to Paſſion move:
A greater Cauſe it is that makes me ſorry.
But, known to thee it may ſeem ſmall or none;
Under his Fellow's Burden who needs grone?

Alex. Yet tell me, *Eglon*, for my Ram ſhall dy
On the ſame Altar, where thy Goat doth burn;
Elſe let theſe Kids my Olive-Trees lick dry,
And let my Sheep to ſhag-hayr'd * *Muſmons* turn!

* Muſmon *a Kind of wild Sheep.*

All

All Things with Friends are common; Grief
and Sorrow,
Men without Bond, or Intereſt freely borrow

Egl. Sufficeth to each Man his own Miſhap;
Yet for our Friends our Eye oft ſpends more
Teares,
Than for our ſelves; our Neighbour in his Lap,
Sometimes our Grief, our Loſſes never beares;
Fitter to weep than help when need requires!
So ſoon the halting Steed of Friendſhip tires!

Thou know'ſt I had a tender Lamb; a Cade,
Nuriſh't with Milk and Morſels from my Table,
That in my Boſom its ſoft Lodging made,
And cheriſht was, and fed as I was able,
It was my Child my Darling and my Queen,
And might for Shape a *Paſſover* have been!

I kept it for an Off'ring 'gainſt the Day
That the great God of Shepherds *Pan* ſhall come,
Not he whoſe Thouſand Lambs did feed and ſtray
On *Sicil*-Hills, one ſuch at Night brought Home.
Nor

Nor could the Ram, wonne by the Lords of
Greece
Compare his Guilded, with her pearled Fleece.

But when the Sun with his intiſing Ray
Allur'd her forth, from Quiet of my ſhed,
Thorow the broken Wall ſhe ſlipt away,
Behind the Corner-ſtone, and thence ſhe fled,
Ambling along the Meads and Rivers ſhrill:
And yet ſhe thought, ſhe knew ſhe did no Ill.

The *Fox*, whoſe Fort, *Malpardus*, border'd nie,
Spi'd from his Keep the wandring Innocent,
That, weary, in the cooling ſhade did lye,
Left the hot Beams her tender Limbs might
ſhent;
And ſoon he judged, by her harmleſs Look,
It was a Fiſh would eas'ly take the Hook.

He buſkt him Boon, and, on his ſanded Coat,
He buckled cloſe a ſlain Kid's hayry Skin,
And wore the Vizzard of a ſmooth-fac't Goat:
All Saint without, none ſpi'd the Devill within!

With wanton Skips he boards the harmleſſe
Sheep,
And with ſweet Words thus into Grace did
creep.

Dear Siſter-Lamb! Queen of the fleecy Kind!
That opal Flowers, pick'ſt from theſe Emral'd-
Cloſes,
Thy Bombace ſoft in ſilver Trammels bind,
And crown thy Lamber Horns with Corall-Roſes!
This Sabbath is the Feaſt-Day of thy Birth;
Come be thou Lady of our *May*, and Mirth!

Break from the Priſon of the auſtere Cell
Of thy ſtrict Maſter, and his *Cynick* Diet!
And in ſweet Shades of this fat Valley dwell,
In Eaſe and Wealth! Here we are rich and quiet!
Unty theſe Bonds of Awe, and Cords of Duty!
They be weake Chains to fetter Youth and
Beauty!

With that he kiſs'd her, and ſtrayn'd her Hand,
And ſoftly rays'd her from the tender Graſs;
And, ſquiring her along the flowry Land,
Still made her court as thro' the Fields they paſs:
And

And that Bawd *Love*, Factor of ſhame and ſin!
Lent him a Net to catch this Woodcock in.

Cloſe in the Boſom of a bended Hill,
Of faire, and fruitful Trees a Foreſt ſtood;
Balm, *Myrtle*, *Bdellium*, from their Bark diſtill
Bay, *Smilax*, *Myrtle*, (*Cupid's* Arrow-Wood)
Grew there, and *Cypreſs* with his kiſs-ſky Tops,
And * *Ferrea*'s Tree whence pure Roſe-Water drops.

The Golden Bee, buzzing with Tinſell-Wings
Suckt Amber-Honey from the ſilken Flower;
The Dove ſad Love-Grones on her Sack-But ſings,
The *Throſſell* whiſtles from his Oaken-Tower;
And, ſporting, lay the Nymphs of Woods, and Hills,
On Beds of *Heart's-Eaſe*, *Rue*, and *Daffadills*.

Hither the Traytor-Fox his Miſtreſs leads,
Intiſing her with Sweetneſs of the Place,
Till on a hidden Net unwares ſhe treads;
Yet hurt her not; the ſubtile Fouler ſmil'd:
Nor knew the *Dott'rell* yet, ſhe was beguil'd.

* *A Tree growing in one of the Canaries ſaid to have that Quality.*

Not that falſe Snare, wherewith the Cuckold-Smith
Sham'd his Queen, and himſelf; nor that fly Gin
* *Aſtolfo* caught the Eat-Man-Giant with,
Nor that *Arachne* takes her wild Fowle in,
Nor thoſe ſmall Toiles the Morning-Queen doth ſet
In every Mead, ſo fine were as that Net.

Thus caught, he bound her in a Chain three-fold,
And led her to a ſhady Arbour near;
The Chain was Copper, yet it ſeemed Gold,
And every Link a ſundry Name did bear,
Wrath, Sloth, Strife, Envy, Avarice, foul Luſt
And Pride: What Fleſh can ſo ſtrong Fetters bu'ſt?

An Hundred Times her Virgin-Lip he kiſs't,
As oft her Mayden-Finger gently wrung;
Yet what he would, her Child-hood nothing wiſt;
The *Bee* of *Love* her ſoft Heart had not ſtung!
In vain he ſigh't, he glanc'd, he ſhook his Head,
Thoſe *Hierogliphicks* were too hard to read!

* *See* Arioſto.

She

She did not, nay ſhe would not underſtand
Upon what Errand his ſweet Smiles were gone;
And in his borrowed Coate ſome Hole ſhe fond,
Thro' which ſhe ſpy'd, all was not Gold that ſhone.
Yet ſtill his Tools the Workman ply'd ſo faſt,
That her ſpeed-Wing his Lime-Twig took at laſt.

Her Silver-Rug from her ſoft Hide he clip't,
And on her Body, knit a Canvaſs thin,
With Twenty-Party-Colours ev'nly ſtrip't,
And guarded like the * *Zabra*'s Rayne-Bow-Skin.
Such Coats young *Tamar*, and fayre *Rachel*'s Child
Put off, when He was ſold, and She defil'd.

There mourn'd the *Blacke*, the *Purple* tyranniz'd,
The *Ruſſet* hoped: *Green* the Wanton play'd;
Yellow ſpy'd Faults in ſuch as Love diſguis'd;
Carnation ſtill deſir'd, *White* lived a Mayd;
Blew kept his Faith unſtain'd; *Red* bled to Death
And forlorn *Tawny* wore a Willow-Wreath.

* *The* Zabra, *a Beaſt in* Congo, *of various Colours.*

All theſe, and Twenty new-found Colours more,
Were in the Weft of that rich Garment wrought;
And who that charmed Veſture took and wore,
Like it, were changeable in Will and Thought.
What Wonder then, if, on ſo ſmooth a Plate,
He ſtamp't a Fiend, where once an Angel ſate?

Thus clad, he ſet her on a Throne of Glaſs,
And ſpread a plenteous Table on the Green;
And every Platter of true Porcelan was,
Which had a Thouſand Years in temp'ring been;
Yet did the Cates exceed the Subſtance fine;
So rare the Viands were, ſo rich the Wine!

Lucullus was a Niggard of his Meat,
And ſpareful of his Cups ſeem'd *Anthony*;
But, in each Morſel, which the Gueſts ſhould eate,
The cruel Rat's-Bane of vile Luſt did lye;
Yet at that Board, the little-fearing-Sheep
Eats, till ſhe ſurfeit, quaffeth, till ſhe ſleep.

Then, drunk with Folly, to his loather Neſt
He brought his Prey; and, in a duſky Room,
All Night he couched on her tender Breſt,
Till timely Day-ſpring with her Morning-Broom
Had

Had ſwept the Silver Motes from Heav'n's
Steel-Flore,
And at the Key-Hole peeped through theyr
Dore.

But ſuch the Iſſue was of that Embrace,
That deadly Poyſon thro' her Body ſpread,
Rotted her Limbs, and leprous grew her Face;
His Boſom's Touch ſo dire a Miſchief bred,
So venomous was not the poyſoned Lip
Of th' *Indian* * King, or *Guinea's Cock*'s†
Combe-ſhip.

* *Pherecides*, ſmall, winged Dragonets.
Ferrotine's † Gentles, *Scilla*'s ‖ Swarm of Lice,
The § *Boghar*-Worm that Joynts aſunder frets;
The Plague that ſcourged wanton *Creſſed*'s Vice,

* Muhamet *a King of* Cambia, *whoſe Lip, being poiſon'd by Accident, was ſaid to kill all the Women He kiſs'd.*

† *A Sea-Weed like a Cock's-Comb, found floating on the Coaſt of* Guinea, *ſo venomous as not to be touch'd without extreme Danger.*

* *A Philoſopher conſum'd by Flies like Dragon, bred in his own Body.*

† *A Queen of* Cyrene, *eaten alive by Maggots.*

‖ Scilla *dyed of the Lowſy-Diſeaſe.*

§ *So call'd from a City of* Bactria; *which being ſwallow'd in drinking the Waters of the Place, finds a Way into the Legs; and muſt be drawn out gradually; an Inch a Day; and if broken in the Operation, the Patient dies.*

And that great Evill which Viper-Wine
makes ſound,
Compar'd to hers, are but a Pinn's ſmall
Wound.

The gaſtly *Raven*, from the blaſted Oake,
With deadly Call foreſhew'd my Lamb'sMiſhap;
The *Wake-Bird* on myChimney well-nigh ſpoke;
But I alas! foreſaw no After-clap!
Yet crew my Hens, ſure Shepherd's Sign of Ill!
But my fond Head in Bird-ſpell had no Skill.

For Help I ſought the *Leach*, wiſe *Mardophage*,
I try'd the *Engliſh-Bath*, and *German-Spaw*;
To *Walſingham* I went on Pilgrimage,
And ſaid ſtrong Charmes that kept even *Death*
in Awe!
Yet none of theſe can her loſt Health reſtore:
Ah no, my Lamb's Recouery coſteth more!

Alex. So vain a Thing is Man; what leaſt we fear
That ſooneſt haps; the Evill we preſent feel,
Brings greater Anguiſh than our Souls can bear;
Deſp'rate we are in Woe, careleſs in Weale!

Un-

Unfall'n, unfear'd! if Ill betide us, then
Are we paſt Hope: So vain a Thing is Man!

Great is, I grant, the Danger of thy Sheep!
But yet there is a Salve for every Sore;
That Shepherd, who our Flocks and us doth keep,
To remedy this Sickneſs long before,
Killed a *holy Lamb*, clear, ſpotleſs, pure;
Whoſe Blood the Salve is all our Hurts to cure!

Call for that Surgeon good, to dreſs her Wound!
Bath her in holy-Water, of thy Tears!
Let her in Bands of Faith and Love be bound!
And, while on Earth ſhe ſpends her Pilgrim-Years,
Thou for thy Charm pray with the *Publican!*
And ſo reſtore thy *Lamb* to Health again!

Now farewell *Eglon!* for the Sun ſtoops low,
And calling Gueſts before my Sheep-Coat's Dore:
New clad in *White*, I ſee my * Porter-Crow;
Great Kings oft want theſe Bleſſings of the Poor:

* *The Ring of the Door, call'd a* Crow; *and, when cover'd with white Linen, denoted the Miſtreſs of the Houſe was in Travel.*

My Board is ſhort, my Kitchen needs no Clerk,
Come **Fannius!* come! be thou *Sympoſiarke!*

William Shakeſpear,

A Writer of ſuch acknowledged Merit, that Praiſe is Impertinent, and any Acceſs of mine as inconſiderable as a Brook to the Ocean; I therefore, leave him in the great Hands that have already ſo excellently ſumm'd up his Life, and Character, and ſhall barely remark, that his Genius does not ſeem ſo well ſuited to the Narrative, as the Dramatick Part of Poetry; as I preſume, will appear by the many Conceits not only in the Two firſt Stanzas quoted below; but almoſt thro' both his Poems of *Venus* and *Lucreſe*, tho' his paſſionate Tranſition in the laſt to *Opportunity* is a ſtrong Proof that his Miſtakes are more owing to an Exceſs of Wit, than a Want of it.

HER Lilly-Hand her roſie Cheekes lies under,
Coozening the Pillow of a lawful Kiſs;
Who, therefore, angry ſeems to part in ſunder,
Swelling on either Side to want his Bliſs,
Between whoſe Hils her Head intombed is;
Where, like a vertuous Monument, ſhe lies
To be admir'd of lewd, unhallowed Eyes.

* Caius Fannius, *who made a Law to reſtrain Luxury in Diet.*

Her

Her Hair like Golden-Threds plaid with her Breath,
O modeſt Wantons! wanton Modeſty!
Showing Life's Triumph in the Map of Death,
And *Death*'s dim Look in *Life*'s Mortality;
Each in her Sleep themſelves ſo beautifie,
As if betweene them Twaine there was no Strife,
But that *Life* liv'd in *Death*, and *Death* in *Life*.

O *Opportunity!* thy Guilt is great;
'Tis thou that execut'ſt the Traitor's Treaſon;
Thou ſets the Wolfe where he the Lamb may get:
Who ever plots the Sin, thou points the Seaſon;
'Tis thou that ſpurn'ſt at Right, at Law, at Reaſon!
And in thy ſhady Cell, where none may ſpy her,
Sits *Sin*, to ſeize the Souls that wander by her.

Thou mak'ſt the Veſtal violate her Oath:
Thou blowſt the Fire when Temperance is thaw'd.
Thou ſmotherſt Honeſty, thou murtherſt Troth;
Thou foul-Abbettor, thou notorious Baud!
Thou planteſt Scandal, and diſplaceſt Laud!
Thou Raviſher, thou Traitor, thou falſe Thief!
Thy Hony turns to Gall, thy Joy to Grief!

Thy ſecret Pleaſure turns to open Shame,
Thy private Feaſting to a publick Faſt:
Thy ſmothering Titles to a ragged Name;
Thy ſugred Tongue to bitter Wormwood-Taſte;
Thy violent Vanities can never laſt.
How comes it then, vile *Opportunity!*
Being ſo bad, ſuch Numbers ſeek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble Suppliant's Friend,
And bring him where his Suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou ſort an Hour great Strifes to end?
Or free that Soul which Wretchedneſs hath chained?
Give Phyſick to the ſick, Eaſe to the pained?
The Poor, Lame, Blind, Halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they nere met with *Opportunity!*

The Patient dies while the Phyſician ſleeps;
The Orphan pines while the Oppreſſor feeds;
Juſtice is feaſting while the Widow weeps:
Adviſe is ſporting while Infection breeds,
Thou grant'ſt no Time for charitable Deeds:
Wrath, *Envy*, *Treaſon*, *Rape*, *and Murther* rages,
Thy hainous Hours wait on them as their Pages.

When

When Truth and Vertue have to do with thee,
A thouſand Croſſes keep them from thy Aid;
They buy thy Help, but *Sin* nere gives a Fee;
He *gratis* comes; aod thou art well apaid,
As well to hear, as grant what he hath ſaid.
My *Colatine* would elſe have come to me:
When *Tarquin* did, but he was ſtaid by thee.

Guilty thou art of Murther and of Theft,
Guilty of Perjury and Subornation,
Guilty of Treaſon, Forgery, and Shift,
Guilty of Inceſt, that abomination:
An acceſſary by thine Inclination
To all Sins paſt, and all that are to come,
From the Creation to the general Doom.

Miſhapen *Time!* Copeſmate of ugly Night!
Swift, ſubtile Poſt! Carrier of griſly Care!
Eater of Youth! falſe Slave to falſe Delight!
Baſe Watch of Woes! *Sin*'s Pack-Horſe! *Vertue*'s Snare!
Thou nurſeſt all, and murthereſt all that are:
O hear me then, injurious, ſhifting *Time!*
Be guilty of my Death, ſince of my Crime!

Why hath thy Servant *Opportunity*
Betray'd the Hours thou gav'ſt me to Repoſe?
Cancel'd my Fortunes and enchained me
To endleſs Date of never-ending Woes?
Time's Office is to fine the Hate of Foes,
To eat up Error by Opinion bred,
Not ſpend the Dowry of a lawful Bed.

Time's Glory is to calme contending Kings,
To unmaſk *Falſhood*, and bring *Truth* to Light,
To ſtamp the Seal of *Time* in aged Things,
To wake the Morne, and ſentinel the Night,
To wrong the Wronger till he render Right,
To ruinate proud Buildings with thy Houres,
And ſmear with Duſt their glittering, golden Towr's.

To fill with Worm-Holes ſtately Monuments,
To feed *Oblivion* with decay of Things,
To blot old Books, and alter their Contents,
To pluck the Quils from ancient Ravens Wings,
To dry the old Oake's Sap, and cheriſh Springs,
To ſpoil Antiquities of hammer'd Steel,
And turn the giddy Round of Fortune's Wheel!

Samuel

Samuel Daniel

Was born of a wealthy Family in *Somerſetſhire*, and, in 1579, being then but Seventeen, became a Commoner of *Magdalen-Hall*, *Oxford*; where he continu'd about Three Years, and greatly improv'd himſelf in academical Learning. But his Genius devoting him principally to Hiſtory and Poetry, he left the Univerſity, before he was of ſufficient ſtanding for a Degree; and, for ſome Years after, we know nothing certain of him, but that he publiſh'd a Tranſlation of a Tract of *Paulus Jovius* on *Rare Inventions*, &c. But I think it may very probably, be conjectur'd that 'twas in this Interval, he was Tutor to the great Lady *Ann Clifford*, Daughter and Heireſs to the Earl of *Cumberland*, afterwards Counteſs of *Pembroke*, *Dorſet*, and *Montgomery:* A Lady who did him as much Honour by her magnificent, and Princely Manner of Living, as by the grateful Monument, and Epitaph, which ſhe erected to his Memory. It is very natural, likewiſe to imagine, that 'twas by the Intereſt, and Patronage of this Noble Family he was afterwards recommended to the Favour, and Encouragement of *Ann*, Queen-Conſort to *James the Firſt*; who not only did him the Honour of frequent Converſations, but made him firſt a Gentleman-Extraordinary, and then one of the Grooms of her Chamber. --- Mr. *Daniel* himſelf, in the Introduction to his Poem of the *Civil Wars*, farther acknowledges one of the noble Family of *Montjoy* to have been his great Friend, and Patron; and this Acknowledgment of his is the more grateful, and ſincere, as it was publiſh'd after the Death of his Benefactor.

But, notwithſtanding all this Sun-ſhine of Favour, and the joint Applauſes of almoſt all the great Writers of

of his Time, we find him complaining that both his Reputation and Intereſt were in their Wane: Which, I ſuppoſe, was the Reaſon why he retir'd from Court, ſome Years before he died, to a Farm at *Beckington* near *Philips-Norton* in *Somerſetſhire*; where he died An. Dom. 1619.

Mr. *Daniel*'s Works are very various, and conſiſt of Hiſtory, Plays, and Poems; in all which he appears to me a Perſon of great Good-Senſe, and unbiaſs'd Integrity; both Clear, and Conciſe in his Expreſſion; rather too ſimple and void of Ornament, and not comparable in his Numbers either to *Fairfax* or *Spencer*; But, on the whole, highly worthy of Eſteem and Reputation; as will, I think, be ſufficiently evinc'd by the following Quotations, particularly that from the *Civil Wars*, which, in my Judgment, is one of the fineſt Scenes of Diſtreſs that can be met with in any Author.

A Deſcription of Beauty, tranſlated out of Marino.

O *Beauty* (Beam nay Flame
Of that great Lampe of Light
That ſhines a while, with Fame,
But preſently makes Night:
Like Winter's ſhort-liu'd-bright,
Or Summer's ſuddain Gleams,
More valu'd as leſs-laſting are their Beams:)

Wing'd

Wing'd *Loue* away doth flye,
And with it *Time* doth bear;
And both take ſuddainly
The ſweet, the fair, the dear:
A ſhining Day, and clear
Succeeds an obſcure Night,
And Sorrow is the Hewe of ſweet Delight!

With what then doſt thou ſwell,
O Youth of new-born Day?
Wherein doth thy Pride dwell
O *Beauty* made of Clay?
Not with ſo ſwift a Way
The headlong Current flies,
As do the ſparkling Rayes of thy fair Eyes.

Do not thy ſelfe betray
With wantonizing Years,
O *Beauty!* Traytors gay!
Thy melting Life that wears,
Appearing, diſappears,
And, with thy flying Days,
Ends all thy good of Price, thy fair of Praiſe.

Truſt

Truſt not, vain Creditor!
Thy apt-deceiued View,
In thy falſe Counſellor,
That neuer tels thee true,
Thy Forme, and flattred Hew!
Which ſhall ſo ſoone tranſpaſs,
Tho far more fair, than is thy Looking-Glaſs!

Inioy thy *Aprill* now,
Whilſt it doth freely ſhine,
This Lightning-Flaſh and Show,
With that clear Spirit of thine,
Will ſuddainly decline;
And thy fair, murthering Eyes
Shal be *Loue*'s Tombs, where now his Cradle lyes.

Old, trembling *Age* will come,
With wrinkled Cheekes, and Stains;
With Motion troubleſome,
With Skin and bloodleſs Veins:
That liuely Viſage wanes,
And, made deform'd and old,
Hates ſight of Glaſs, it lou'd ſo to behold.

Thy

Thy Gold, and Scarlet ſhall
Pale Siluer-Colour be;
Thy Rowe of Pearls ſhall fall,
Like withred Leaues from Tree;
And thou ſhalt ſhortly ſee
Thy Face, and Hair to grow
All plough'd with Furrows, ouer-fleec'd with Snow.

That which, on *Flora*'s Breſt,
All freſh and flouriſhing,
Aurora, newly dreſt,
Saw, in her dawning, ſpring;
Quite dry and languiſhing,
Depriu'd of Honour quite,
Day-cloſing *Heſperus* beholds at Night.

Faire is the Lilly, fair
The Roſe, of Flowers the Eye!
Both wither in the Ayre,
Their beauteous Colours die;
And ſo, at length, ſhall lye
Depriu'd of former Grace,
The Lillies of thy Breſt, the Roſes of thy Face!

What then will it auail,
O Youth, aduiſed ill!
In Lap of Beauty frail
To nurſe a way-ward Will,
Like Snake in Sunne-warme Hill?
Plucke, plucke, betime thy Flow'r,
That ſprings, and periſheth in one ſhort Hou'r!

Vlyſſes *and the* Syren.

Syren

COME worthy *Greek! Vlyſſes* come,
Poſſeſſe theſe Shores with me!
The Windes and Seas are troubleſome,
And here we may be free!
Here may we ſit and view their Toyle
That trauail in the Deepe,
And ioy the Day in Mirth the while,
And ſpend the Night in Sleepe!

Vlyſſ. Faire Nymph! if Fame or Honour were
To be attain'd with Eaſe,
Then would I come and reſt with thee,
And leaue ſuch Toiles as theſe.

But

But here it dwels, and here muſt I
With Danger ſeek it forth:
To ſpend the Time luxurioufly,
Becomes not Men of Worth!

Syr. Vlyſſes, O be not deceiu'd
With that vnreal Name,
This Honour is a thing conceiu'd,
And reſts on other's Fame.
Begotten onely to moleſt
Our Peace, and to beguile
(The beſt Thing of our Life) our Reſt,
And giue vs vp to Toyle!

Vlyſſ. Delicious Nymph! ſuppoſe there were
No Honour, or Report,
Yet Manlineſſe would ſcorne to weare,
The Time in idle Sport;
For Toyle doth giue a better Touch,
To make vs feele our Joy,
And Eaſe findes Tedioufnes as much
As Labour yeilds Annoy.

Syr. Then Pleaſure, likewiſe, ſeemes the Shore,
Whereto tendes all your Toyle,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And periſh oft the while.
Who may diſport them diuerſly,
Find neuer tedious Day,
And Eaſe may have Variety,
As well as Action may.

Vlyſſ. But Natures of the nobleſt Frame
Theſe Toyles and Dangers pleaſe,
And they take Comfort in the ſame,
As much as you in Eaſe;
And, with the thought of Actions paſt,
Are recreated ſtill:
When *Pleaſure* leaues a Touch at laſt,
To ſhew that it was ill.

Syr. That doth *Opinion* onely cauſe,
That's out of *Cuſtom* bred,
Which makes vs many other Lawes,
Then euer *Nature* did.
No Widows waile for our Delights,
Our Sports are without Blood,

The

The World we ſee by warlike Wights
Receiues more Hurt than Good.

Vlyſſ. But yet the State of Things require
Theſe Motions of Vnreſt:
And theſe great Spirits of high Deſire
Seeme born to turne them beſt.
To purge the Miſchiefes that increaſe,
And all good Order mar:
For oft we ſee a wicked Peace,
To be well chang'd for War.

Syr. Well, well *Vlyſſes* then I ſee,
I ſhall not have thee here:
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my Fortune there.
I muſt be won, that cannot win,
Yet loſt were I not won;
For *Beauty* hath created bin,
T'vndo, or be vndone!

INTRODUCTION.

King *Richard* the Second, being brought a Priſoner to *London* by *Henry Bollingbroke*, *Iſabella* his Queen, impatient to have a Sight of her Lord, plants herſelf at a Window to be a Spectator of the publick Entry.

NOW *Iſabell*, the young, afflicted Queen
(Whoſe Yeares had neuer ſhew'd her but Delights,
Nor louely Eyes before had euer ſeen
Other then ſmiling Joys, and joyful Sights,
Born great, match't great, liv'd great, and euer beene
Partaker of the World's beſt Benefits)
Had plac't her ſelf, hearing her Lord ſhould paſs
That Way, where ſhe, unſeen, in ſecret was.

Sicke of Delay, and longing to behold
Her long-miſt Loue in fearful Jeoperdies:
To whom, although it had, in ſort, been told
Of their Proceeding, and of his Surprize;
Yet, thinking they would never be ſo bold
To Lead their Lord in any ſhameful wiſe,
But rather would conduct him as their King,
As ſeeking but the States reordering,

Abroad

Abroad ſhe looks, and notes the foremoſt Train ;
And grieves to view ſome there ſhe wiſh't nor there :
Seeing the Chief not come, ſtays, looks again ;
And yet ſhe ſees not him that ſhould appear :
Then back ſhe ſtands, and then deſires as fain
Again to look, to ſee if he were near :
At length a glitt'ring Troop far off ſhe ſpies,
Perceiues the Throng, and hears the Shouts and Cries.

Lo ! yonder now, at length he comes; ſaith ſhe :
Look, my good Women, where he is in Sight!
Do you not ſee him yonder? That is he,
Mounted on that white Courſer, all in white !
There! where the thronging Troops of People be ;
I know him by his Seat, he ſits vpright !
Lo, now he bows! dear Lord! with what ſweet Grace!
How long, haue I long'd to behold that Face!

O what Delight my Heart takes by mine Eye !
I doubt me, when he comes but ſomething near,
I ſhall ſet wide the Window : What care I
Who doth ſee me, ſo him I may ſee clear?
Thus doth falſe Joy delude her wrongfully,
Sweet Lady! in the Thing ſhe held ſo dear.

For, nearer come, ſhe finds ſhe had miſtook;
And him ſhe mark't, was *Henry Bollingbroke.*

Then *Enuie* takes the Place in her ſweet Eyes,
Where *Sorrow* had prepar'd her ſelf a Seat:
And Words of Wrath, from whence Complaints ſhould riſe,
Proceed from eager Looks, and Brows that threat:
Traytor! ſaith ſhe; is't thou, that, in this wiſe,
To braue thy Lord and King, art made ſo great?
And haue mine Eyes done vnto me this Wrong,
To look on thee? For this, ſtaid I ſo long?

Ah, haue they grac't a periur'd Rebel ſo?
Well; for their Error I will weep them out,
And hate the Tongue defil'd, that prais'd my Foe,
And loath the Mind, that gaue me not to doubt!
What? haue I added Shame, vnto my Woe?
I'l look no more: Ladies! look you about,
And tell me if my Lord be in this Train;
Leſt my betraying Eyes ſhould err again.

And in this Paſſion turns her ſelf away:
The Reſt look all, and careful note each Wight;
Whil'ſt ſhe, impatient of the leaſt Delay,

De-

Demands again ; And what, not yet in Sight ?
Where is my Lord? What, gone ſome other Way?
I muſe at this. O *God*, grant all go right !
Then to the Window goes again at laſt,
And ſees the chiefeſt Train of all was paſt ;

And ſees not him her Soul deſir'd to ſee:
And yet Hope, ſpent, makes her not leaue to look.
At laſt, her loue-quick Eyes, which ready be,
Faſtens on One; whom tho' ſhe neuer took
Could be her Lord ; yet that ſad Cheer which he
Then ſhew'd, his Habit and his woful Look,
The Grace he doth in baſe Attire retain,
Caus'd her ſhe could not from his Sight refrain.

What might he be, ſhe ſaid, that thus alone
Rides penſiue in this vniverſal Joy ?
Some I perceive, as well as we, do mone:
All are not pleas'd with euery thing this Day.
It may be, he laments the Wrong is done
Vnto my Lord ; and grieves, as well he may.
Then he is ſome of ours ; and we, of Right,
Muſt pity him, that pities our ſad Plight.

But ſtay! is't not my Lord himſelf I ſee?
In Truth, if 'twere not for his baſe Array,
I, verily, ſhould think that it were he;
And yet his Baſenes doth a Grace bewray!
Yet *God* forbid! let me deceiued be!
And be it not my Lord! although it may!
Let my Deſire make Vows againſt Deſire!
And let my Sight approue my Sight a Lier!

Let me not ſee him, but himſelf; a King!
For ſo he left me; ſo he did remoue.
This is not he, this feeles ſome other Thing;
A Paſſion of Diſlike, or elſe of Loue!
O yes! 'tis he! that princely Face doth bring
The Euidence of Maieſtie to proue:
That Face, I haue conferr'd, which now I ſee,
With that within my Heart, and they agree!

Thus as ſhe ſtood aſſur'd, and yet in Doubt;
Wiſhing to ſee, what ſeen ſhe griev'd to ſee;
Hauing Belief, yet fain would be without;
Knowing, yet ſtriuing not to know 'twas he:
Her Heart relenting, yet her Heart ſo ſtout
As would not yeild to think what was, could be:

Till

Till, quite condemn'd by open Proof of Sight,
She muſt confeſs; or elſe deny the Light.

For, whether Loue in him did ſympathize,
Or Chance ſo wrought, to manifeſt her Doubt;
Euen juſt before, where ſhe thus ſecret pries,
He ſtays, and, with clear Face, looks all about;
When ſhe: 'Tis, oh, too true! I know his Eyes!
Alas, it is my own dear Lord cries out:
And, with that Crie, ſinks down vpon the Flore,
Abundant Grief lackt Words to vtter more!

Sorrow keeps full Poſſeſſion in her Heart,
Locks it within, ſtops vp the way of Breath,
Shuts Senſes out of Door from every Part;
And ſo long holds there, as it hazardeth
Oppreſſed Nature, and is forc't to part,
Or elſe muſt be conſtrain'd to ſtay with Death:
So, by a Sigh, it lets in Senſe again;
And Senſe, at length, giues Words leaue to complain.

Then, like a Torrent had been ſtopt before,
Tears, Sighs, and Words, doubled together flow;
Confus'dly ſtriuing whether ſhould do more,

The

The true Intelligence of Grief to ſhow.
Sighs hindred Words: Words periſht in their Store:
Both, intermixt in one, together grow.
One would do all: the Other, more than's Part;
Being both ſent equal Agents, from the Heart.

At length, when paſt the firſt of Sorrow's Worſt,
When calm'd Confuſion better Form affords;
Her Heart commands her Words ſhould paſs out firſt,
And then her Sighs ſhould interpoint her Words;
The whiles her Eyes out into Tears ſhould burſt:
This Order with her Sorrow ſhe accords;
Which, orderleſs, all Form of Order brake:
So, then began her Words, and thus ſhe ſpake;

What? doſt thou thus return again to me?
Are theſe the Triumph, for thy Victories?
Is this the Glorie thon doſt bring with thee,
From that vnhappie, *Iriſh* Enterpriſe?
And haue I made ſo many Vows to ſee
Thy ſafe Return, and ſee thee in this wiſe?
Is this the lookt-for Comfort thou doſt bring?
To come a Captiue, that wentſt out a King?

And

And yet, dear Lord! tho' thy ungrateful Land
Hath left thee thus, yet I will take thy Part:
I do remain the ſame; under thy Hand
Thou ſtill doſt rule the Kingdom of my Heart:
If all be loſt, that Gouernment doth ſtand;
And that ſhall neuer from thy Rule depart:
And ſo thou be, I care not how thou be:
Let Greatneſs go; ſo it go without thee!

And welcome come, how-ſo unfortunate!
I will applaud what others do deſpiſe:
I loue thee for thy ſelf; not for thy State:
More than thy ſelf, is what without thee lies:
Let that more go, if it be in thy Fate!
And having but thy ſelf, it will ſuffice:
I married was not to thy Crown, but thee;
And thou, without a Crown, all one to me.

But what do I heere lurking idlie, mone
And wayle apart, and in a ſingle Part
Make ſeueral Grief? which ſhould be both in one;
The Touch being equal of each Other's Heart.
Ah, no! ſweet Lord! thou muſt not mone alone,
For, without me, thou art not all thou art;

Nor my Tears, without thine, are fully Tears :
For thus unioyn'd, Sorrow but half appears.

Joyne then our Plaints, and make our Grief full Grief !
Our State being One, let us not part our Care!
Sorrow hath only this poor, bare Relief,
To be bemon'd of ſuch as woful are.
And ſhould I rob thy Grief, and be the Thief
To ſteal a private Part, and ſeveral Share,
Defrawding Sorrow of her perfect Due?
No, no, my Lord ; I come to help thee rue.

Then forth ſhe goes, a cloſe-concealed Way
(As grieving to be ſeen not as ſhe was) ;
Labors t' attaine his Preſence all ſhe may :
Which, with moſt hard a-do, was brought to paſs.
For, that Night, vnderſtanding where he lay,
With earneſt Treating ſhe procur'd her Paſs
To come to him; *Rigor* could not denie
Thoſe Tears, ſo poor a Suit, or put her by.

Entring the Chamber, where he was alone
(As one whoſe former Fortune was his Shame)
Loathing th'vpbrayding Eye of any one

That

That knew him once, and knows him not the ſame:
When, hauing giuen expreſs Command that none
Should preſs to him, yet hearing ſome that came,
Turns angerly about his grieued Eyes:
When, lo, his ſweet, afflicted Queen he ſpyes.

Strait clears his Brow; and with a borrow'd Smile,
What, my dear Queen? welcome, my Dear, he ſays!
And (ſtriuing his own Paſſion to beguile,
And hide the Sorrow which his Eye betrays)
Could ſpeak no more; but wrings her Hands, the while:
And then, ſweet Lady! and again he ſtayes.
Th' Exceſs of Joy and Sorrow both affords
Affliction none, or but poor, niggard Words.

Shee that was come with a reſolved Heart,
And with a Mouth full-ſtor'd with Words, well-chooſe;
Thinking, This Comfort will I firſt impart
Vnto my Lord, and thus my Speech diſpoſe:
Then thus I'l ſay, thus look, and with this Art
Hide mine own Sorrow to relieue his Woes:
When, being come, all this prov'd nought but Wind;
Tears, Looks, and Sighs, do only tell her Mind.

Thus

Thus both ſtood ſilent, and confuſed ſo,
Their Eyes relating how their Hearts did mourn:
Both big with Sorrow, and both great with Wo
In Labour with what was not to be born:
This mighty Burthen, wherewithal they go,
Dies vndeliuer'd, periſhes vnborn.
Sorrow makes *Silence* her beſt Orator,
Where Words may make it leſs, not ſhew it more.

FINIS.